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"With God all things are possible" (Mar. x: 27.)

WHAT WILT THOU THAT I SHOULD DO UNTO THEE?

"All things are possible to him that believeth" (Mar. IX: 23)

"WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING" – JOHN XV: 5.

"I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST WHO STRENGTHENETH ME" – PHIL. IV: 13.

I'M A POOR SINNER AND NOTHING AT ALL,
BUT JESUS CHRIST IS MY ALL IN ALL

(Heb. IV: 3. f.c.)

Augt 25th 1876. By grace through faith I have entered the "Rest" the Lord promises to believing ones. He can and will keep what I commit to Him, unter that day. It pleases him in the appointed course to bring in the 3d day of the New Creation Glory to Him who begins, Continues & Ends

(Gen. I: 9, 10.)

WAIT ON THE LORD; BE OF GOOD COURAGE, AND HE SHALL STRENGTHEN THY HEART: WAIT I SAY, ON THE LORD. PSALM XXVII: 14.

ALSO, ISAI. XL: 31

LET

Phil. IV: 22, 23. Heb. IV: 14 &c

Gen. I: 3, 6, 9, 11, 14, 15, 20, 22, 25

Matt. XXI: 21, 22. Mark XI: 23, 24, 1 Jno. V: 14, 15

"Forgetting those things which are behind." Phil III:13.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow" Matt. 6:34.

"WHEN THOU GOEST HE SHALL LEAD THEE: WHEN THOU SLEEPEST HE SHALL KEEP THEE: WHEN THOU AWAKEST HE SHALL TALK WITH THEE"

PROV VI:22.

ALL RIGHT.

ALL-WAYS RIGHT.

THOU!

THOU. Mark 11:22. Genesis 18 14. f^c. NOW.

NOW!

FOREVER.

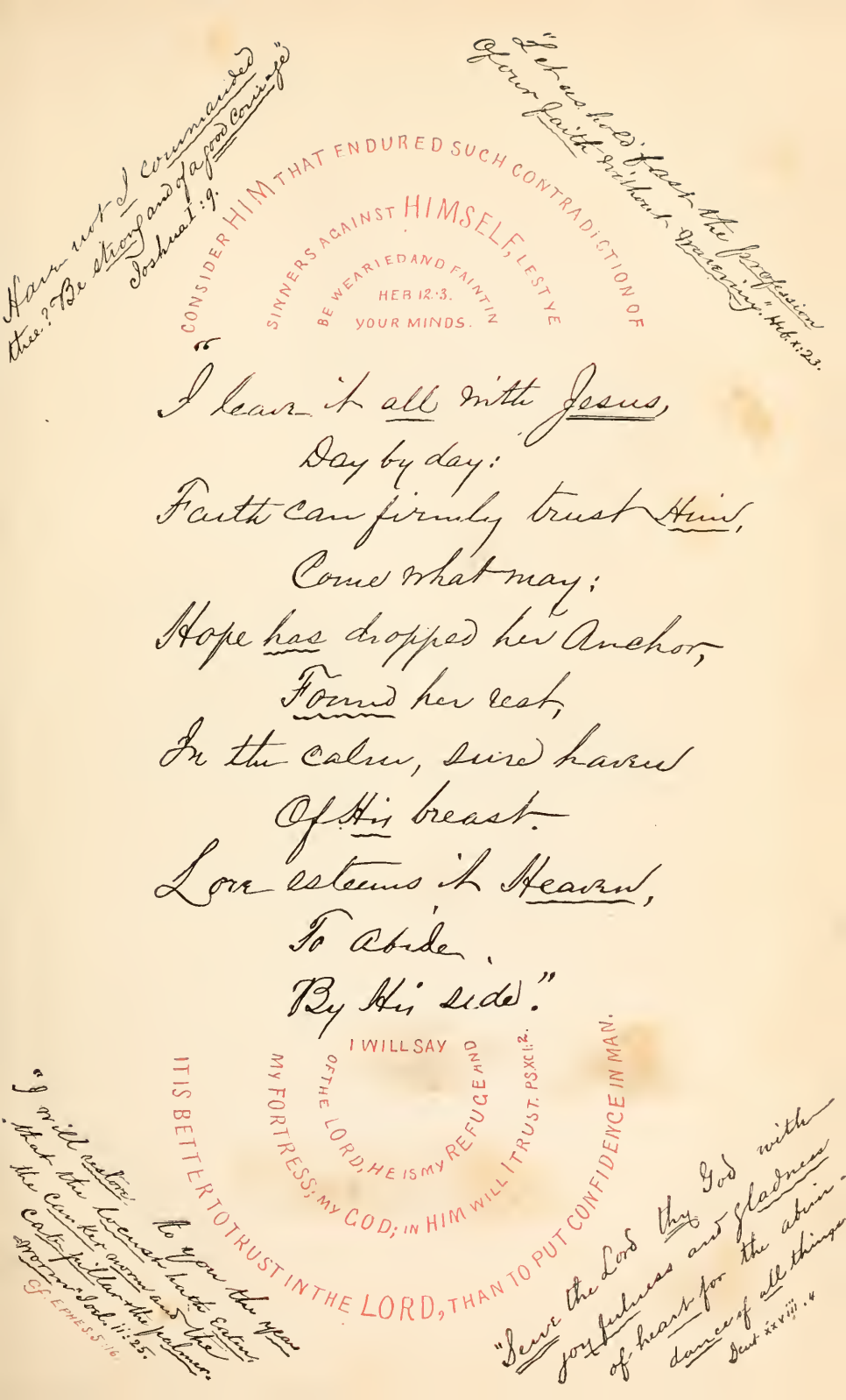
FOR EVERY THING.

"AND THE SERVANT OF THE LORD MUST NOT STRIVE; BUT BE GENTLE UNTO ALL, APT TO TEACH, PATIENT, IN MEEKNESS INSTRUCTING THOSE THAT OPPOSE THEMSELVES; IF GOD PERADVENTURE WILL GIVE THEM REPENTANCE TO THE ACKNOWLEDGING OF THE TRUTH; AND THEY MAY RECOVER THEMSELVES OUT OF THE SNARE OF THE DEVIL, WHO ARE TAKEN CAPTIVE BY HIM AT HIS WILL". 2 TIM. 2:24-26.

"Faith's business is the discovery of Jesus." J.C.B.

JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO DAY, AND FOREVER. HEB. 13:8.

"Never go before your Faith: Never lag behind your conscience" J.N.D.



Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage" Joshua I:9.

"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering." Heb. x:23.

CONSIDER HIM THAT ENDURED SUCH CONTRADICTION OF SINNERS AGAINST HIMSELF, LEST YE BE WEARIED AND FAINT IN YOUR MINDS. HEB 12:3.

"I leave it all with Jesus,
Day by day:
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may;
Hope has dropped her Anchor,
Found her rest,
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast.
Love esteems it Heaven,
To abide
By His side."

I WILL SAY OF THE LORD, HE IS MY REFUGE AND MY FORTRESS; MY GOD; IN HIM WILL I TRUST. PS. XCI:2.

IT IS BETTER TO TRUST IN THE LORD, THAN TO PUT CONFIDENCE IN MAN.

"I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker worm and the cat pillar the palmer. worm" Joel. ii:25. Cf. EPHES. 5:16.

"Serve the Lord thy God with joyfulness and gladness of heart for the abundance of all things." Deut. xxviii:4

ALPHA

"A.B.C. = Ever with THEE."

"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth I will not leave thee."

"All + in all". "Jesus only" "X.Y.Z. = never from THEE."

OMEGA.

2 Kings ii 2,4,6.

"WHATSOEVER THINGS YE DESIRE, WHEN YE PRAY, BELIEVE THAT YE RECEIVE, AND YE SHALL HAVE."

MARK XI:24.

"OUT OF WEAKNESS WERE MADE STRONG."

HEB. XI:34.

GOD IS LOVE: GOD IS LOVE: & HE THAT DWELLETH IN LOVE DWELLETH IN GOD AND GOD IN HIM. 1 JOHN IV CHAP. 16 VS.

"My Field of Faith" Eph. VI:16.

"Jesus saves me every day,
Jesus saves me every night,
Jesus saves me all the way,
Through the darkness and the light.
Jesus saves! Oh blip sublime
Jesus saves me all the time"

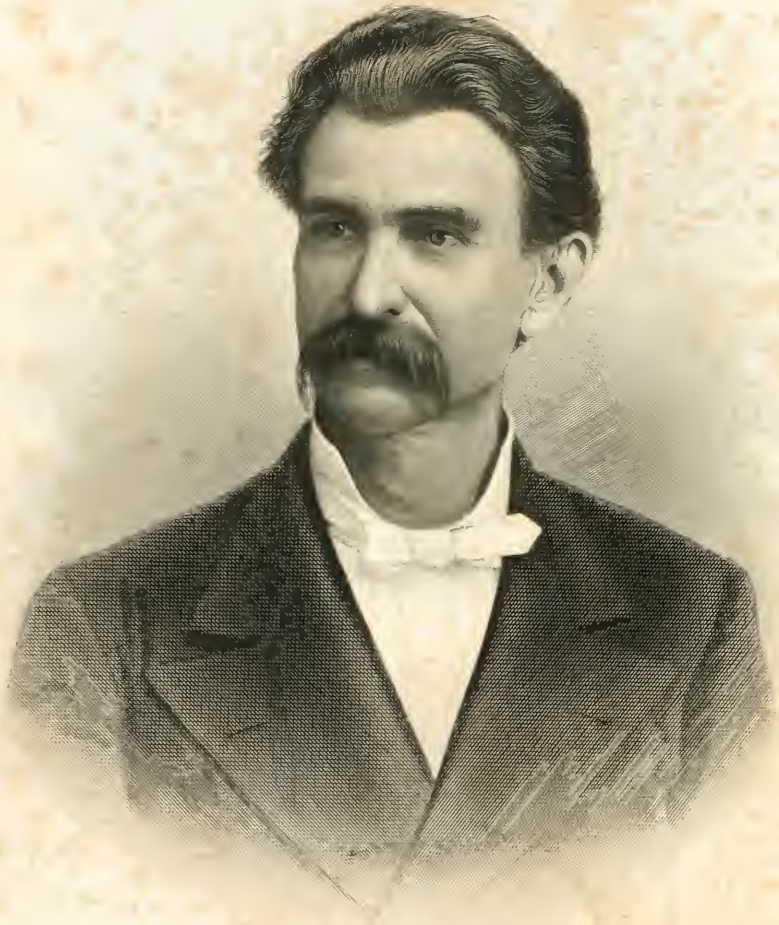
"WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG." 2 COR. XII:10

"AND ALL THINGS, WHATSOEVER YE SHALL ASK, BELIEVING, YE SHALL RECEIVE."

MATT. XXI:22.

"Delight thyself also in the LORD; and HE shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Ps. xxxvii:4.

Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also... HIM, and HE shall bring it to pass" Ps. xxxvii:5.



Ethic and Jesus
Geo. O. Barnes

WITHOUT SCRIP OR PURSE;

OR,

"THE MOUNTAIN EVANGELIST," GEORGE O. BARNES.

THE HISTORY OF A CONSECRATED LIFE, THE RECORD OF ITS SILENT THOUGHTS, AND A BOOK OF ITS PUBLIC UTTERANCES.

BY

W. T. PRICE.

"First clear your mind of all cant."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S GOLDEN MOTTO.

LOUISVILLE, KY.:
PUBLISHED BY W. T. PRICE.
1883.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE O. BARNES, steel engraving from photo by Landy, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LYSTRA, the Vanished City.

MARIE BARNES, from photo by James Jessup, Dayton, Ohio.

Seven pages of fac-simile fly-leaves from the Bible used in the mountains. See Chapter VIII., Mrs. Lea.

PREFACE.

In the Autumn of 1876, George O. Barnes, who, as a preacher of the Presbyterian Church and as a missionary to India, had become known and widely beloved, began work in Kentucky as an evangelist, owing allegiance to no organization. His ministry there culminated, in 1883, in triumph over opposition, misconception, and misrepresentation. He proclaimed a gospel that, somehow, appeared familiar and welcome to the few, but strange to the many—the story of God's universal and unconditional love, holding out eternal salvation to the sinner once confessing. He lived a consecrated life, and urged upon the "saints" total surrender to Christ as the essential to the "winning of a crown." His converts were mainly first confessions, but of the twenty-seven thousand in Kentucky large numbers were gathered from the churches. Thus his work of "revival" was essentially a revolution. The evangelist anointed with oil, according to James 5 : 14, 15, several thousand for the healing of their bodily diseases. He still holds his course—now in a wider field—and unceasingly gathers in converts.

This book is a record of his work and his words, executed purely as an historical statement of the career of one who must be ranked higher than any

evangelist of the day in all the attributes of the early discipleship, and superior as a messenger even to Whitefield—the one preaching wrath, the other proclaiming Love. The heart of this writer has been with the fearless, guileless, honest, true-hearted man; as indeed, this book is intended for the heart of the general public, not for the wranglers in matters of faith.

By far the greater labor in the preparation of the book has been in digesting into a compact form the substance and spirit of the diaries of the evangelist. This daily flow of a consecrated life is without parallel in religious literature. The writer has endeavored to let George O. Barnes speak wherever possible. The diaries and sermons were furnished by the evangelist without conditions of any sort, business or otherwise —freely, frankly. It follows that he is in no degree responsible for the manner of their use, and certainly not for the warm treatment of his character.

The writer has addressed this book to no narrow circle; and to the honesty, delicacy, and discernment of the reader must be left the determination of his relations between the public and his theme. It was with convictions befitting the general subject that he took the matter in hand, but it is best for the reader, for George O. Barnes, and the writer, that he be simply regarded, as dear Queen Catherine described Griffith, as an "honest chronicler."

W. T. PRICE.

WITHOUT SCRIP OR PURSE.

CHAPTER I.

THE VANISHED CITY.

The ancient village of Carshalton, England, lies on the Surrey side of the Thames, twelve miles east of London. Near its ancient inn stands a venerable ivy-covered church, where, on parchment pages, may be read the simple annals of families who have lived and died, generation after generation, in this quiet nook of the world. A snuffy old warden will unlock the tomes from their resting-places, and, the dust blown away from the records, genealogies may be traced for, far beyond the memory of living man. There has been little change in social conditions. A stone's throw from the inn and the church is "Anne Bullen's Well," pleasant in look, romantic in origin. The ill-starred wife of stormy King Henry VIII. passing Carshalton in her ponderous coach, drove over the spot, and a wheel broke through the crust of earth, whereupon the subterranean water became a living spring.

In the summer of 1861, a stranger walked musingly along the margin of the stream. A form, with denotements of unconquered elastic grace, seemed to be withered by some affliction, and his face bore the livery

of a tropical sun. Not far away an old woman bent with age was stooping on her staff to gather the water-cresses on the verdant bank of the stream. Her hair whitened by the sorrows of more than ninety years, and her present occupation told of an unpretending life. The water-cress in England loves the borders of a slow-running and pure stream, which gurgles over a sandy and pebbly bottom. The common use of it for the table by all classes occasions a demand, which furnishes a simple means of livelihood to the poor ; and in the markets or streets of London the cry of the women, basket on head, who vend it, is a touching note of honest poverty. Goldsmith, with just such a "deserted village" in his mind as Carshalton, described the figure we have seen :

> "All but yon widowed, solitary thing
> That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :
> She, wretched matron, forced in age for bread
> To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread."

"My good woman," said the stranger, in a gentle voice, as he approached her, "do you know anything of a Barnes family that once lived here ?"

The woman so addressed, with a somewhat startled look, as if the speaker had divined her musings, set down her basket and looked at him. In the humblest lives there come to pass many wonders. The stranger continued, "Do you remember George and—"

"What !" interrupted she, "George and Charley Barnes ! right well I do." Shaking her head sadly, half in revery, "It is to me as yesterday the very day they sailed with their bairns for America. George

and his bonny wife, and Charley Barnes! right well I do."

She gazed at him with growing curiosity and silent amazement. A face was before her, as of one seen across many years, one that had long since vanished from that narrow rural life.

"We were young, then," she continued, "and it was a great gathering of Carshalton folks that saw them and the other emigrants off. We shouted well wishes after our friends as far as we could see them."

"Did you not wish to go?"

"Oh, yes. Those who had money to seek their fortunes made the venture. It was a time of excitement."

"Do you know what became of George Barnes?"

"Alas! alas! dear sir, no. From that day to this not a word has been heard in Carshalton from them."

In the interval between the sailing of this family from Carshalton and the meeting between the woman, who wept for them, and the grandson of George Barnes, a tragic romance in actual life had been enacted.

The stranger in Carshalton was George O. Barnes, then returning to America after seven years spent in missionary work under the burning sun of India. He was racked with rheumatism. In passing through England he followed the desires of a filial heart and the behest of a father, to visit the home of his ancestry. Little was known to him other than the brief record on three tombstones in America, "Born in Carshalton, England." The details of the unhappy story, which will be related in this chapter, were unknown to George Barnes at the time, and have been arrived at by the writer only after research.

The youth of George Barnes, the grandfather, was spent in the days of England's highest point of profligacy. The upper classes were shameless pleasure-seekers—virtue had a home in the hamlets. The lower and middle classes upheld the moral dignity of the nation. At no time were these people more oppressed and more reviled than during the reign of George III. and George IV. It is true, that about this time the causes which led to the emancipation of the lower classes began to have their result. The Declaration of American Independence sowed the seed of independent thought and feeling. There was dissatisfaction everywhere. The oppression of the dissenters led even Church of England folk to reflect that a freer country were to be desired. Every new revelation of those days gives us a better understanding why an honest and intelligent man should have wished to leave the land, where rich villainy ruled. George Barnes was a conservative member of the Established Church, but he was just that kind of a sturdy, hard-working, intelligent man to listen eagerly to the representations of the American colonizers, at that time active.

He had by frugality and industry got together about two thousand pounds. He was well established. He was a master blacksmith. That he possessed great energy, and that he was a man of fine qualities, physical, mental, and moral, is positively demonstrated by the success he wrung from his anvil. He had done this, too, before he had passed middle-age. He had married the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a tradesman in London. Miss Loten, we know from the memory of those who have it by direct information, was an un-

common woman. Her father was a glazier, and a "glazier to his Majesty," which is attested by the unicorn and the lion burnt into glass, a memento still retained by one of his great-grandchildren. There are many subdivisions of social importance in England, and it is likely that James Barnes and his wife felt their social bondage—all the more by reason of their own prosperity.

In about 1795 a number of offices were established in London by Englishmen, who offered to the public certain magnificent schemes, whereby emigrants could not fail to find their fortunes. In Threadneedle Street there was an office, which, we may imagine, bore every appearance of solidity. The elaborate nature of the prospectus, which was issued from it, precludes any conception but of some show of prosperity at the place of business. The gentlemen of Threadneedle Street were as smooth and unctuous as any enterprising minds engaged in a like business at the present time. They have never been improved on. We find a full account of "the promising city of Lystra, in Nelson County, Kentucky" in Vol iii. of Winterbotham's "Historical, Geological, Commercial, and Philosophical View of the American United States," etc. This remarkable, and now very rare book, was "printed for the editor" in London, in 1795. The work is in four volumes, illustrated with maps, and must have been regarded as a meritorious, instructive and authoritative production. There is in it evidence of research, accurate information and scientific knowledge. In short, the vanished Mr. Winterbotham was a man of uncommon genius. His book had a certain very great value, ap-

parent and real, to the general reader, but it was most disastrous to the immigrant, who followed its seductive representations. The magnitude and the specious nature of the land swindles of that day may be appreciated, when one reflects that a history in four volumes, edited by a learned philosopher in powdered hair and peruke, was evidently a part of the plan of operations. Hard upon the publication of the book, George Barnes sought out its promised land. An intelligent man like Mr. Winterbotham was not likely to be imposed on by the "agents." The map of "Lystra," as published in Winterbotham's History, is given herewith. The original, on parchment, was a work of art. It represented "The South Creek of the Rolling Fork of Salt River" as a navigable stream, covered with sailing vessels of heavy burden, while fountains threw up their delicious spray on each corner of the central square of the city.

The following account of Lystra, from Winterbotham, is doubtless but a small part of the picture as represented by the agents in Threadneedle Street :

"The township of Lystra contains 15,000 acres on the Rolling Fork of Salt River, in about 37¼° north latitude, and 85½° longitude west from London.* The town is laid out in the South Creek of the above fork, on a very eligible plan, combining everything necessary for utility and ornament.

"The streets, angles, circus and shore of the creek to be free for public use. The streets to be one hundred feet wide. The houses to be built regularly according to the taste of the proprietor, upon

* The township is purchased by agents and vested in the hands of trustees for the security of the subscribers. [The off-hand, confidential, reassuring nature of this note in the prospectus is a very neat piece of art.]

the streets running north and south, on a line twenty-five feet distant from the street ; and upon the streets running east and west, on a line with the streets. The town is divided into one hundred and eighty-eight lots, fourteen of which to be free to the gratuitants, as by a particular arrangement.

"Twelve lots, in eligible situations, to be reserved for such subscribers as take ten shares, one lot to each such subscriber.

"One lot to be free to the first schoolmaster and his heirs, chosen and settled by the freeholders of the township and town.

"One lot free to the president of a college and his successors.

"One lot free to the first member of Congress belonging to Nelson County, chosen after the year 1794, as a residence in Lystra, provided he builds a house thereon, in which case it is granted to him and his heirs ; otherwise the grant is to the next chosen member who will build on the same terms.

"One lot free for the first senator, in like manner.

"One lot free for the first judge, provided Lystra shall become a town where courts are held, and the judge shall build a house on the lot, in which case the grant is to him and his heirs, otherwise to the next judge, etc.

"One lot free to the first minister of the first church, whatever the persuasion may be, chosen by the free suffrages of the freeholders, and his heirs, and a lot free to the said first minister and his successor.

"One lot free to the first man who shall erect a commodious hotel for the entertainment of travellers, undertake to keep it in good order and well provided with refreshments, on reasonable terms, under the regulation of the police, according to circumstances, providing for the comfort of the traveller, and guarding strictly against imposition.

"Two lots to be free lots for public granaries, to be used by merchants who will build upon these gratis, till such time as the public occasions shall call for their appropriate use.

"The angles marked in the plate *a*, *a*, *a*, *a*, to be appropriated as market-places ; and the strand of the creek to be commodiously edified with docks and landings, wherever the unappropriated pub-

lic lots shall bear a price equal to the undertaking, together with such improvements in the navigation in the Rolling Fork, as shall be found proper and expedient. And from these immunities, those parts of a lot formed by the Fork of Lystra Creek, shall belong to the liberties of the town, to be kept in a neat manner as a common meadow, upon which every inhabitant of the town and freeholder of the township, shall have the privilege of grazing his horse the first night of his coming into the town, or of his return from a journey, under the inspection of an overseer, taking care to do no injury to fence, or hedge, or shrub. The remaining parts shall also belong to the liberties of the town, and finally be laid out in such lots, with such restraints in the order of building as shall preserve the beauty of the whole ; and these lots, together with what remains unappropriated hereby, as hereinafter mentioned, in the year 1804, if not previously sold by order of the subscribers, to be then conveyed, with what may remain, if any, of the township, to the subscribers, as their private property.

"Eighty-four lots in the township are appropriated for the common good and sole use of the town, to be sold at such times and on such occasions as shall arise and be agreed on by the freeholders of the town, for building a church on the angle marked A, so far as ten lots shall go to that purpose ; an edifice for a college on the angle marked B, as far as ten lots shall go to that purpose ; an edifice for a town hall on the angle marked C, so far, etc. ; and some other public building, as a theatre or place of amusement, on the angle marked D, so far, etc. These edifices to be handsome and uniform, to be built with wings fronting the curve line which forms the circus ; the church to be adorned with a steeple, and the other buildings with cupolas. For other public buildings, etc."

A foot-note says of Lystra:

"It is divided into one hundred and fifty shares, for each of which a certificate is issued on stamped parchment, containing a receipt for the consideration money, which at present is twenty pounds, and expressing the title to the subscriber and his heirs.

"The agents are empowered to grant fourteen lots, in proper situa-

tions, to settlers gratis, and to sell fourteen lots on the east side of said gratuitous lots in the year 1794 at twenty pounds each ; and fourteen lots on the north ends in the year 1795, at thirty pounds each, (and so it runs up, increasing with each year, until :) and the twelve remaining lots in the year 1802 at two hundred pounds each ; and the last twelve lots in the year 1803 at two hundred and fifty pounds each ; provided in each year a larger price than is here specified cannot be obtained ; and if any lots remain unsold in the year 1804, they are to be equally divided among, and legally conveyed unto, the subscribers and their heirs as their private property.

"As fast as the money arises by this resale of the lands, it is to be paid in equal dividends to the holders of the certificates.

"The agents receive an allowance of five pounds per cent for their trouble. All which is more particularly set forth in the printed plan, which may be had gratis at the American Agency Office, Threadneedle Street, London."

We may conceive that it was with a sense of humor, as well as of business propriety, that the gentlemen in Threadneedle Street attached the name of Lystra to their mythical city. They were, doubtless, good, smooth, respectable, church-going men—these speculators. It was at Lystra that Paul performed the miracle of healing a certain man "impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who had never walked." (Acts 14.) One of Raphael's cartoons—the most vigorous product of his genius—treats of the miracle at Lystra.

These land pirates had a number of schemes in Kentucky. They evidently purchased tracts without reference to real availability as sites for "cities." Maps executed in London served every purpose of deception. Franklinville was situated in Mason county, as it was then, where the present town of Beattyville

clings to the hillsides and straddled ravines. The soil is represented as surpassingly fertile. Ohio-Piomingo was thirty miles west of Louisville "on the river Ohio, in the county of Nelson, named in compliment to Piomingo, one of the Indian chiefs, a man greatly beloved and respected, not only by the Indian tribes, but also by the whites." One extract more, and then we shall finish with these nauseous but certainly cleverly concocted and plausible swindles. The following gem would reflect credit on the devil himself, in the way of skilful falsehood.

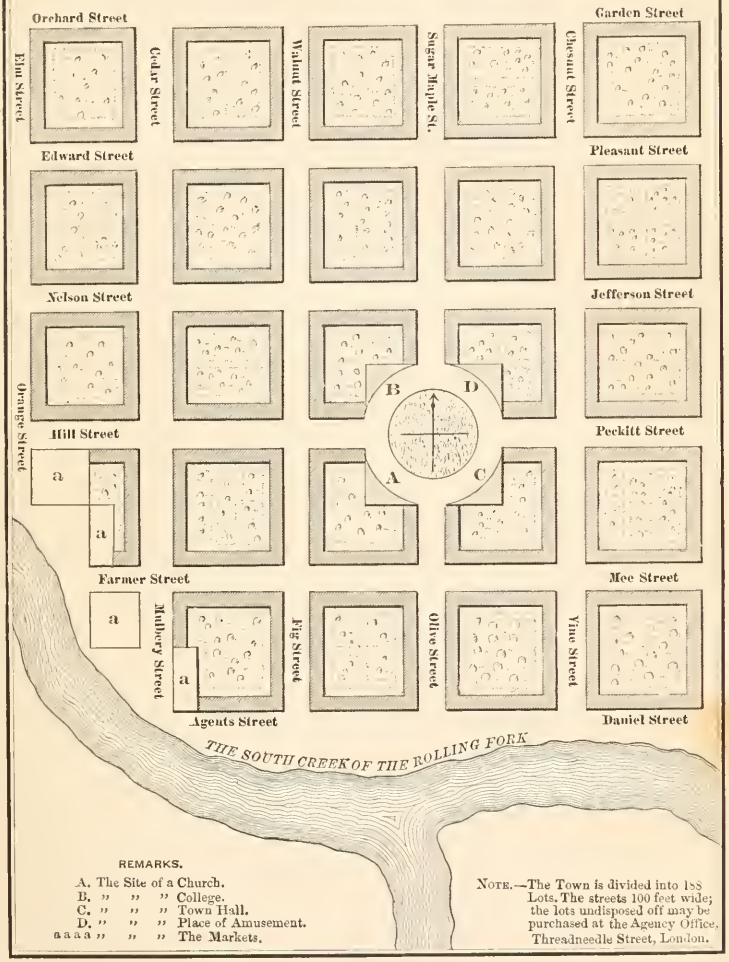
"A gentleman of great respectability, the proprietor of the land, and who has but just left London, has determined, at his own expense of more than one hundred and fifty pounds sterling, to erect either in the circus or some principal part of the town a pedestrian statue of Piomingo, habited as an Indian warrior, in the attitude of delivering an oration in favor of Liberty; the statue and pedestal, with suitable ornaments, to be of Coade's artificial stone, and will be put in hand as soon as an eminent and well-known statuary has formed a drawing and model suitable for the purpose.

"It may not be improper to observe, that a number of industrious husbandmen have voluntarily offered to go out and settle at Ohio-Piomingo, under the superintendence of a gentleman well versed in surveying, and competent in other respects to conduct so important an undertaking; it is also worthy of remark, that this gentleman's father, at the venerable age of ninety, yet in perfect health, has determined to accompany his children and grandchildren to this propitious spot."

To get the full effect of the above passage, it should be read aloud in a soft and persuasive manner.

Many were the journeyings made by George Barnes between Carshalton and the office in Threadneedle Street, where the affable agents sat in their upholstered

PLAN OF LYSTRA,
in NELSON-COUNTY, KENTUCKY.



REMARKS.

A. The Site of a Church.
B. " " " College.
C. " " " Town Hall.
D. " " " Place of Amusement.
a a a a " " " The Markets.

NOTE.—The Town is divided into 188 Lots. The streets 100 feet wide; the lots undisposed off may be purchased at the Agency Office, Threadneedle Street, London.

spider-web. At last, amid excitement and expectations, he and his companions were off, the "stamped parchment" receipts in their pockets, and a reserve of ready cash besides. Thrifty, honest, hopeful men.

The Barnes family, thus set adrift from their ancient mooring, consisted of George Barnes and wife, four children, two boys and two girls, and "Uncle Charley," whose quaint figure we shall catch glimpses of in this history, long after his two older companions have vanished. A cousin of George Barnes lived in Maryland, having emigrated years before and been prospered by fortune. Our hopeful immigrant, upon arrival in America, sought him out. This kinsman was not only pleased to see George, but proved to be generous in the extreme. Abram Barnes was a plutocrat of those early days, owning so many negroes that he did not know their names. He gave his cousin a number of slaves—fifty, it is said—and after entertaining him for a few weeks, sent him on his way rejoicing. This act of liberality on the part of the Maryland Barnes goes to prove that he, too, believed that cotton and sugar-cane were to be cultivated on the South Creek of the Rolling Fork of the Salt River! For such were the dreams of wealth indulged in by George and fostered by the gentlemen of Threadneedle Street. As he penetrated deeper into the wilderness, seeing fewer and fewer traces of civilization, and coming into unwonted contact with rude people, it began to dawn upon him that he must gird up his loins for a doubtful struggle. It appears that he abandoned some of his dream, retaining perhaps hope, for he sent back the negroes from Pittsburg with the word that he

"knew nothing about slaves, and did not care to carry them further."

The route of travel from Pittsburg to Lystra was by flatboat down the Ohio River and overland from Louisville. "Lystra" was at the verge of the settlements in Kentucky. When George Barnes reached the point that is now Springfield, he learned that Lystra was a myth and existed only on paper; and, that the stream with its "large sailing vessels" was a shallow creek. Thus vanished his dream—his all. It is said that he never visited the spot. Certain it is that he did not long survive this terrible disaster to his fortunes. With dignity and in silence he bore it as best he could, but it broke his heart. He vanished so quickly, that local tradition, usually tenacious, only remembers of him that he was a man of commanding appearance and manners. "Born November 10th, 1752. Died October 28th, 1801."

His death left his widow with four children, the oldest of whom was about twelve years of age, James C. Barnes, the father of George O. Barnes, being next to the youngest. The struggle of this poor widow was something terrible. From that time to her death she encountered poverty and toil, bent only on placing her children properly. She was forced to apprentice them to different trades. James C. Barnes, whose history is to be related in detail, was given over to a shoemaker. Richard, the youngest son, became a tanner, and lived and died, very much respected, in Princeton, Caldwell Co., Kentucky. One of the daughters married a Houts. The mother herself made a scanty living by fine needlework. Her pride was a great resource, and,

let us hope, a consolation in her grievous misfortunes. She was too proud to let her people know of her condition, and she died before her sons and daughters reached maturity; but not before they were in the way of livelihoods.

Uncle Charley lived to share in the life of James C. Barnes, and to be a part of the memories of his children, who always speak his name with that accent of affection that is sweet even to the stranger's ear. A sweet-tempered, lovely old man, he is described in his extreme old age, with a strikingly handsome face of the English type, plump, clear red and white, beautiful blue eyes and snowy hair. He remained faithful to his first allegiance, and never became a naturalized citizen of the United States. He was fond of telling his great-nephews of Merry England in the days of King George III. For that monarch he had a profound reverence. He related with great relish his one experience at a royal hunt. However it came about, young Charley Barnes had the privilege of carrying to the Prince of Wales—the first gentleman in Europe—afterward George IV., the signal for the mount. He used to imitate the manner in which he took off his cap, as he galloped up in red jacket and top boots, to the royal group, and announced: "Your royal Highness, the deer is let out!" The prince immortalized the dear old man by replying, "Thank you." He was a loyalist to the day of his death, and professed contempt for American institutions as *parvenu* and unscriptural. Uncle Charley was originally a bricklayer, but obviously of better education than might be associated with his occupation at that time. His days

in America were spent mainly in teaching. A fall from a scaffold after his coming to Kentucky made him a cripple for life. He was something of a beau in his youth. It is related of him that he and his brother loved the same Miss Loten, and that James was the fortunate suitor. He always retained for her a tender deference; and long after the trials of the other two were over he lived to be loved by their children. He died in Dayton, Ohio, at the age of ninety-six, and upon his tombstone, on the beautiful hillside there, is the name—Carshalton.

CHAPTER II.

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENTS.

I.—Father Barnes.

Until he reached his twenty-first year James Charles Barnes was a worthy shoemaker in the shop of his master, one Gabriel Schuck, a German, who for fifty years furnished shoes to the villagers of Springfield. James was a fine young fellow, handsome and large; and, with the memory of his ambitious and beautiful mother, felt oddly out of place at the last. Dr. Thomas Cleland, who is known in the Presbyterian Church history of Kentucky as "the Father of the Prophets," added him to the number of his spiritual children. Young James Barnes not only grew in grace, but the voice he lifted up in song drew to him many kindly hearts in the brotherhood of Christians. He afterward became famous for his voice, as we shall see. Among those who assumed charge of him and helped him to study for the ministry, an idea that absorbed him, was Mrs. Isabella Reid, Dr. Cleland and others aiding. Now, old Gabriel Schuck was a most degenerate St. Crispin. He had attained to a remarkable proficiency in the profane vocabulary of the English languge. He is remembered as occupying the cock-loft of his little establishment, and showering down oaths upon the head of his unhappy apprentice

in bondage. An ill-treated, uncared-for lad was young James Barnes. He was a thing of shreds and patches. He was in the hands of Apollyon. When Gabriel was asked if he would not release the boy from his apprenticeship, he looked up from his bench, garnishing his reply with an oath, and said:

"No! I don't want to see a good shoemaker spoiled to make a bad preacher!"

It was in vain that the obdurate man was plied with entreaty. James drove his last peg only on the day when this hard authority over him ceased by limitation. He then enjoyed a brief schooling with a reputable pedagogue of the times, Lyle, at Paris, Kentucky. During the year 1815 he was an inmate of the house of Rev. Dr. Thomas Cleland. From first to last this Father of the Prophets thus instructed in theology fourteen or fifteen young men. He was poor, as were the preachers of his day, and at the time indicated was pastor of New Providence Church, in Mercer County, with a meagre salary of about four hundred dollars. He lived in a log structure of the old style, two rooms below and two above on either side of an open hallway. His house was filled always with visitors and students. When asked how he managed to live with his pittance of a salary, he replied in his dry humor: "I couldn't get along without the perquisites." "What do you mean by perquisites?" was the puzzled rejoinder of the questioner. "My smoke-house and my barn," said Dr. Cleland. And so it was that his open-handed hospitality was supplied in those simple times. The bond of affection between master and pupil was never broken. Long

years after the early days wherein the Lord provided sustenance, the coming of James Barnes, now a Reverend, to the house of Dr. Cleland was an occasion of almost childish joy to them both. The gray-haired patriarch impatiently awaiting, would see his kinsman in the faith "from afar off," and rush to meet him with his aged steps, and they would cast themselves into each other's arms in fond embrace. Great were the broken exclamations of delight, and many were the tears of joy suddenly dashed away from the cheek.

A letter,* written long after by Rev. James C. Barnes, D.D., gives some record of Dr. Cleland's virtues:

"My dear Brother: Be assured it will afford me great pleasure to be able to furnish some facts connected with the life and labors of your beloved and venerated father, now an heir of glory. Whatever I may be able to call to mind respecting him, I shall record it as an expression of grateful remembrance to one to whom I am deeply indebted for what I am, as a Christian (though less than the least of all), and as a minister of the everlasting Gospel.

"My first acquaintance with my beloved father in the Lord was in the early part of the year 1807. I was then a youth of about seventeen years. The first time I ever heard the delightful sound of the Gospel was from his lips, about the period above mentioned. He preached at that time once a month in Springfield, where I resided, though not regularly, as his labors were at that time in very great demand. He was the most acceptable preacher then in Kentucky. His labors were wonderfully blessed in the conversion of souls. In the month of June, 1809, I was received by him into the communion of the church. From that time until he removed into Mercer County (1813)

* Memoirs of Rev. Thomas Cleland, D.D., by Dr. Edward P. Humphrey and T. H. Cleland. 1859. Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

he was my pastor, my adviser, and my kind friend. During the year 1815 I lived in his family, and was treated as his son ; enjoyed his excellent ministrations, and commenced the study of theology. It was by his kind exertions that I was enabled to spend the two following years at Princeton Theological Seminary. After my return to Kentucky, by his fatherly advice, I was induced to take the pastoral oversight of the united congregations of Lancaster and Paint Lick, in the fall of 1818. In the year 1819 I was ordained, and installed pastor over said churches, on which occasion your father presided. During these eighteen years I occasionally enjoyed the privilege of being assisted by him on sacramental occasions. It was under his faithful administrations, together with Brother S. K. Weed, that a most precious revival commenced in Paint Lick Church, in the summer of 1826, which continued for two years, and which resulted in the conversion of many precious souls to God. His preaching was plain, scriptural, evangelical, spiritual and practical. His sermons were always filled with Scripture quotations, and he was always particular in giving both chapter and verse. He knew the Scriptures almost by heart. He was a living concordance. 'He was mighty in the Scriptures.' He possessed the wonderful power of condensing a whole body of divinity in a single discourse. Nor did he present before the people the dead, dry bones of a hideous skeleton, but clothed with flesh, beautiful for its compactness and symmetry, and animated with joyous life. He sometimes used brief selections, but I never heard him read a sermon. I never heard a man who had a more complete control over the feelings of his audience, and that without any special effort to awaken their sympathies. For many years I never sat under one of his excellent sermons without being deeply affected myself, and witnessing a like effect upon the whole congregation. He never daubed the unbeliever with untempered mortar, but was a son of thunder to the guilty, and of consolation to the feeble-minded. His preaching was instructive to the ignorant ; encouraging to the timid, and edifying to the believer.

"As a pastor, as far as his domestic duties and missionary calls would allow, he was faithful to those under his immediate charge. Much of Dr. Cleland's ministerial life was spent in arduous labors out of the bounds of his own congregation.

"At that time there were but few faithful ministers of the Word, and calls for good, faithful preachers were both numerous and urgent. Soon after he entered the ministry, the Pelagian, Arian, Socinian, and Shaker heresies and defections threatened the overthrow of the churches in Kentucky. These soul-destroying heresies and apostasies threw a great deal of missionary labor into the hands of this faithful servant of Christ. Many churches in this State were torn into fragments. Those who stood firmly by the faith of their fathers called loudly and earnestly for help. None were more ready to listen to these calls than Dr. Cleland; and none rendered more efficient service in helping to roll back this desolating tide than he.

"About this time the Cumberland Presbyterians broke off from our denomination. Their desertion from our ranks made a widespread destitution of our ministrations in south-western Kentucky, which still further increased the demand for missionary labor. Mr. Cleland went often to that region of the country on missionary tours. These missionary labors were discharged without the prospect of pecuniary remuneration, while, at the same time, subjecting the faithful missionary to severe privations and hardships.

"Reversing a little the order suggested in your letter, I proceed to state a few particulars with reference to our dear father as a man and a Christian. We may say of him what was said of Barnabas: 'He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people were added to the Lord.' Although his literary advantages were limited, yet, all things considered, he was evidently a man of more than ordinary abilities. He possessed a discriminating mind, a clear and quick understanding, sound and solid judgment, a retentive memory, and a lively imagination. He possessed cheerfulness without levity, firmness without stubbornness, and dignity without haughtiness.

"As a man of business he was prompt, active, conscientious; and, above all men I ever knew, prudent. *Prudence*, he always taught his students, next to piety, was one of the cardinal virtues essential to a usefulness in the minister. He kept everything in perfect order about him. He could arise at the hour of midnight, and without a light, lay his hand on any book in the library. He had a place for everything, and everything in its place.

"The social qualities of our kind father were such as to warmly attach to him a large circle of devoted friends, both aged and young, rich and poor, bond and free. And no one who had even for a short time been an inmate of his kind family, but was impressed with the belief that real hospitality and the law of kindness reigned there. His ministerial brethren always esteemed it a delightful privilege to enjoy his society, which was always both animating and instructive."

The writer then pays a tribute to the exalted Christian character of Mrs. Cleland, and closes thus:

"They are now, we do most firmly believe, justified spirits made perfect, reunited in the blissful presence of our adored Redeemer, in His high and holy service in glory forever.

"Yours in Christ Jesus our Lord,

"JAMES BARNES."

This letter has the charm of simplicity. Its applied passages from the Bible tell of a constant companionship with that book of solace. In matters of the heart, we may see, his tongue was not wholly rude.

James Barnes finally got off to the Presbyterian Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. He graduated in 1818, being then in the maturity of his thirty-second year. As a student of theology he was noted for his zeal, and his voice (the pathos of which, *we* who know his history can understand) strangely drew to him the attention of saints and sinners. To the simple melody of his song the church owed the conversion of one of the most lovable and brilliant of the Breckenridges, the Rev. John Breckenridge, D.D.,* who died at the

* See Collins's "History of Kentucky," under titles John Breckenridge, Robert J. Breckenridge, General John C. Breckenridge, etc.; also Allen's "History of Kentucky," page 197.

early age of forty-four, in the full promise of uncommon gifts. John was a student at the time in the academical department of the college. It was jocularly proposed one day to "go over and hear the big Kentuckian sing." "Awaked by Sinai's awful sound" was the hymn. Breckenridge ever afterward attributed his conversion to the fervid notes of James Barnes.

While a novitiate our Kentuckian went on one occasion to supply the pulpit of Rev. Dr. Gideon Blackburn,* at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. He there met with Miss Maria Stockton Smith, a lady noted for her Christian zeal, member of a widely-known family far above the common in circumstances of birth and position. They were married, and came to Kentucky in 1818. She regarded Kentucky as a field for misionary labor, and the two were filled with the spirit belonging to such work. Her character shall be given the special treatment it demands. From this extraordinary woman George O. Barnes derived his fire.

As a preacher James C. Barnes was not of unusual intellectual power, but he possessed qualities that have given the memory of "Father Barnes" a most uncommon tenderness among the thousands into whose lives beat the light of his own. He was a man of heart. Careless of the world's goods he would in the winter-time give his overcoat to him who had the look of need. He lovingly ministered to the wants of souls clad in gloom, and was ever strangely tender toward those of low estate. He remembered that by

* Of the Kentucky stock; best known by his labors in Illinois.

stress of misfortune he, too, was a plebeian. Plain and homely in his speech, he had yet a fervid eloquence which suited the early days of Kentucky, when virtue was sterner than now. He was a banger of the Bible, and delighted in fierce expositions of doctrinal points at a time when the churches were all militant. But he was a great pastor, always successful; a great singer, as we shall see, seeking to save souls everywhere, famous for his funeral sermons, and in demand wherever marriage torches burned. In fact, what with his moving about, his extraordinary activity, and his popularity, no preacher in Kentucky ever had more to do with domestic life over so large an extent of territory. "He was the best man I ever knew," "he married me," "the first sermon I ever heard was from him," "oh, how he could sing!" "he was the simplest-hearted Christian that ever lived"—such are a few of the expressions that may be heard among the people in his State who knew him best, from the Cumberland to the hills of Franklin and beyond Bourbon, and from Lebanon to the mountains. His face was seen and his voice was heard at some time wherever Presbyterians had a band of union. He was welcome at every board. Poor he was always—perhaps he at no time received for his labors more than $500 a year—but his care for worldly goods was modelled after Christ's injunctions to his disciples, and his faith was brightened with the ever-present hope of the speedy coming of his Master.

His singing was for him a solace and a joy. He made it a feature of the public service. In those days the song was given out two lines at a time in order to

accommodate those without hymn-books, not to speak of the illiterate. Watts' hymns were known to all Christians, and Father Barnes was greatly attached to a number of them. "When he set up his pipes," to use a saying of George O. Barnes, "it was like a lion." The testimony as to the remarkable reach and depth of his voice is universal. "You could hear him a mile," "he would make the windows rattle." He would often return as if to an inmost and familiar joy to

> "Let us join our friends above
> That have obtained the prize."

With uplifted eyes and softened voice:

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies"—

he always pronounced it "clar." A great favorite with him was

> "Come we that love the Lord."

He was certainly a master of all there is of music in "Dundee," "Old Hundred," and the like. He was averse to choirs, and had no toleration for the organ. He was so Calvinistic that he would have preferred the psalms to the exclusion of even Watts's hymns; much imbued he was with some of the features of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He was heard to remark in his later years, "If I had known what I now know I would have stuck to the psalms." Innovations on the old tunes were detestable to him. When he was pastor of the church at Lancaster, the young members insisted on forming a choir. It occasionally

became necessary for the leader to resort stealthily behind the high back of the pew, safe from the eyes of "Father" Barnes, to a gentle use of his flute to start the tune. The pastor was so opposed to anything instrumental in the church, that the consequences would have been dreadful had he detected the action. He was proud of his voice, and loved to lead in the congregational singing. While he had it in his power always to drown out an obnoxious choir, he once had a more genuine triumph. A strange preacher in his pulpit gave out a hymn, which baffled the efforts of the choir, even with the surreptitious aid of the flute. The congregation hummed and hummed and halted, until Father Barnes arose with great gravity, and, as no one could follow him, gave it as a solo, to his infinite satisfaction and triumph.

Father Barnes's objection to the use of the organ was commonly held at that time among rural Presbyterians. Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, once invited to preach in the pulpit of his brother, W. L. Breckenridge, at Louisville, walked out of the church when the "instrumental music" was continued despite his bidding it to cease. Father Barnes also held the view of Tertullian, that a beard is a lie on the face, and earnestly regretted it, as an imperfection in the character of his son George, that he evinced the intention of wearing whiskers.

In personal appearance he was tall and comely, with a face marked in age with strong lines. His thick black hair bristled straight up on his head—"like Andrew Jackson's," says one.

He would not willingly remain long in one place, as

the following traces of him will show: 1. Lancaster, Ky., 1818–26; 2. Paint Lick, Ky., 1826–32; 3. Rock Castle, Ky., 1832–35; 4. Lancaster, Ky., 1835–36; 5. Dayton, Ohio, 1836–44; 6. Richmond, Ky., 1844–47; 7. Dayton, Ohio, 1847–48; 8. Harmony (Garrard Co., Ky.), 1848–50; 9. Perryville, Ky., 1850–54; 10. Clinton Co., Mo., 1854–62; 11. Stanford, Ky., 1862–63.

He had an uncommon love for his home while he inhabited it, but as soon as he had got it in order he wanted to be off. This was the cause of serious disagreement between him and his wife. She was an eminently practical woman. He rioted in a love of flowers. Early morning always found him among them, seeking a pleasure in their bright, dew-washed beauty. Wherever he went roses sprang up along the fence-sides, and many a flower bloomed and grew in pot and bed. When the vines embowered the house he was ready to be off for other souls, and to leave the home fresh for other hearts. Yet he was a Puritan in his absorbing passion. Did any one pluck the flowers, "Tut, tut!" he would remonstrate, "why destroy God's works to minister to your own vanity?" When he was tried in Dayton, Ohio, as a heretic for preaching the Second Advent, it was urged, among the idle charges, that he was "too fond of flowers." It was Father Barnes who introduced into many yards in the Paint Lick neighborhood those stately cedar trees, reminders of the cedars of Lebanon (as Father Barnes in his pious fancy doubtless intended them to be). They now show the prospering growth of over half a century. The pastor brought them from the neighboring spurs of the mountains and the cliffs of the not

distant Kentucky River. Some of his homes in situation were romantic in the extreme. He lived in cottages, in log-houses, in structures of various pretension or humbleness, in the valleys and on the hillsides, in cities, towns, and country; but everywhere he carried flowers with him. "About all I can remember of him," remarked a lady, "was his telling mother to soak some of her garden-seed in saltpetre; they would grow better." At Paint Lick a little round house of logs, situated in a thicket, used for his meditations, is well remembered. A certain romance attaches to the life of a studious pastor in such a spot at that time, for, thirty years before, the Indian was still in possession of the favorite nook in their happy hunting ground.

His austerity in matters of principle was illustrated in the reply he made to his wife, when she urged him to pay certain debts, made (probably in their frolics at Denis Dorem's) by George and Loten at Danville. He refused stoutly and positively, saying that he "would not serve the devil in that way." He had such a stern sense of duty that when invited on one occasion to address a Masonic gathering in the absence of the orator of the day, he delivered a most denunciatory sermon against secret societies.

He had the stuff of martyrs in him—as, indeed, there is reason to believe that he was of the stock of the Lollard martyr, Barnes, an account of whom may be found in Daubigne's "History of the Reformation." Poor as a church-mouse, he withstood his congregation in Dayton, Ohio, in the matter of the Second Advent, and he was tried for heresy amid great clamor. Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, one of the

great ones sent from their common *alma mater*, Princeton, and a devoted friend, came from Kentucky to defend him. Father Barnes was acquitted, but forthwith accepted the outlook of poverty in resigning his charge. When Dr. Breckenridge returned to Danville he was beset by questioners anxious to hear concerning the dear pastor's troubles. His reply was characteristic of the man, of whom wit was such a part: "A moiety of the Presbytery, sir, did not believe that Christ was coming; a moiety believed that He ought not to come at present; and a moiety did not care whether He came or not."

The earliest remembrance that impressed itself on George Barnes was his father in leggins and great coat, the red knitted comforter around his neck, mounted, with saddle-bags on his solemn, heavy, clerical-looking, wall-eyed bay horse. From Lancaster Father Barnes had a circuit of fifty or sixty miles. He was very popular in the mountain counties of Rock Castle and Whitney. When Rev. Dr. John C. Young first came to Kentucky he occasionally accompanied this favorite people's pastor on his rounds. Dr. Young was always youthful in his appearance, and he always preached with fine effect, but the mountain expression of satisfaction was: "That is a fine young man you have along with you, Father Barnes. Just let him keep at it, and you will make a preacher of him yet." At Paint Lick it was a scene on Sundays when the good pastor descended from the pulpit. The country folk, who came to "meeting" from long distances over rough roads on horseback (mainly), on foot, and by conveyance, flocked around him to press

his hand and share his smile. He did not fail to speak to the knot of negroes, who bided their time on the outskirts of the crowd, and who listened to his words of cheer as if of one who spoke with authority. Negroes and all loved Father Barnes. The very nature of his devotion to missionary work, and the tender care he bestowed on his flock, is some explanation of the small prominence he has in the recorded history of the church in Kentucky. He was a great pastor in a day when the ambition of the clergy was to be great theologians. In the councils, while he was ever efficient and independent, aggressive spirits, like Robert J. Breckenridge, John C. Young, Nathan L. Rice, Jacob F. Price and others, and later on such men as Stuart Robinson, Wilson, and E. P. Humphrey, were the active leaders. His life was one token of faith and sincerity, of lowly toil and overflowing charity. He once moved from Lancaster to "Harmony," a small church near Bryantville in Garrard County, among the hills of the Kentucky River, exclaiming: "I want to try my hand on those rough people." Then, perhaps, he had a picture in his mind of a peaceful home amid the cliffs; and new flowers were to be grown, and the forests were to yield up new trees.

Faith in an overruling Providence was an active principle in his life. Rev. Dr. Lapsley McKee, who is some years younger than George Barnes, but who knew his frolicsome habits at college, occupied the same room with Father Barnes one winter in Lancaster. The old man would often talk of George. He would say: "I believe the grace of God can do all things. I believe that George will preach the Gospel

yet." "Dear old man," Lapsley would inwardly remark, "if he believes that he can believe anything." Later on, when George wrote from Savannah, Georgia, that he had determined to enter the ministry, Father Barnes exultingly exclaimed to Lapsley, "I thought it would work out that way." One more glimpse of this good man, and then—the pall. We see him at the meeting of the Presbytery. To his right hand is George, to his left Loten, his two ordained boys—Loten a ruling elder. Clasping them with either hand he turned to one near, and with tears falling down his aged cheeks, he said, "Oh, what joy! what joy! the father with his two sons!" All in all, his life was one of happiness. His religion was full of brightness to him; he was stern only in the ordering of his ways. He died in Stanford in 1863 at the home of his son Loten, aged seventy-seven. It is likely that his end was hastened by an overdose of morphine taken to allay sudden pain, for his natural strength was unabated and his eye undimmed. Rev. W. L. Breckenridge preached his funeral sermon. His opening words gave the key-note of his gentle life: "Here lies a man who in life was without an enemy." He is buried in the Danville cemetery, and on his tombstone is the inscription chosen by his son, George O. Barnes: "I will give him the morning star."—Rev. 2:28.

II.—The Mother.

During the Revolutionary War and in the old times subsequent, a celebrated tavern in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, known as the "Indian Queen" furnished wel-

come cheer to some of the most distinguished men of the day. The history of its hospitable board—were the story written more plainly on its ancient gables and quaint furnishings—would give us glimpses of Washington, Jefferson and Adams; and it would not be much amiss to assume that a larger proportion of the active men of the times knew its cheer. The inn was in a territory now classic for the victories and struggles which gave birth to the United States of America. We know that in later times Aaron Burr was a frequent guest at the "Indian Queen," and that the little daughter of the host used to sit on the knee of her father before the great fireplace, and listen with a child's wonder, until she fell asleep late in the night, to the converse of the brilliant and courtly stranger. This girl also remembered Kosciusko after his flight from Poland, the scars still upon him, which he received in the battle of Maciejowice, where his troops were overwhelmed by superior numbers, and where he fell from his horse, covered with wounds, and uttering the words "*Finis Poloniæ.*" The child was old enough when General Washington was welcomed in Elizabeth, as chief of the nation, to be among the throng of girls who strewed flowers before him, and he placed his hand gently upon her head.

The host of the inn must himself have been a man of uncommon attractiveness and influence. He had fought at Quebec, and, though an Englishman, spoke French with a native's ease. Without the means of tracing his descent, it is evident that he was a man of good stock, from the fact that his father was an officer in the English army sent to the colonies in the wars

preceding the Revolution. The father died in 1759, and doubtless left the son a patrimony. The innkeeper, Samuel Smith, was a man of fine appearance, and his daughter used to tell with pleasure in her ninety-sixth year of the title he somehow gained of "*le beau soldat*—" the handsome soldier. This daughter was Maria Stockton Smith. Her mother, the second wife of Samuel Smith, Sarah Halsted, was born on "the famous Halsted or Walnut Hill Farm," subsequently owned by George Bligh, Jr., of Philadelphia, and at present the property of the Whitlock and Bonnat families. Through the Halsted descent she was related to many of the worthy and conspicuous families of New Jersey. Maria Stockton Smith was a granddaughter of Rebecca Ogden, and was thus of the stock which produced Governor Aaron Ogden, General Mathias Ogden, and Honorable Robert Ogden. The Smiths, the Halsteds or Halsteads, and the Ogdens form a large and distinguished connection in New Jersey.

A certain elegance was imparted to the society of Elizabethtown by the accession of the *emigrés* of the French Revolution, including a number of titled names. Maria Stockton Smith acquired the language of these polished refugees, and spoke it with a rare nicety. She always remembered with pleasure these stately days of her early youth, when powdered wigs, cocked hats, buckled shoes, and the like formalities of dress compelled social ceremony. Among her intimate companions was the Countess Niemcewictz; with her she joined the Presbyterian Church in 1808, under the ministry of the well-reputed Dr. John

McDowell, having been aroused by a powerful and touching sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Gideon Blackburn, a noted and eloquent Kentuckian. It was then that the life commenced which was thereafter to be dominated by religious fervor and missionary zeal. Her Christianity was warmed into ever-growing vitality by a happy succession of pastors, the Rev. Wm. Adolphus Linn, the gifted and fervid Austin, and the brilliant and eloquent Dr. Henry Kollock. A letter written by Rev. Dr. William Hall has this to state concerning her spiritual life at that time :

"Maria Stockton Smith was a diligent member of her pastor's, Dr. McDowell's, Bible and Catechetical class, and became an earnest and thorough-going theologian. She studied profoundly the celebrated little work of Jonathan Dickinson, an early pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, and the chief American theological writer before President Edwards. I have an ancient copy of this work now before me, printed at Boston in 1741. It is entitled, 'The True Scripture Doctrine Concerning Some Important Points of Christian Faith.' They are five in number, and form the line of demarkation and a constant debatable bond between the Calvinistic and Arminian camps. Belonging decidedly to the former, Miss Smith never failed to show her colors, and proved too much, generally, for her less learned antagonistic friends, who sometimes gayly styled her 'Miss Five-points.'"

Under these influences her character was formed. It was in 1817 that she met the young divinity student from neighboring Princeton, who made court to her. She was at that time in her thirty-fifth year, three years older than James C. Barnes. Rejecting offers which promised her worldly comfort, she gave her heart to him, because of their common Christianity. Her desire to save souls in the far West-

ern country, then a land unvisited by the bright influences of Christian faith as a strongly organized element, was almost romantic, certainly pure and warm.

Her abiding-places in Kentucky, whither they came in 1818, have been traced in these pages. What she encountered was bitter poverty to one reared as she had been. The Christian work of her first dream was unceasing, but the growing cares of family soon led her to adopt a means to increase the scanty stores of a poor pastor's household, which she patiently followed to an age extending to more than a score of years beyond that ordinarily allotted to mortals of happy fortune. Thrift became a part of her necessities, the badge of her uncomplaining wants. She taught school. When the family grew, with all its hopes and cares and ambitions, it was the mother's heart and the mother's hands that ministered to give them a large share in their lot. She was affectionate but stern, Calvinistic in her life and its exactions of conduct. She always had in some unexpected nook something for a rainy day. To her boys her memory is most precious; for the eye must needs grow dim with loving compassion and tender sorrow to recall the measured benefactions, meted out with justice. James Barnes was a true servant of his Master, but his open hand was not of the kind to bring plenty into the house. She it was that supplemented the wages of the pastor with her own earnings, and upheld her children through that upward march in life, school and college, with an almost tragic love, the sweeter, because so rigid in its requirements. Maria

Stockton Barnes, as a school-teacher, formed the minds and character of the mothers of a large stock in central Kentucky. She is remembered with vividness by hundreds of them for her exactness, punctuality, sternness, and justice. She was very small of stature, but there was something about her exceedingly formidable to the urchins and lasses under her sway. Her methods of punishment were quick and decisive. A red cowhide, her potent wand of authority, is remembered.

She was as generous as her husband toward the poor, but it was with method. It was her habit to search out the children of those who were too poor to do the good part by their own, and to train them without charge. She always had some pupils of this kind, and thus educated hundreds. No widow, helpless otherwise to give her offspring a chance, suffered where Mrs. Barnes taught.

That there was some difference of temperament between James C. Barnes and Maria Stockton Barnes, it is essential to state, for this is a plain history, and concerns itself with the development of the genius of one of the frankest of natures—one of their children. A characteristic variance, but not a serious one, was the literary taste of the wife. He was purely a theologian and a zealous day laborer in the Lord's vineyard. She had a wider range and lighter fancies. The religious poetry of actual life always touched him, but to her there was something beyond this in the written record of other hearts. She read largely and with avidity. Such novels as those of Scott and Marryat, contemporaneous, would engage her at odd times, and, often, by late candle-light, for she had a

strange capriciousness in her spirit. James would remonstrate with her for reading "those lies," as he always designated novels.

To say that she "knew the Bible by heart" would be nearer fact than mere form of expression. With that book she spent hours. She had her hours and times for reading. For some years in her old age—but before the Civil War—Mrs. Barnes was a member of the household of Judge F. T. Fox, of Danville, Ky. It was in the days of the *Washington Intelligencer*, the *Lexington Observer and Reporter*, the *Frankfort Commonwealth*, and the *Louisville Journal*, when the slow-going and slow-coming, ponderously and "ably edited" newspapers had authority in the land. The discussion of politics was carried on by the application of the fundamental principles of liberty and of profound views of the Constitution. However that was, Judge Fox, like every other representative, active and intelligent gentleman of the day, took these papers. The methodical habits of Mrs. Barnes and her intelligent interest in affairs were understood, respected, and provided for. She would not read the papers at intervals on their arrival during the week, so it grew into the custom for all the family to finish their reading of the papers, so that Mrs. Barnes could get them all together. They were placed in a bundle each Saturday night on a corner of the mantel-piece, whence the favored guest would take them, and retire early to her room. Sunday morning she returned them to the mantel-piece. She had read them carefully, and was ready for a discussion on politics, from the current tariff to the tea tax of the colonies.

In her early youth her literary tastes took shape in verse. A small volume of her manuscript poems, written before her marriage, bears a clear impress of her character at the time. She was a cultivated woman, of wide reading and of fine tastes. Romance in her nature was subordinated to piety. Her after-life in Kentucky made her practical, for she was of strong mind, accommodating itself, as strong minds always do, to surroundings. The solemnity of her Calvinistic faith may be exhibited in a hymn, written by her in 1814, entitled

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

This day my heart should be withdrawn
From earthly cares, and thoughts of sin.
Oh, that one ray of light would dawn,
And chase the gloom that reigns within!

My stupid soul still clings to earth,
Nor knows the sweets of pard'ning love;
Forgotten is its heavenly birth,
Lost are its powers to soar above.

Thou Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove,
Oh, hasten! hither wing thy way;
Descending from thy realms of love,
My senseless soul a visit pay.

Take of the things that Christ has taught
And make me every truth to prize;
Enlarge my heart, inflame my thought,
Until to life each grace shall rise.

That when I go to be a guest
Where all the saints delight t' appear,
I may in wedding robes be drest,
Nor found too high or speechless there.

There, may I see my Saviour's face,
And with a look of love be blest;
There feel my soul renewed by grace,
And lean like John upon His breast.

Other productions bear the titles, "Return from the Lord's Supper, June 12th, 1814," "Longing after Greater Degrees of Faith," "Lines Written in Prospect of Death," and "Disappointment." Her religion was evidently gloomy, but of a kind which is entertained to-day by a multitude of saints. The whole system of Presbyterian theology and orthodoxy is discoverable in the hymns enumerated. In her relations with her friends and kith, no one was more agreeable than Maria Stockton Barnes. Mrs. Jane O. Mahon, of Washington City, writes of her aunt: "A welcome guest wherever she visited, whose 'good-by' was always regretted; bright, cheerful, entertaining, full of quaint, original wit and repartee—a child among children—amiable, gentle, meek, and comforting to all; reared amid refinements, living amid hardships; never asking aid from a helping hand; truly she was a remarkable woman. She carried sunshine everywhere. All who knew her loved her for her purity of heart."

She was quick in temper and caustic with her tongue. "I'd rather meet a college of theologians than discuss with her," said a noted preacher, after talking with her on the question of the division of the church in Kentucky in 1865. She described a certain faction as "The scum boiled off from the Danville pot." No one speaks of her without recounting her wit, or telling of her flashing eye. Her mind was vigorous, active and cultivated. She was full of quaint fancies,

and was terrible for the pungent truths she told. She told the truth in its most aggravated form. She was all candor, and knew not what fear in any aspect was.

She was remarkable physically. She walked with an elastic step at the age of ninety, and her voice never declined to the childish treble. She thought nothing of traversing the distance of two miles from the "Pink Cottage"—the home of her son—to Stanford, when at this extreme age. It was a quick, long, steady stride—six miles an hour, says one. Most remarkable of all, her hair never turned gray, but what had been a dark auburn became black. Her vitality is proof of her mental vigor. In respect to longevity her lineage is extraordinary. To put the general before the particulars, Mrs. Maria Stockton Barnes, who died in 1879, aged ninety-six, might have narrated a conversation as told her by her mother, which might have occurred between Dryden and her grandmother. This grandmother, Sara, the wife of the English officer, who died on Long Island in 1759, aged sixty, lived to be ninety-two, dying in 1781. She was born in 1689. Her son, Samuel Smith, the inn-keeper, died in 1821, an old man of eighty-five. His daughter, Maria Stockton Barnes, died in 1879, aged ninety-six. Thus these three lives reach from the reign of Charles II., and extend on through the eventful ones of William and Mary, Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., and William IV., into the forty-second year of the rule of Queen Victoria. This vitality must be referred to the Smith line of intermarriages, as the daughter of Samuel Smith, by his first wife Margery, half-sister of Maria Stockton Barnes, lived into her

ninetieth, and seemed to possess all the traits of vivacity and mind which were the attributes of the mother of George O. Barnes. Between the birth of the grandmother and the death of the granddaughter, there is a stretch of one hundred and ninety years! The three lives aggregate two hundred and seventy-three years. They lived for nine generations. There is an entire century between the dates of the marriage of the grandmother and of the granddaughter. It would be an easy matter to illustrate the marvel contained in these plain statements, but the facts, as given, are sufficiently impressive. That they have a bearing on the genius of George O. Barnes is indisputable. Galton, in his "Hereditary Genius," omits to discuss the relation between longevity and genius as transmitted, although the material exists in his own pages. An equal balance of physical and mental traits, preserved for generations, must necessarily produce a fitting result. In this mere sketch of the conditions of the birth of George O. Barnes, it is requisite to state that "Father Barnes" was a man of a physical perfection—over six feet in height, straight and well-proportioned—derived from a family for generations used to toil with the hammer, and unused to the effeminating refinements of ease. It is not out of place to speak of the parallel conditions between the heredity of George O. Barnes and Goethe, because they are strikingly similar. Says the German poet,* a man of noble stat-

* *Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,*
Des Leben's ernstes Führen;
Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur,
Und Lust zu fabuliren.

ure: "From my father I inherit my frame and the steady guidance of my life; from *my dear little mother* my happy disposition and love of story-telling," meaning, of course, the quality of imagination. "My ancestor (grandfather) was the admiration of the fair," "my ancestors loved finery and show, which also runs in the blood"—imagination and refinement again. Goethe's mother was the delight of children. "Now do I understand how Goethe has become the man he is," exclaimed one, after an interview with the little, imaginative mother.

Mrs. Maria Stockton Barnes spent her latter days in Stanford, Kentucky, only ceasing to teach at ninety. She was much with George, whom she loved with an added pride in his genius. She was a most striking figure, plain, always, as a Puritan in her dress. She wore, of whatever cloth, but one style, a simple skirt and a pleated bosom. A shawl and a reticule completed her outward appearance. For her there was no change in the seasons or fashions. She died in July, 1879, and lies buried by the side of her husband—her dream of missionary labor accomplished in hard reality—and on her tomb is one of George's chosen texts: "She hath done what she could."—Mark 14 : 8.

III.—The Boy.

In the year 1827, the Barnes family, with three children—Charley, Martha, and Loten, and old "Uncle Charley"—were living near Paint Lick, in Garrard County, Kentucky. It was on the 22d day of April, 1827, that to this band was added a boy, the last born,

who brought with him love as his birthright. We shall see that he often trembled in the balance with the waywardness of an exuberent nature, but his voice was so sweet and tender, and his lips so persuasive, that his father gave him the title of "My silver-tongued boy." That he had often to plead for his erring steps is only to tell the history of every lad. As his brother Loten says, "From his childhood George has been one of the most winning of mortals." That brave little mother, so ready with a Calvinistic thump on the head, and so sudden and splenetic with her slipper, which she would unloose from her foot, was never withheld by argument or entreaty from punishing any of her children, when need came—except George. Loten and George, about of an age, were partners in all transactions involving sport—for with boys pleasure is business. The occasions demanding a settlement with the mother were frequent. Loten always passed under the slipper first, owing to his superior age, which added to his iniquities. When George's time came, he would rush to his mother with uplifted eyes and outstretched arms, clasping her about the waist, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear, sweet, pretty, little mamma, don't whip *me!*" He knew his mother's heart.

Father Barnes never owned a slave, and his children were taught self-reliance. From his ninth to his seventeenth year young George lived in Ohio, a "free-soil" State, where these habits of self-help became confirmed. The farmers about Dayton are thrifty, and make cardinal virtues of industry and money-getting. In the markets there is a strange equality in appearance

between buyer and vender. This spirit of the people took hold of the boy for a while, and when he was about fourteen, for the space of a year, he followed the plough, and drove the wagon of one of his father's elders to market. He had urged his father to let him have the experience, and was glad enough in the end to take to his school-books again. In Dayton the outside work of the household was performed by the two boys. Loten milked the cow, George was master of the saw-buck, and kept the fires supplied with wood. He was in those days a famous marble-player, with all that the skill implies. Of his life in Dayton he writes, himself: *

"In 1836 my father took charge of the first Presbyterian Church, a quaint old structure as I first remember it with a very high pulpit, reached by winding stairs, a clerk's desk beneath it, where the veteran tune-raiser led us in Old Hundred, Dundee, Antioch, and other then fashionable tunes, long, common, and short metre. A gallery around three sides of the church half doubled the seating capacity. It was a favorite resort of the boys who had the privilege of sitting where they liked, for they could, free from observation, defend themselves from a long or dry sermon, by curling up and sleeping it out. One of the elders sat up-stairs to preserve quiet. The dear old church was ready to be taken down before I got large enough to claim a right to sit up there and sleep or read a book instead of listening; which was a very good thing for me, I dare say; and I am glad mother kept me strictly at her 'apron string' in these earlier years, for I went to the devil very rapidly after I got away from parental restraint. At last the old church went the way of all old churches—the congregation, grown wealthy, and ashamed to get behind other congregations, and so a new structure, they considered quite grand, replaced the old one. Twice since then, as Dayton grew, and per-

* Stanford (Ky.) *Interior Journal.*

haps pride grew, has the plainer building given way to one more suited to the tastes of the worshippers, until No. 4, though on the same spot, no more resembles No. 1 than Dayton of '82 resembles Dayton of '36. *Tempora mutantur.*

"How well do I remember that trip from Lancaster, in old Garrard, to a *city*, through cities never seen before. The greenest gosling of nine was I, Garrard and Rockcastle the boundaries of my world, when all this new life burst upon me. Our route lay through Lexington and Maysville. Judge George Robertson, afterward Appellate Judge, entertained us at the former place, which at that early day was built under the hill, everything beyond the railroad track being counted suburban. The judge's house was on the brow of the hill overlooking the railway. I see my first train now, drawn by a little, puffy, fussy locomotive, that would hardly be called a 'dummy' now, creeping over the old-fashioned flat rails, ten or twelve miles an hour, with large hickory split scrub brooms in front of the wheels, sweeping the track and acting as cow-catchers. A wonderful, wonderful sight that train was to me.

"At Maysville we embarked on the steam-packet Swiftsure—a fifth-rate steamer of to-day, but a floating palace of beauty and elegance in those earlier times.

"From Cincinnati to Dayton we travelled by canal packet, drawn by three horses hitched tandem fashion. That sixty-mile voyage on the 'raging canawl!' Can I ever forget it? What luxurious feasts three times a day; how delicious the *dolce far niente* of the dreamy day and night it took to make the passage; how grand the thoughtful mien of our captain with cares of freight and passengers upon him; how full of dignity the steersman, as with the lever of the rudder between his legs, he looked keenly ahead, and by a skilful turn of the tiller kept us off the bank! And then the cry of 'bridge' that set us all to ducking our heads to escape collision, and the wonderful operation of meeting and passing another boat in the narrow channel, by one cable being slackened, allowed to sink, and the other boat scraping over it—the passengers cheering and waving hands and handkerchiefs in friendly greeting. At night how romantic to be hung upon a narrow shelf in one of three tiers of them, strung along the length

of the boat. Occasionally child or adult would fall out in the night, varying the monotony of undisturbed repose. As I recall all this I can only live it over in imagination, and say with Joe Gargery, 'What larks!' The old canal still exists, and once a year brisk freights bring in a shadow of dividends, but the graceful packets with green Venetian, carved prow, elegant upholstery and gilding, are things of the past. Railways from every quarter of the compass dash in all hours of the day, replacing the three steeds of my boyhood that arrived at the dock in a brisk trot, flanks lathered with foam, driver's whip eraeking, steersman's tin horn heralding the arrival of the graceful paeket that 'walked the waters like a thing of life.' Are we any better now than then? Is it really better to go fast than slow? I leave the answer for wiser heads than mine. The Dayton of '36 was a sleepy city of 8000, with very little future before it, apparently. But the boom came long after I left it, and the Dayton of '82 is the briskest city of 40,000 on the eontinent. The roar of passing vehicles on the streets from earliest dawn till late at night is almost as great as its driving neighbor, Cincinnati. A lovely city it is, too. I know none handsomer, for its size. Its streets were laid out with opulenee of width, which alone, if deeently built up, makes a handsome place. Father was a restless improver of property, and moved very often; after he had tacked up all the down fences, thoroughly cleaned up the house and turned the unsightly back premises into a garden of delight, he was off for new eonquests. He moved about once a year in eonsequence. It is a little singular that three of the houses we lived in forty-five years ago are standing to-day, looking as natural as if not touched sinee then. But most of the old landmarks have perished in the mareh of progress.

"The eommons where we boys used to hunt snipe, plover and blackbirds, are now solidly built up. The big pond where we delighted to skate in winter and fish in summer, filled up and built over. Market gardens across the beautiful Miami River, turned into an extension of the city. Forests where we hunted squirrels utterly vanished, and block after block of houses instead. One bridge of the three of those days remains intact—timbers perfect, and promises to stand one hundred years. But several elegant iron railing and

carriage bridges have been added as the city's growth required. As I rode over the wooden bridge of my youth, yesterday, I marked the very spot where in an attempt to evade the payment of toll, which none of us had, by climbing up to the top, creeping along the rafters, watching the moment when the toll-taker went into the house, and then a run for it, one of our number, dear dead friend of my boyhood now, fell from top to bottom and broke an arm. I heard his sharp scream of pain, as if it had been the day before. That was a terrible day of guiltily creeping home after the doctor came and poor Jim was taken into the toll house to have his arm set.

"When father came to Dayton he put me into the Dayton Academy. The old building, with its sharply pointed cupola, has given way to a modern public school, with square tower and massive architecture. But that building, if it stands 1000 years, will never have such a teacher as Mr. E. E. Barney, who died a year ago, full of years, and worth millions of money. He laid the foundation of his colossal fortune in the careful accumulations of the school-room, and afterward carried his perfectly systematical training into one of the largest railroad car-building establishments in America. When you see 'Barney & Smith, Manufacturing Co., Dayton, O.,' on a car door —that is my Mr. Barney—the best teacher I ever saw. That he made no more out of me, was owing to the intrinsic badness of the material, not the carelessness nor incompetency of the teacher. As I passed the place where once and again he drew me gently over his knee, with anything but a gentle application of a hard-wood ruler after he got me there, it stirred 'a host of moving memories.' That was his favorite mode of manipulation, and I think he did it on principle, in order to strike horror and terror into delinquents. For the sense of degradation, I keenly remember yet, as with blood rushing to the head, eyes almost bursting, face within a few inches of the floor, feet alternately touching the boards and flying convulsively up at every application of that ruler aforesaid, sharp congestion of the parts afflicted with the merciless touch, all these made lying over 'Old Barney's' knee (as we young heathens irreverently called him) such a serious matter, that we had a most wholesome dread of getting there again. Really, he punished very little, but when he did 'he

meant business.' To give sharpest pain and completest loss of self-respect, were the salutary ends proposed, and he accomplished his purpose. He was not a first-class scholar, but what he knew he knew most perfectly, and could teach others most thoroughly. His training made my dear brother Charley one of the finest teachers of his time, as hundreds in Kentucky well know. In the basement or Laboratory of the old Dayton Academy, I well remember, Charley, assisted by Loten and myself, once undertook to raise silk-worms in the times when the '*Morus multicaulus*' fever raged the country over. Gray-haired men will remember it, and the way men went mad over it in 1840. Well, we took the fever; Mr. Barney lent us a large unoccupied room; Charley stored up pocket money and bought silk-worm eggs and a book of directions. Loten and I laboriously clipped boughs of fresh mulberry leaves to feed the gentle monsters, who chewed from morning till night and from night till morning. Our worms grew apace, were healthy, spun lovely cocoons, ate out in butterfly form, mated, laid eggs by the million on large sheets of paper prepared for them. This was the *ultimatum* of production. At this point we were to get our money back by the sale of eggs. But the market was dull. The '*multicaulus*' fever was abating, and, horror of horrors, our eggs began to hatch on our hands. So one day in sheer desperation, we lighted a fire in the old stove, burned up all the eggs and quit the business. I can hear the poor little eggs popping now, as each one in perishing uttered its feeble snapping protest. We laughed hysterically in each other's faces, and affected nonchalance, but this utter failure of our hopes gave us a sad twinge at heart. In consequence of this little *auto da fé* we determined to make a living in some other way than silk culture.

"We met Governor Charles Anderson on coming to Dayton, and he was a regular and deeply interested listener at the Rink services until he left on the 3d inst. He was Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, many years ago, and I well remember him as the most brilliant lawyer at the Dayton bar in my boyhood. He was our model of all that was eloquent and heroic. Boys are great 'hero worshippers,' and we worshipped him. Shall I ever forget how he used to make my very hair stand on end in his thrilling appeals to the jury, or his

lofty flights of rhetoric and eloquence? The old Dayton Court-House was a most favorite resort for us boys, and was always a treat when Charley Anderson had the floor.

"A walk upon the beautiful shaded levee that guards the city from Miami's inundating rage! And there more than in any other spot I lived boyhood over again. For there I learned to swim, to skate, to row. The river was my chief delight. This morning I saw the very spot where in desperation I 'learned to swim by swimming.' I had tried, and tried, and tried, and wouldn't float any way I could fix it, until at last I threw myself recklessly into water seven or eight feet deep, and like magic I had the stroke, that from that moment I never forgot. If the alternative is swim or drown, the average boy will be certain to swim. Across the river from that spot I broke through the ice while skating, and made an almost miraculous escape. There was a protracted meeting going on in father's church at the time, and I had gone skating contrary to the known wishes of the dear old folks. This wondrous deliverance from death led to my conversion, for that night I went up to the old-fashioned 'anxious seat,' and after an awfully hard time got what little religion a poor fellow could get in that rough way. It was not long before I 'backslid,' of course, but, praise the Lord, He never let me go after that imperfect acceptance of Him, and after many sad experiences I got Jesus instead of religion, and He is all I want. Midway of the stream at another point, how well I remember my life was saved by the skill and ready courage of my dear old friend Joe Crane, who, more experienced a swimmer than I, held me up when ready to succumb to fatigue in an attempt to swim the dangerous river at high tide, my strength and courage almost gone when only half across. I can hear his low, steady tones of reassurance—'Don't get scared, George, I can hold you up till you get your breath again,' and I can feel the strong hand supporting me, as I write these words. A brave boy and man was dear Joe! Type of a grand manhood. A perfect gentleman, true as steel, and with a great, loving heart. He died in a moment by an assassin's hand in Jackson, Mississippi, during the awful war. My earliest, dearest friend, he never 'went back on me' for a moment, from first to last, and no one ever

filled his place with me. Like the love of David and Jonathan was ours, a tender and true affection, 'passing the love of woman.'"

The central point in the history of the Barnes family-life is Garrard County, Kentucky, just as Stanford, Lincoln County, Kentucky, is the central point in the life of George O. Barnes. The boyhood of the present man was spent in a society essentially different from that of this day. "Before the war" and "since the war"—slavery and a reorganized system—are the two chief divisions; but before the general introduction of the railway and telegraph, up to 1845, it was a state of society distinctly and wonderfully characterized by the development of religious principle on the one hand, and of moral, worldly traits, not to say virtues, on the other. George Barnes was a boy when a turnpike did not exist in Garrard County. The national mail route, under the plan of internal improvements urged by General Jackson, was in process of construction from Maysville, by way of Lancaster and Danville, to Nashville. From Lexington to Lancaster was a rough, long and tedious way. The old-fashioned inn, which flourished anew on the first introduction of the pike and the stage-coaches, was a feature of the day. Besides Brown's and Lowry's, and other houses named after their hosts, there were such noted stopping-places as "The Jug," "The Black Horse," "The Rising Sun," and "The Phœnix," all of them with sign-boards swinging and creaking in the winds with their emblematical devices. It is, indeed, only of late years that "The Phœnix" of Lexington, still retaining its old name, has taken down the old sign from its well-remembered post on the corner. It was

a day of hospitality. To this result conspired State and county pride, the importance of one's individuality in small communities, independence of character, the unaffectedness of men, a hundred incidents of that life. It was the period of tallow candles, of journeymen in the trades, of apprenticeships, honest work, when every town had its hat-maker, and almost every house had its loom. It was a day of rag carpets on the floor, and when the idea of home-spun became a national question in politics.

An unmistakable respect for religion was brought about under these conditions of honesty and simplicity by the works and lives of just such people as Father Barnes and Maria Stockton Barnes. The old deistic and careless philosophy brought into the State by early settlers had been beaten down. Religious influence had a great deal to do directly and indirectly with the State and its officials, and came very near carrying emancipation of the slaves as a political movement. The part played in this matter by the Presbyterian Church was very important. It was a stern, uncompromising factor.

The habits of Presbyterian families have been greatly modified since the world has advanced in luxury. Domestic life was clock-work. The children were taken in hand on Saturday night, and underwent all the influences of soap and water. Sunday dawned upon a routine of religious training. There was to be little laughter that day, for the chief end of man was to glorify God, and it was a solemn business. Visiting was discountenanced. To walk beyond the reach of a parent's voice was done at a child's peril.

Hymns and verses from the Bible were committed to memory, not to speak of the shorter and longer catechisms. There was no cooking done on Sunday. It was a custom—perhaps a local one to Kentucky—for the mother to prepare a quantity of cakes cut in various shapes, hearts, diamonds, and the like. These were the child's reward of merit, and his one consolation. The daily morning and evening service of prayer gathered the family circle around the Word. Woe to the absent lad who slumbered after the bell. Perhaps others, like this writer, may remember visits to a Presbyterian grandfather, when as a boy, inattentive to the long prayer, but nestled by the old patriarch. he would grope with hand, eyes closed, and firmly but kindly grasp you by the arm or jacket collar to keep you quiet. In the circle now in mind was Rev. Robert Stuart, a name honored in the church history of the State. He was at that time past ninety, venerable, indeed, with his long, white hair of silk. His voice was tremulous with a sweet music. He knew choice parts of the Bible truely by heart, and to hear him repeat psalm or chapter was an experience. The head of the household ruled with awe and love.

The elders visited from house to house, and broke bread with their brethren. The fast days and thanksgiving days about the period of quarterly communion were filled with quiet solemnity. The church, in short, had not lost the customs and observances brought from Scotland—that stronghold of the faith. The clerk, standing beneath the pulpit, master of the ceremony of song, was a figure and an authority. The sounding-board, which collected the pastor's words into

audible thunder ; the bags attached to long poles, convenient for collecting the contributions ; the watchful elder, who had a pinch of wrath in easy reserve for the boy who was imprudent enough to slumber ; doctrinal sermons of a length that clearly indicated that time was of no value when eternity was the theme ;—clerk, sounding-board, pole and bag, watchful elder, doctrinal sermons—all things of the past. Be not misled, reader. These are only incidents of religion. They belong simply to a picture of those days.

This lugubrious Sunday, our George was wont to call "graveyard day." Kept in the quiet and solemn house the boy would seek refuge in the parlor, and flat on the floor, with the great illustrated family Bible before him, he would entertain Loten with quaint remarks on Moses and the ancient prophets, often in his glee kicking up the heels of his Sunday shoes in the air. A "Sunday suit" was indispensable in the poorest families. In Presbyterian households novel reading was forbidden. Father Barnes was particularly severe in this regard. He once made a mistake in purchasing what he thought to be a "profitable" book. What appeared from the illustration on the cover to be a veritable account of a sea voyage, turned out to be "Japhet in Search of his Father." The boys were sitting by the fire, intent, and reading aloud. In the midst of a thrilling passage of romance Father Barnes, looking up over his spectacles from the perusal of a religious work, exclaimed, "Tut ! tut ! What's that ? Let me see that book. It is a novel, as I am alive !" It required the united tears of George

and Loten, with the arguments of Mrs. Barnes to keep him from throwing it into the fire. The mother insisted that it would be the refinement of cruelty to deprive them of the novel at that stage of the game.

There existed a counterpart to this picture of society. In Garrard old Tom Kennedy, living near Paint Lick, was a representative man. He was generous to the poor, selling corn at a fixed figure whatever rates ruled; a fine specimen of the early, self-reliant manhood of Kentucky. His "poker" games with Henry Clay and his quarter races with his neighbor, Best, are remembered to this day in many an anecdote. Whiskey-drinking, gambling, and free fights were common. There were men on Sugar Creek * prominent in court-day quarrels, who could throw a stone with the precision of a rifle-ball. Even religion seemed to be disassociated from the right, the duty to fight, and even slay, on slight provocation. Garrard—an eagle's nest among the counties—the highest point of the broad, sweeping blue grass, has produced a large proportion of the leading men of the State. Its history is full of crime, yet a remarkable number of ministers have been reared there, such men as Nelson, Hall, Burchard, Barnes and Lapsley McKee. That the religious element strived against the ungodly is well illustrated in the incident told of Rev. Dr. Stephen Burchard, afterward a noted preacher in New York City. Meeting Hyatt, a famous fox hunter, in the road with his pack

* Hill and Evans's Feud. By J. J. Thompson. A rare pamphlet.

of hounds, he made him dismount while he prayed for him.

Lewis Clarke, the original of the hero of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was born and reared within a stone's throw of the old log church at Paint Lick, where Father Barnes preached.

The Barnes family in all these years suffered many pinches of poverty, we can well believe. The home at Paint Lick was sold for debt, and once the stay of the family went likewise, when the cow was parted with. It was a never-ending struggle, and the little mother had to make many a shift, changing the garments of the older for the younger. But there is a romance about youth which compensates for all such little troubles. Once we have a glimpse of George running in great fright from the spring house, his basket left behind him in his wild flight. Like "Pip," he had fallen in with a "runaway." Those who remember slave times and the fugitives, for whom rewards were offered in the newspaper, under a picture of a negro with a pack on his shoulder, can imagine his terror. See him in Dayton once on an errand, entering a grocery and slinking out again, as if he had committed a crime, because his father's credit was denied. Perhaps, after all, poverty in boyhood ripens the emotions and deepens the sympathies of the man.

Martha, the sister, died when she was seventeen, a lovely girl. Had she lived, with her gentleness of disposition, her beauty and her sweetness, this history would have a brighter page. Charley, the oldest boy, we shall tarry with a little while.

George Owen Barnes. The mother's favorite brother was Owen, who died in his prime; high-spirited, daring, prepossessing in manners and handsome in person. He was in the navy, but resigned as a midshipman because his captain spoke a rough word to him.

CHAPTER III.

HALCYON DAYS.

I.—Centre College.

In 1844, Father Barnes, loved and welcomed for his simple zeal, was again with his old flock. There was something in the habits of these people which accorded with his pastoral authority, something which blended hospitality with religion, something which made him a part of the household of every Presbyterian family he chanced among. He was indeed at his true home, thenceforward to remain. Father Barnes and Maria Stockton Barnes—so strong was her individuality that the memory of her proud youth never leaves her—were now concerned for the education of George and Loten. Charles had taken a thorough course of instruction under "Old Barney," at Dayton, and had entered upon his pursuit as a school-teacher. The boys, after much putting together of heads, and scraping together of means, were placed at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky. In the list of graduates for 1845 is the name of George Owen Barnes.

This was a day of flourishing institutions of learning in the State. Transylvania had made Lexington known as the Athens of the West. Each denomination of Christians had its upper academy, college or university, all of them instinct with rivalry and expecting greater things. The Episcopal Church, for example,

comparatively weak at that time, made the beginning of an ambitious university at Shelbyville. The Methodists entertained hopes of the Augusta College. The Baptists were zealous at Georgetown. But it is sufficient to state the general fact. That Centre College (up to 1861) finally outstripped all others is proof that the Presbyterian Church was the more powerful either in numbers, or in energy and intellect. At that time the president of a college, whether by position or individual merit, was on the highest plane of reputation in the State. Centre College was chartered in 1819, the year, it will be remembered, in which began the ministry of James C Barnes at Paint Lick.

The attendance of students during the height of the prosperity of Centre was as large as at any institution of the day. In 1882 the alumni numbered eight hundred and seventy-three. Of these one hundred and eighty-one became ministers, and three hundred and twenty-nine lawyers. Hundreds of other young men of Presbyterian families pursued the scientific course, or failed to take degrees. A large proportion of the farmers of the "Blue Grass" of Kentucky have enjoyed the advantages of the college. That was the goal up to which all the youth worked. Centre College and Danville filled the minds and dreams of the boys at the preparatory schools. The synod had the appointment of the curators of Centre, and thus the dignity of many families was raised by the official interest of elders of the Church throughout the State. The condition of that denomination at this time was homogeneous. Under it social, civil, and religious honors were to be won. The

old with their pride, the young with their ambition, turned affectionate eyes toward the beacon light of the church that burned at Danville. Drs. Robert J. Breckenridge, Yerkes, Landis, W. L. Breckenridge, Stuart Robinson, E. P. Humphrey, Wilson and other names, some of them of permanent greatness, at the Theological Seminary, helped to give the academical air to the country town. The village was inspired with college pride. "Commencement" week was given over to festivities. There was then a bustle, a finery and a flutter, which is remembered to-day by every aging man, then a youth, who tasted this refinement of flattery.

The following is the list of presidents of Centre, with the dates of accession: 1820, Rev. Jacob McChord; 1822, Rev. Samuel Finley; 1822, Rev. Jeremiah Chamberlain, D.D.; 1826, Rev. David C. Proctor, D.D.; 1827, Rev. Gideon Blackborn, D.D.; 1830, Rev. John C. Young, D.D.; 1857, Rev. Loris W. Green, D.D.; 1863, Rev. W. L. Breckenridge, D.D.; 1872, Ormond Beatty, LL.D. The long presidency of Rev. John C. Young embraced the days of the widest influence and prosperity of the institution. For twenty-seven years his greatness as a teacher was impressed as a seal on hundreds of young men. His learning was surpassed only by his eloquence, and in the school-room or the pulpit his fire-touched lips opened with equal persuasiveness. He was a manly, open character, as we shall see from an incident connected with George O. Barnes. The course of study at Centre in 1845 was a good academical one, but its great merit was in the character of the professors.

The class in political economy, for example, enjoyed the instruction of both Dr. Young and Ormond Beatty. Such was the spirit of the faculty that these two men—Dr. Young, a Democrat, representing free-trade, and Mr. Beatty, a Whig, representing protection—carried on a most remarkable interchange of views for the benefit of the students. Dr. Young was liked for the simple reason that he was genuine in every aspect of his scholarship, religion and manhood. He became so popular as a preacher that he was compelled to divide his congregation, and thus was established the Second Presbyterian Church in Danville. The scene about the doors of his place of worship on Sundays was memorable. Carriages and horses thronged the neighborhood, giving evidence of the intense interest of the occasion. The social comfort of the county made itself manifest in the simple way of old times, when drivers and footmen and fine horses were plentiful, and when the highest civil dignity to be reached by a slave was to mount the box and drive the spanking bays.

The ever-present element of religion in this community, as brought about by the conditions indicated, was quite notable. The best voice from those times, in proof of this, is the inscription that any one may see on the tombstone of Samuel Ayers, in the old churchyard, the words half obliterated now: "Nor shall any of these things move me, so that I may somehow arrive at the resurrection of the just."

Culture extended to the lower walks of society, and it was a curious, perhaps not a surprising, circumstance, that a tailor, who sat on his bench for forty

years in the town, was known to be the most familiar of men with the British poets, and to read Homer through once a year. The "Anaconda Club," established by Dr. Young, exists to this day, the oldest of such societies in the West, devoted to the discussion of current events of moment in literature, science and the arts. It meets, as it has done for the past fifty years, every two weeks, the conversation being supplemented by a supper. Dr. Young was accustomed to say that he recognized a greater mental development from these gatherings than from any other means of education.

Centre College numbers among its alumni men who have distinguished themselves in various walks of life in every part of the United States. John C. Breckenridge, who graduated in 1838, became Vice-President of the United States, and altogether the best beloved, if not the most distinguished, citizen of the State, his history familiar as household words. Beriah Magoffin, class of 1834, was Governor of Kentucky; Robert C. Wickliffe, 1840, Governor of Louisiana; T. T. Crittenden, 1855, Governor of Missouri; James B. McCreary, 1857, Governor of Kentucky; John M. Harlan, 1850, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; George G. Vest, a Senator of the United States for Missouri. The list of those who were and are Congressmen, or who attained to official prominence in the various States, is a long one. Two thirds of the Presbyterian ministers in Kentucky were educated at Centre, and its representatives are leading men in the professions and in mercantile pursuits.

The statements heretofore made concerning the influence of the Presbyterian Church is thus borne out by the history of its college.

II.—The Blue Grass.

We must make a wider generalization than we have done in order to get at the conditions of life which surrounded a young man at Centre College forty years ago. That pregnant and sweeping term—the Blue Grass—includes something more than Presbyterianism. George Barnes, at eighteen, in the full flush of a perfect physical young manhood, was a type of a class whose exuberance came from the soil and was matured by the times.

The Blue Grass* is an ideal principality of limited extent, meaning a score or more of counties reaching to the heart of Kentucky, laving its feet in the Ohio River, sharply parting company with the mountains on the east, and refusing in its western margin to go beyond the line of the uplifted limestone. There is something in its gracious soil to make contented husbandmen, something that bids happiness sit at each hearthstone, something that produces fine physical men and comely women. Developing out of favoring conditions, thrift came and a conservatism of ideas quite notable. Among the counties there is a brotherhood of pride and prosperity; over all an ancestral look of estate, an aristocratic democracy. It would be curious to note how far Presbyterianism, on top of other causes, has

* See Encyclopedia Britannica, article Kentucky.

given the youth of no fortune a full chance to avail himself of what he has of person and mind. In the days of '45 the old families lived in a certain simple grandeur, made up, it may be, mainly of gentility and plenty to eat.

Intellect was an estate apart from other conditions. There was an uncommon amount of brains in the country then. The railroads had not made ganglions and nerve centres of the cities—the villages were more important than now, and the ruling elements were distributed over the land. The power was rural, not urban. The city was a mere appendage—a convenient place to make purchases. What is the country lawyer nowadays—in his opportunities at best—compared to the men in those villages, who could plead according to the old English forms as well as a queen's counsel? County court day would see such men, known to local fame, as George Robertson, Aaron Wooley, Richard Menefee, Tom Marshall and others, arguing cases in the old Court House, whose bell assembled hundreds of people to the village Acropolis. In short, it was a day of thrift, plenty, gentility, freedom, enjoyment, intellect.

There was everything in the Blue Grass to dispose men to cheerfulness. The custom of Thanksgiving, after the gathering of the harvests in autumn, existed there long before it became a national and State ordinance. It was a merry tintinnabulation of dinner bells that chimed out on the clear and crisp air of Indian summer—that pensive season that comes not often now. This was a home affair, not less conscientiously executed than the dinner party in the ordinary run of

social life, where reputation was at stake ; where, in the pleasant parley of the housewives, graceful concessions were made to the fame so dear to each, which preserved a delightful harmony in the ranks of country society, and insured the proper spirit of mutual admiration to be displayed subsequently as occasion demanded. Mrs. Brown's superiority in celery was undisputed. Mrs. Smith, it was conceded, knew how to cook a ham better than the ordinary run of womankind. Mrs. Jenkins's butter was by odds the best in all the land. No one could make such coffee as Mrs. Perkins. It is pleasant to think of the turkeys simmering on to a state of crisp brownness, of which a gobbler could well be proud, if he had consciousness after the execution of capital punishment on him.

The fancy of the true lover of this annual dinner, the connoisseur of well-cooked turkeys and the expert in "stuffing," turns to the country home. There it is that the evidences of abundance may be seen out of the dining-room window, and over the fence in the cornfield is a picturesque dotting of the landscape with yellow pumpkins. There the dinner is the climax of industry, the blending together of the farmer's labor and the housewife's skill. There it is that a big dinner is in absolute harmony with the environments. Everything has tended that way for weeks back. There has been a haste in the kitchen, and mysterious goings on in the pantry. The small boy has been utilized in beating up in a mortar spices from Arabia, and the little housewife of the future, in her bib and tucker, has been allowed to share some of the responsibilities of the preparation by grating the nutmeg

from Senegambia. There has been a busy hunting about in the stable loft for fresh-laid eggs, and for days there has been unwonted cacklement. The cookery-book has been consulted, and with due gravity the exact proportion of eggs, butter, and cream has been determined. And so it goes, the plot and the gravies thickening all the while, anticipation whetted by the successful closing of each act in the great Thanks-giving drama, enthusiasm growing, turkeys browning, appetite sharpening, good-fellowship getting mellower, puddings getting juicier. The evolution proceeds, the bad is eliminated, the fittest survives, and when the good man raises his hand in a prayer of thanksgiving, the while the children, knife and fork in hand, eye the turkey askance from bended eye, with a charming blending of appetite and reverence, the great feast is at hand. The bells of the village inns—now mainly silent—we seem to hear in fancy. There a peace settles down on the town, at no time overly busy, like a benediction. Do you not remember the Widow Green, and her brown-eyed daughter, sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? In the good old days when every village inn had its bell, which used even daily to set the time for paying our devotions to the god of good eating, the villagers would turn homeward with hastening step at the sound of invitation, with the devotional regularity that actuates the Mohammedan when the priest calls the hour from the tall minaret.

As the State grew in prosperity and the Blue Grass was developed, the stock fairs showed forth the splendors of this noble heritage. From the secrets of the good housewives' kitchen to the horses that only

lacked wings to prove their pedigree from Pegasus, the display was ample. The reasons for Kentucky hospitality and the general kindliness were evident. It was an easy gradation from business to pleasure, as shown on these occasions. The fairs illustrated how intimately connected were society and the avocation of the farmer. The exhibition of stock was a secondary object. The horse in the ring was but a theme for conversation and a pleasing picture. Saunter along the crowded seats of the amphitheatre—the form of the Roman circus—and look at the flutter of fans like a host of butterflies hovering with busy wing over a bed of tulips and carnations and rose-buds and violets, and many-hued flowers. Suppose not, thou unknowing reader, that these people have come together mainly with an eye to fat cattle.

If one has never seen a Blue Grass young man in his glory, he must visit a Blue Grass fair. You might have heard the swift trot of his horse and the rumble of his light buggy wheels at an early hour in the morning, gradually approaching *crescendo*, as he turned off the dirt road and struck into the reverberating pike. See him with his broadcloth coat, fine and soft wide-brimmed slouch hat, trousers from the looms of France —gorgeously baggy—and don't fall into the error of thinking that he appears in this state simply to look at rings of fat sheep or even fast geldings. My dear Sir! My dear Madam! He is going to the "hop" to-night, and you must seek him during the day in the flower-bed already indicated, where he may be found talking to some tulip or some rose-bud. The drum beats loud and the cymbals clash, yet is there a hum of sound,

an undercurrent of soul beneath the din, fraught with meaning.

The directors of these fairs were well-fed-looking men, who wore linen dusters, and the way they patronized people who were not at least first cousins to a member of the Board was something to behold. It was indeed an honor in those good old days to be among the list of judges of the ring of abnormally obese animals, and it was a decided mark of distinction if one could pass the gate of the amphitheatre and go up to the grand stand and sit cross-legged. To see the secretary walk around the sawdust ring three times, looking like one of the children of Anak, with a long buggy whip in his hand, and announce the premiums, was enough to make a man proud of his country.

To the imagination of the boy, at least, an occasion of this kind, with ten or fifteen thousand people on the ground, most of the males being clad in the aristocratic duster, was something altogether wonderful and rare. It was almost wholly the country people's concern. It was the farmers, who had the long tables loaded down with the smoked and sugar-cured ham, who fed the multitudes. From early morning, through narrow lanes, amid the shady woods, along the dusty pikes, whose white clouds were luminous from afar, away from beyond the last turn in the road visible from the farthest hill, to which the boy had ventured in his neighborhood rambles, came the throng of horsemen, buggies, carriages with hampers behind, wagons, footmen! It was a grand reunion of neighbors and friends. There were friendly

greetings, and halloes of surprise, as if a meeting together were the most amazing of accidents. There was noise and music and a blissful confusion of sounds.

Such was and is a Blue Grass fair. Much like it was the barbecue.

It may be readily perceived that there was something else in those days besides Synods. It may be incidentally related that the raising of fine stock was a weakness of the eminent Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge. On one occasion the Synod was kept in waiting on this divine, who was to make a report on certain matters intrusted to him. He sent the message that he had been detained by reason of a public sale of his blooded stock, near Lexington. Father Barnes arose to remark, with his dry humor:

"Well, brethren, St. Paul had no short-horn herds!" Dr. Breckenridge wrote a series of articles advocating the system of "inbreeding," in opposition to the views of Henry Clay.

Thus, we see, there was an amplitude of life, and the times were not wholly austere.

III.—Gaudeamus.

Large numbers of wealthy young men from the South were sent to Kentucky for education in 1845 and thereabouts. Yale, Harvard, and other Northern institutions were not in the question. The Kentuckians, we may believe, were in the main liberally supplied with money. Boys from the State were generally placed in homes, by agreement made years

before by the closely allied families. A youth might have it in his mind, "when he went to Danville," to board at Mrs. Yerkes' or Bowman's, or he might be turned a little in favor of Mrs. Barbee's, by reports that would reach him through older schoolmates preceding him. How could he help being stimulated in his desire for Centre, when he would see during the holidays the merry set of college boys on top of the stage as it passed through his village, their legs dangling over the boot, or perchance driving, singing their "*gaudeamus igitur*," smoking pure Havanas the while! Some houses were popular, because the "dormitories" were in the yard, and these were all said to have about them the sweet odor of ravished chickens fried at midnight. Such were the elements of a life, where a boy was thrown upon his own nascent manliness among a set of healthy lads with an infusion of Southern fire. With such anticipations in their heads, it is impossible to suppress the exuberant spirits of college boys. In the days of '45, when the earth groaned with fatness, the village or country chicken belonged to the perquisites of student life, just as all the swans in England used to be the property of the king. Midnight suppers, with all hatches down, and a picket out to signal when to "dowse the glim," seemed to be the correct thing. When Danville was reached by the stage-coach, one fine morning, the stages on the various routes could be found nowhere. Travellers sat around the hotel stoves, with that inquietude which characterizes a man who is arrested *in transitu*. The morning grew into broad day, and the usual crack of the whip had not been heard, and

the horn had not been sounded by the driver, who usually ran a race with the sun. After a while the driver came in and made an astounding report, which was not credited, until ocular demonstration satisfied everybody. The stages were found perched bodily astride the roof of a barn on the outskirts of the town. Who will deny but that in that day and generation the joke was a superlative one? There was about it mystery, audacity, originality and independence. It was a relief from the old joke of tying up a calf in the chapel, or concealing a bull-dog under the president's desk, or painting the bob-tailed cream-colored horse of an objectionable color like a zebra. It had the merit of exciting a lively apprehension in the minds of the citizens as to what was coming next. It was all the more comical in the dense ignorance concerning it among the students, and the experimental sternness of the old president at chapel, as he glanced at the boys over the top of his gold spectacles, had a sweet simplicity in it. There is rarely an improvement made in college pranks. The nature of college boys remains the same. They have, and always will have, a mixture in them of vanity and brightness, stupidity and generosity, a love for forbidden things, the art of concealment, innocent iniquity, learned ignorance, lovable detestableness.

George Barnes was one of the frankest, most generous, and most exuberant natures in the set of manly boys at Centre College in 1845. The brightness of his nature we can see refracted a little through the medium of youth. The Rev. R. G. Bank, of St. Louis, thus writes:

"I remember him as a young man of very handsome appearance and singularly pleasing manners. The first time I saw him was in the college chapel—before recitation hours—leading in the singing of a popular negro melody of the day. He was a fine singer then, and being somewhat of the same turn myself, I was strongly drawn to him at once, and have loved him ever since. Indeed everybody seemed to know and to love him, for he was open, free-hearted, and generous to a fault—running over with fun, and ready for almost any youthful escapade that was not mean or low. He was not at that time, I take it, much of a student. He was too full of life and too fond of fun to apply himself steadily to his books. His natural gifts, however, were such as enabled him always to make a respectable appearance in the class-room and to stand abreast of the best of his fellow-students in composition and declamation. I cannot now recall any circumstance in his college life that gave token of the independence of thought and character that has marked his later years. He impressed me always with the gentleness of his disposition, rather than the firmness of his will. I do not know whether he was a Christian at that time or not. He may have been, but I can remember no evidence of it that he gave. He entertained, however, I know, a sincere respect for religion, and was singularly free from the profanity and scepticism too common among college students. He was sometimes before the faculty for misdemeanors, but they were always, I believe, of a trivial nature, some little impropriety or prank that was soon forgiven."

The "Night-Blooming Cereus," the title gained by one of the young men of the class, indicates the rollicking nature of the companions of George Barnes.

Under the locust trees of the *campus* in yonder crowd of merriest lads is George Barnes. It was a golden youth he spent. He did not know what care was. Not a planter's son among them as rich as he. He was Comus without need or wish for mask.

The light of his classes in the day, he was refulgent

with his wit, humor, and pranks at night. He was a member of the secret society of B. K. of B. C.—the Black Knights of the Burnt Cork. Among them was Jacob Bream Patrick, since dead, known in those days as "Bones" Patrick, owing to his proficiency in the use of the negro implement of music. George at that time had the comeliness of Absalom, to "steal men's hearts," straight as an Indian feather-shafted arrow, hair with a color of auburn which caught the sunlight in strange beauty—with his frankness, his friendly smile, and his whole-souled impulses he was the general favorite. His memory is permanent with his fellow-students. He had a pleasant voice in song, and led the serenades which broke on the air of many a country lassie's home; and the good people of Boyle nightly awoke to the strains of "Annie Laurie" or fell asleep to the notes of "The Last Rose of Summer."

It is needless to say that he often visited old Dennis Dorem's. This character kept a restaurant to which resorted the students and others for late suppers. Old Dennis, a freeman, a large bright mulatto, made a fortune in those times, and must have aspired to be an aristocrat of his sort, for in his widow's house a painting represents him as almost a counterpart of General Andrew Jackson, with bristling hair and ruffled shirt frills, and the inevitable broadcloth coat with brass buttons. Dennis, by means of his earnings, redeemed two of his children from slavery, paying sixteen hundred dollars in cash—silver in bags. He owned at the time of his death two well-stocked farms, one of three hundred acres near Danville, and one of larger extent in Indiana.

It would serve no purpose to relate the numerous legends attaching to George Barnes at Centre. They are all of a harmless character. He was a boy of seventeen, graduating at eighteen, and was only effervescent. He simply did what he found at hand in the way of pleasure, and it is immaterial whether we figure him as a roystering blade, at cards or late suppers. He did what few men can do. He came out of it—debts and all—genuine to the core. He came out right because he was the son of Father Barnes and Maria Stockton Barnes. There was a Providence over him, as said Father Barnes.

George had serious trouble toward the close of his final quarter at college. He had the quaint fancy of wearing at night the spectacles of his brother Loten, whom he much resembled, and the faculty was for a long time mystified. They would bring Loten before the Board, and he could invariably prove an alibi. The joke came out, and taken in connection with some other pranks, George was dismissed. But our winning youth, unwilling to go back to his father, lingered. One day—so runs the legend, which has its value, though it may be apocryphal—President John C. Young, an ardent hunter, sallied forth on one of his accustomed excursions. Whom should he meet but another sportsman—as good a shot as he. Dr. Young bagged all the partridges, and his parting words to his companion were: "George, I believe there is some difficulty between you and the faculty. I will see you through." The young man was put on his good behavior, and so it came about that among the names of the alumni of 1845 stands the name of George Owen Barnes.

The happy star of the boy led him beneath the roof of Mrs. Cowan. He boarded there with Patrick Joyes, now of Louisville, Kentucky, as his room-mate. This household, as hosts, illustrates the state of society about Danville at that time. The charge for board was merely nominal—a few dollars per week. The boys had at their command every convenience of the family, horses and slaves; and to this delightful country resort their friends were at liberty to come and stay for weeks. The daily ride to town was made at a rattling pace, Pat on his Rosinante, ambling behind George on his thoroughbred, Blanche. They used up horses rapidly. A most hospitable and pleasant family, this. There were several young ladies in the household, among them Miss Jane, a tall and handsome daughter of the Blue Grass. We shall hear of *her* again.

CHAPTER IV.

UNREST.

I.—Under the Flag.

The details of the war between Mexico and the United States—like the details of all war—have gone into the capacious waste bag of history, and, happily, in this connection, the whole affair concerns us only as it concerns one individual character.

To the generation of politicians who brought it about, the Mexican War was important enough. The little episode in the nation's progress threw upon the political market a vast number of quickly made reputations. General Zachary Taylor was made President of the United States while the glory of it was on him. Local pride was stimulated on all hands, and until the great Civil War came upon the country with its overshadowing incidents, a certain martial spirit survived in the shape of militia companies, adorned with rare bravery of uniform. The Mexican War, and the memory of it, had a remarkable hold on the minds and hearts of the people for sixteen years. The engagements were brilliant; the work was accomplished by volunteers; and the results were splendid in a material way. It added Texas, New Mexico, and California to the territory of the United States.

The war, moreover, was peculiarly a Southern

one, having grown out of the desire of settlers in the State of Texas, largely slave-owners, to annex this province, the rightful possession of Mexico, to the United States. Americans had gone to Texas in large numbers after the purchase of Louisiana. They succeeded in getting majorities at the elections over the natives, and in making Texas a province under the Mexican Federal Government. The outcome of this was plain. A war between Texas and Mexico was not slow in coming about. Santa Anna was defeated by the Texan, General Huston, in 1836, on the banks of the San Jacinto. In 1845 a Democratic Congress accepted the application of Texas, and admitted her as a State of the Union. War with Mexico followed in 1846, and peace was declared in February, 1848.

Volunteers for this war were first called for from the "neighboring States," Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky. Remembering that it was the war of a political party, but in times of a phenomenal pride of country and patriotism, one may conceive the excitement which seized upon the young men of the South. Two hundred thousand volunteered on the first call, and only eighteen thousand were accepted.

George Barnes was at this time studying law in the office of Squire Turner, at Richmond, Kentucky. He was a youth of nineteen, and after the fashion of a boy, without purpose and ambition—simply enjoying his own wit and merry disposition and overflowing vitality—he had cantered through Blackstone, and was beginning to rub his eyes over the mysteries and intricacies of Stevens on Pleading — when the

suggestion of war met with his approbation. It may be incidentally mentioned that Squire Turner was a product of the circuit-riding days of Kentucky, and one of the famous lawyers of the State. His sayings and his doings are still recounted in many anecdotes.

Captain Stone's company, to which George Barnes attached himself, was raised in a few days in Richmond, Kentucky, and when it became a question to mount them, it was the work of but thirty minutes, the citizens agreeing to furnish the men horses free of charge to them or to the Government. The mount is said to have been the finest possible, and the young men, eager for adventure, were soon astride of the best blooded animals in the State, and off for the war. The route was from Louisville by boat, to Memphis, then across the country to the Northern territory of Mexico. Captain Stone's company was assigned to the regiment of Colonel Humphrey Marshall. It participated in a number of skirmishes, and followed the fleeing enemy after their defeat by General Taylor at Buena Vista. The war soon drew to a close. General Scott captured the City of Mexico. General Taylor was on a line of advance remote from the capital, and after the decisive event of the war, Marshall's regiment retraced its steps. Within the year, the company that was raised in two days and equipped in thirty minutes was back again at Louisville awaiting disbandment.

General Green Clay Smith, at present a Baptist minister in Kentucky, who won his rank as general in the Civil War, was a lieutenant in Captain Stone's company. George Barnes was a private, and is remembered by his former officer as the tallest man in

the little command, a most engaging youth, full of merriment, and the wit provocative of it—altogether, the most popular comrade of the Kentucky boys. Around the camp fire and off duty George was in command, a captain without title or commission. His abounding health defied the fevers which reduced the command to one half of its effective force. Then it was that his qualities as a soldier and a comrade became conspicuous. He was tender with the sick, and never wearied in well-doing. He was always ready for outpost duty, and was never known to grumble. Yet his spirit was not a quiet one ; amiable as he was in his relations with men, his temper would sometimes find expression after the manner of the army in Flanders. A time came in after days, when the young soldier in the Mexican War, then a soldier in a better cause, recalled in public to the mind of his Lieutenant a scene and an occasion of uncontrolled temper. Leading ten or twelve horses hitched together over a dry and unwatered plain under a pitiless sun, man and beast tormented by the pestiferous flies of the tropics, is a combination of evils sufficient to provoke vigorous expression.

The few skirmishes engaged in by the company only gave zest to the frolic. To the receptive nature of George Barnes the experiences of this life were stimulants. He enjoyed the picturesque and the novel. He had to be enjoined by a special order from dashing away from the company while on march, in pursuit of the deer and the wild horses of the plains. He was attracted by the senoritas, and chaffed the withered beldames of that sultry clime. After a

night's dancing at a fandango he was ready for a day's duty and eager for a second night of revelry. The *rancheros*, or Mexican cavalry, in picturesque costume—loose trousers, green jackets, broad sombrero hats, large boots, and jangling spurs—were to him delights of observation and comment. He had then the habit of observation which has followed him through life, and no scene of beauty escaped him. He was quick to dash off to take a look within any *hacienda*, with its grove of trees of tropical form and fruit and foliage. But here, as elsewhere, we may trace the man by friendships made and by a singularly pure reputation. Frolicsome he was on this summer's holiday, but the soul, always, of honor and generosity; affectionate, where men are as a rule merely formal; winning the heart not of one comrade alone, but of a command; full of song and anecdote, uttered for himself when not for others—in short, he was such a comrade that in after days the memory of it was the only rent in the armor of some men whereby he could reach the heart.

II.—Transition.

In the mean time the brave elder brother, who had inherited, by association, one might say, from old Uncle Charley the grave aspect born of sorrow, pursued his weary way as a schoolmaster. Charley was ten years older than George. There had been little association between them of a boyish sort. The sedate brother was never the captain of sport. Charley was a cripple for life before his younger brothers had reached the dignity of jackets. By a painful accident

he had lost the serum from his knee-cap. The effect in his gait made him a figure to attract attention, his natural appearance being at the same time striking. His powerful body was surmounted by a head of unmistakable intellect and a face of uncommon attractiveness. The one leg shortened and drawn up immovably destroyed the symmetry of his person and made his gait irregular. Impetuous and full of vigor, he strode along unevenly. Yet he was in this way a much more rapid walker than the common. There was character in his look, his talk, his walk. Stern and positive, with a will made of iron, hardened from youth up by misfortune, he knew duty as few men, untried by fire, ever do. He bent himself to his tasks with all there was of force in him. He was an unmistakable product of the Presbyterianism of the times, as fostered in his character about the hearthstone of James and Maria Barnes.

He was very successful as a schoolmaster—one of the very best in his learning and in his discipline. He established an academy at Stanford, and soon had scholars from far and wide — from neighboring counties, the mountains, other States. One hundred and fifty youths were on his benches. His force of character may be illustrated by the incident of an attempt to "bar him out." It was a common custom of the boys of that period to take possession of the school building on some occasion, usually just before Christmas, lock the doors, and, thus intrenched, force the teacher, by parley from the windows, to their own terms as to the duration of the holiday to be given. When Charley Barnes, our smileless pedagogue, limped

up to the door of the school-house and found it locked and the windows barred, he called to him a little pupil not in the petty rebellion, and sent for an axe. He battered down the door, called the school to order, and spoke no word of rebuke; but he cast his eye over the scholars, and made out *pro rata* bills which covered the cost for a new door, enjoining the few whom he saw fit to charge to carry them to their parents. The bills were paid. Shortly after this, two brothers, great strapping fellows, who had been ringleaders in the affair, became obstreperous and refused to recite their lesson. They were asked to remain after school. He then quietly announced to them that he would wait with them, if it took till midnight, until they were ready with their task, but that if they persisted in their stubborn insubordination up to that hour he proposed to "thrash them both soundly." After some hours of reflection—when it was within a minute or two of midnight—the bullies yielded.

Charley was teaching at the academy on the hill in Stanford when George returned from the Mexican war. By this time George was confronted with the serious problem of making a living. Ease and laughter had been his watchwords. His purposes in life had been indefinite. Charley invited him to assist in the academy. The employment was unsuited to his spirit, but it was under the quiet influence of this noble brother, and within the circle of that power which was that brother's characteristic, that George must have fallen into reflections which brought him straight up to the level of his own manhood.

One morning, after service in the Presbyterian church, George requested the Rev. S. S. McRoberts to have the elders remain. "I shall never forget his open, manly way," says the old pastor, "when we gathered." George's first words were: "I have always been a Christian; whenever I have erred I have always had somewhere the consciousness of my father's and my mother's faith. I want now to cast behind me the follies that have beguiled me." He was received into the Church on the letter from Dayton, his membership, it will be remembered, dating from his boyhood. There was gloom and repentance in this return to the straight path. Those who have followed these pages know the extent of his misdoing. The generous heart had always been singularly true to parental affection, decorous in essential matters of faith, but careless in outward form. Yet George Barnes agonized for his past. His imagination led him into gloomy fields and barren pastures of contrition, trod by so many thousands. His life for some years thereafter was sad, full of tears and vague sorrows.

In 1849 he thought to better his prospects by taking a place in the counting-room of the cotton-broking house of a cousin in Savannah, Georgia. This apparently decisive step only half defined his course in life. He succeeded in the clerical capacity. Doubtless a very clever penmanship and fine method observable in his later diaries may be traced to habits then formed. He was a close attendant at church. He was in a fine way of advancement, and began to feel an easy independence. It is likely that in his reading there,

and from other sources of information, he became acquainted with the labors of John Wesley, who made Savannah one of his points of evangelizing in America. At all events, the resolution he soon formed was a growth within him. In the autumn of 1851 he wrote to his father that he was reading "Wilberforce's View." A few weeks later he announced his determination to study theology at Princeton. He prepared to enter the service of his Master. Great joy there was in the heart of old Father Barnes. We may well think of him on his knees, letter in hand, turning his dimmed and thankful eyes to Heaven in prayer. He called it Providence, and gladly bore about the intelligence to his friends. He felt as if a mighty triumph had happened, and that his faith in Providence had been vindicated.

George went to Princeton in 1851. The seminary was splendidly equipped with such professors as Hodge, Alexander, and Green. The life there of the newly aroused student was thoroughly ascetic. Retiring late and rising early, he was at his books when not at prayer. Cheerless routine, joy snatched from sorrowful contrition. His inborn and inbred faith carried him safely through theological complexities. Here was a set of young men, presided over by logicians, who aimed to make well-equipped denominational soldiers out of students, many of them eager for the fruits of faith rather than for the sharp weapons of disputation. Many of them were drifting into the cold intellectuality of sect, and others were wearing themselves out in toil and asceticism, getting away from the human side of Christianity. George Barnes

sought to follow his heart, but came away above all things a theologian. While at Princeton he labored among the negroes, thinking to make of avail his unpractised efforts in a field where he believed his knowledge of the character in hand would help him. He had in him the old missionary spirit as if by inheritance. A long preconceived design of laboring in some foreign heathen land had taken the shape of a desire to be sent by the missionary board to Africa. This was changed, and he was assigned to India.

In the mean time he had not forgotten Miss Jane Cowan, and a heart in Kentucky held fast to the memory of one who, some years past, was a bright presence in her father's home. On his return to Kentucky the two were married; and on the occasion, when some rather doleful-looking friend complimented her on her zeal in going to India to instruct the heathen, she said, with that frankness that belongs to both of them: "Now, I don't want any mistaken idea about that. I am going to India because George Barnes is going!"

Rev. Dr. John C. Young, who "saw his pupil through" some years back, preached the ordination sermon. In it he recalled a circumstance of seeing George Barnes present at an ordination of a missionary in the same church. "When the congregation was dismissed," said Dr. Young, "I observed George. What abundance of spirits he had! What comical faces he could make, and set a row of fellow-students to laughing! He was full of antics, tipping hats off, quick in movements, amusing in his postures—in short as careless and happy a boy as I ever saw. I

looked at him, and said to myself, Will that boy ever have a serious thought?" There was not a dry eye in the assembly. Dr. John C. Young was not the only one to whom George Barnes was dear.

A few more days and the young missionary was off, happy with a happy wife, for the most distant and arduous field of labor known to missionary work, expecting that his life was to be spent there in the service of the Lord.

CHAPTER V.

INDIA.

I.—The Good Bark Annie Bucknam.

At ten o'clock on the morning of September 5, 1854, certain voyagers were collected on the Union Wharf at Boston, ready to set sail for Calcutta in the good bark Annie Bucknam. The party consisted of Mr. Newton, an experienced missionary, who had spent his better days in India, returning now after two years' visit to America, made to regain his health ; his wife, their daughter Margaret, born in India, educated in England, going to a life work among idolaters ; Emily, their second daughter, a girl of fifteen, and their two little boys, Frank and Edward, aged seven and four ; Miss Martha Jamieson, daughter of a missionary, rejoining her father ; Mr. Edward Leavitt, missionary ; George O. Barnes and his wife. Caleb H. Smith, the captain of the vessel, was a young seaman, twenty-five, of the stock of New England sailors. The first mate was gentle ; the second mate a rough, brutal, and swearing salt ; the crew a miscellaneous set from all nations. Mardan Singh, a native Hindoo convert, was made assistant steward, and was one of the interesting and curious characters of this little shipboard world.

The voyage was undertaken at a day when Amer-

ican shipping was important on the seas. It was an immense sweep of distance for the little bark, trading between Boston and Calcutta—more than thirteen thousand miles: skirting the Atlantic front on the United States; bearing off from the coast, and afterward approaching South America; now in the main track of vessels converging from Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope; again traversing desert spaces, where a white sail on the far horizon was a welcome signal of companionship; crossing the Equator, passing the Cape de Verde Islands; sailing over the site of the lost continent Atlantis; barely missing the terrible breakers of the submerged "Roccas;" tossing in the stormy gales off the Cape of Good Hope; scenting the spicy air of Madagascar; within view of Sumatra; and, finally, through the placid Indian Ocean on to the broad Ganges. Through calm and storm, fogs and sunlight; over regions of the deep where disported the "true" whale, and again over shallows where drifted the seaweed, leaving behind the birds of one latitude to be thereafter encircled by the wings of another, the little bark whose life was the breeze sped its way.

To the observant and expanding nature of George Barnes there was infinite variety in this new experience. Those only grew weary who had not within them hope, love, and piety. To the band of Christians in deepest storm one beacon light ever burned. To George Barnes the sea was a constant delight. At midnight he emerges from the cabin to catch a glimpse of a ship bearing down across their track and vanishing like a spectre across the bows into the darkness.

In the hours of soft moonlight he watched the dancing billows, and the storm never dashed its waves too high for him, for he bowed to "Him who holds the winds in his fist."

The events and impressions of this voyage of one hundred and thirty-three days on the high seas were given by the young missionary in a letter written to his father and mother—a record kept in the form of a duodecimo manuscript volume of two hundred and sixty pages. From this may be gathered whatever bears upon the character of George O. Barnes and its development, the enlargement of his imagination, and those thoughts and feelings which were added to his nature. In the confidential letter are mainly noticeable—first, the deepening of his piety, and its sincerity; second, the breadth of his sympathies with men about him; third, his habit of identifying himself with his surroundings, and the mastery of all details by way of information; fourth, and not the least of all, his modesty, and a most affectionate deference to the control of his father, love for whom had been kindled afresh by the new thoughts within him.

The devotional exercises of the little band were a part of each day's history. George Barnes found in Mr. Newton a mentor in whom he trusted. He submitted himself wholly to him. In recording a conversation about future work, he writes: "I told him that since it would be impracticable to remain with him in India, I had no choice. I feel quite assured that God will send me to the precise point where He wishes me to serve Him. I wish to 'commit my ways' entirely to Him. If I be filled with the spirit of Christ, it matters

little *where* I labor." "Sang one of Cleland's Collection of Hymns—one of those marked by father, while I was in Kentucky, as his favorites." "Our meetings for prayer and praise are very sweet out here upon the broad ocean. After supper I sat out on deck, and accompanied by Jane, Miss Mattie, and brother Leavitt, sang some of the sweet songs of Zion." A Bible class occupied them at times. On one occasion, when the sailors were hauling at the ropes of the mizzenmast, just overhead, and singing according to custom, the discordant voice of an old tar caused them all to laugh. "It is very unpleasant and mortifying to be overtaken in this way while engaged in solemn service, but there was something irresistible in the circumstance just mentioned. Of course this did not do away with the sinfulness of our mirth." Again, Brother Newton preaches on the main deck to all on board, standing by the capstan. "Brother N. discoursed from the Parable of the Sower. The quacking of the two coop's full of ducks rather disturbed us once or twice, but nothing else occurred to mar the services. How sweetly our hymns sounded in the open air, with the clear bright sky overhead and the waves gently splashing against the ship's sides, lending their aid to increase the novelty and pleasure of our position!" "May the Holy Spirit seal the message upon all our hearts," is the expression after hearing a sermon from Brother Newton, from Revelation 11 : 17. Turning over the pages and pausing at such passages, we find entries full of gentleness. "Read from the first volume of McCheyne's works with my usual delight. Precious man of God! shall I ever

imitate his excellences? or, rather, shall I ever magnify the grace and loveliness of Jesus as he did?" "Our Bible lesson this afternoon was on 1 Peter 3 : 1–6. You may be sure it was a delicate subject to confer upon, but the meaning of the apostle was agreed upon without much dispute. More than the allotted time slipped away while we were conversing on this subject, and the ladies laughingly accused us of being so wrapped up in the pleasing contemplation of the theme and of the superiority of 'the lords of creation' that we took no note of time." The brotherly love and Christian affection of the band were never disturbed. One evening notable for its glowing and splendid sunset :

"Brother Newton and I were sitting on the upper deck after supper, conversing on the subject of the employment of the saints in glory, when Brother Leavitt, who had been looking over the stern of the vessel for some time, apparently lost in meditation, suddenly came and joined us, with the remark that he had been reading some sweet hymns, and wanted to talk about *heaven*. So we sat side by side and talked of heaven, with delight and longing, for I believe the Blessed Spirit was with us and directed our conversation and meditations."

He took a personal interest in the sailors, as "an ambassador for Christ." They were of all nations, and he hopes that "in the end they may take up the 'new song'—Revelation 5 : 9: 'Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.'" During the height of a storm the regular service was not omitted. "We sang a hymn as we sat upon the floor (for we could not use chairs) in the darkness. Brother Newton led

us in prayer, and although surrounded by such adverse circumstances, our services were peculiarly sweet and solemn. Our hymn was Cowper's sweet one, 'O for a closer walk with God,' set to a familiar strain. How unspeakably precious is the Christian's trust in the Saviour at all such times! Such, I believe, we all felt it to be that night, as we knelt in the cabin of our storm-rocked bark, and committed ourselves to the care of Him who 'keepeth Israel' with unslumbering watchfulness. The 'terror by night' did not afflict us, as we lay down to rest in a *Father's* arms." Long conversations were held on the subject of the second premillennial advent of the Saviour, Mr. Newton being disposed to accept "the coming," and Mr. Leavitt fixed in his adoption of the ordinary opinion.

The two little boys, with their childish sports, gave great pleasure to the warm heart of the young missionary. Frank and Edward Newton soon had the run of the ship, knew the most of the words of command, the sailors' songs, and the names of the ropes—causing one sailor, as once they shouted out, to rush up the mizzenmast, with an "Aye! aye! sir!" by the mere force of habit. They mimicked the captain in taking the latitude with the sextant, and the carpenter kept them supplied with miniature ships. His watchful eye records: "Frank and Edward Newton displayed a sweet childish piece of generosity yesterday. The captain gave them a huge square of gingercake apiece, which, instead of eating, after putting their little heads together in a hurried consultation, they ran away to the forecastle and shared with a poor sailor who has been sick for some time."

They, too, gave a holiday air to Christmas day, hanging up their stockings and receiving a medley of presents. Such was the domestic life of the little family of missionaries. George is touched by seeing the boys on the knees of Brother Newton, who tells them the story of Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress." "As they sat on his knee, occasionally stroking his beard with their hands, memory transported me to my own boyhood and my own father's knee, with Lote for a companion upon it." Perhaps this affection tinged his thoughts when he wrote:

"I cast my eyes over the boundless waste of waters in the *direction* of home, and think of the loved ones there with such tenderness as only those can feel who love home as I do. And yet I am not *homesick*. I feel too much desire to be at work for that. If I could recall the past and choose again, my choice would be with double cheerfulness the same. My thoughts of home, therefore, are not tinged with sadness. I *have* been *touched* with homesickness twice or thrice since leaving my native shores, but you would never guess the reason, or of whom I thought all the time. Would you believe it?—it was while thinking of little Woodie and Charlie,* especially the latter. The figures of the little fellows were present to my mind so vividly and frequently that they quite haunted me for a while. I had but little idea how they had *nestled* in my heart until separated from them, and now as I write I feel quite sad as their dear little forms rise up before me in memory, when I think I shall never see them again, at least in the innocence and loveliness of childhood. Woodie is before me now, with his little hands behind his back, quite like a miniature Mr. Pickwick, with his sweet upturned face, and saying, 'I lub Georgy' in answer to my question as to the state of his affections toward me. And *dear* little Charley is crawling over the floor, or rather converting himself into an animated hammer by

*Children of his brother Loten.

gathering himself up and then straightening his body by a lunge which brings him down on the floor with a thump that almost used to frighten me lest he should injure himself. And then he looks up at me so cunningly with his bright blue eyes — well! I will close my journal for this morning as the most effectual means of shutting out this picture from my mind, for I must not indulge the saddening feelings which are stealing over me. Tell 'Owie' he must not be jealous, for I love him too, perhaps as tenderly as the others, only Woodie and Charley are such *dear*, cunning *little toadies* that I have to think a little more about them than him. And you may all take the same word of explanation, for I think none the less tenderly of you because my heart goes out with feelings of peculiar liveliness toward those 'little ones.' May Jesus, the 'gentle Shepherd,' fold them in his arms in life and death."

It is the heart of George Barnes that we read as an open book in these pages, so carefully preserved by a loving relative for these many years, given now by this strange accident of time to the perusal of those who heed his call, as well as to those who may read this study of the man, denying, perchance, their own manhood in trying to doubt truth and sincerity.

How open is the man's heart to affection and tenderness, and how quick to note the gentle deed! He writes:

"Emily Newton—also one of our little party—is a noble girl, and although only fifteen years of age, is quite a woman in character already. Emily has been brought to indulge a sweet hope in the Saviour since we sailed from Boston. I love all the family, especially Brother Newton and Emily. The one as one of the most truthful and noble Christians I have ever been so favored as to meet with, and the other as a sweet young Christian of remarkable promise, and as one who will probably in a few years be among the blood-washed throng who behold the glorious Saviour 'face to face.' Her health is delicate, and pulmonary symptoms have been developed, which

lead to the belief that she is not to be a pilgrim of earth for long. Her piety is already very symmetrical. She is an assiduous reader of the Bible, and tries to do good to those around her. The other day she heard the second mate swearing at the men. He is a coarse, ruffianly fellow, and the only decidedly unpleasant man on board. She was sitting on the capstan reading her Bible at the time, and as the mate passed by her a few moments after, she addressed him in her own sweet way, with the request that he would do something for her; and when he asked her what it was, she replied that she would like if he would promise her to try to leave off swearing, and then in a few words explained the dreadful sinfulness of taking God's name in vain. The man was quite 'taken aback,' and after stammering a while actually promised her that he would try and quit the habit. The dear girl thought that no one knew about the incident, but Brother Leavitt witnessed the whole occurrence from the window of his stateroom, and reported it to me as above."

Some progress was made in learning Hindostani during the voyage. "Mardan Singh taught me a sweet Hindustani phrase to-day—my first attainment in acquiring the language which I hope to speak most of while I live. It runs thus, 'KHUDAIVAND ISĀMASIH HAMĀRĀ BACHANEAVAL HAI,' and is translated 'The Lord Jesus Christ is our Saviour.' I trust this will be the end and centre as well as the beginning of my knowledge in this and every other tongue. Oh, to 'know nothing but Christ' and his cross."

The young wife suffered much from sea-sickness, and George was devoted in his watchful care. Among the books he read aloud to entertain her was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which his father had enjoined on him to get.

"It is not such a dreadful book after all," writes the son, "no honest and honorable slave-holder should be enraged at it. I would not object to

indorsing Mrs. Stowe's general views of the slave question myself. She makes out a very strong case, and I am glad that I have read her book. And yet I am very far from being an abolitionist." How odious the term was in those days! "I agree with Mrs. Stowe," he afterward writes, "in nearly all she says. Received impressions on the subject of slavery which I trust I shall never forget." He finds the book in the stalls at Calcutta.

The first venture up to the maintopgallant cross-trees seemed to be very perilous to the amateur seaman, hanging at times almost directly over the ocean as it appeared; but soon we find the young missionary spending hours with his Bible in this secure perch, away from the painted decks and out of the odors of chicken-coops and the like. He saw, too, a sail now and then, invisible from below.

"October 25, Wednesday. '*Maintop study.*' I am sitting at my ease upon this semicircular platform, enjoying one of the most charming mornings that our tropic latitudes can furnish. Around me stretches out the ocean, 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,' and so very, *very* far away to where it meets the sky at the horizon, that it almost wearies the eye to look." "I must have cut a strange figure this morning as I ascended to the maintop. Of course I require both hands in climbing rope ladders, and have to strap everything on my back which I wish to carry with me. This morning I took a pillow with me, in order to increase my comfort in leaning back against the hard mast. The party enjoyed a hearty laugh as I went up with such a queer protuberance upon the spinal

column. It reminded me of the picture I have seen of good Bunyan's pilgrim."

To a receptive mind a four months' voyage on a sailing vessel is an unforgetable experience, and the imagination teems ever afterward with winged thoughts. How eagerly George Barnes watched the flight of sea-birds in a storm! And he notes all things with a rare precision. December 2, toward the close of the voyage he writes: "Five or six noble albatrosses were sailing about the ship during the day. There is a great difference in the flight of these birds in a storm and in a calm. In a high wind they are all grace, and their wings have a curve which never appears when they are floating through a less stormy atmosphere. Their flight in light winds resembles that of a wild goose very much." He notes the enormous stretch of wing, one of these beautiful mariners of the air measuring twelve feet from tip to tip. A magnificent bird was caught by fishing — a common sport of sailors — a hook being baited with pork. When placed on deck it could not stand upright, and looked around with an air of mortification and stupefied surprise. From beak to tail the measurement was three feet and a half. His bill, which was very large and thick, with a formidable parrot-shaped hook at the extremity, the whole adapted to seizing and retaining its prey, was of a delicate salmon color. His plumage quite handsome, with snowy white breast, speckled back, and wings dark brown. He had a large, clear, sparkling black eye, and his webbed feet were not coarse black things, but of a flesh color, and although quite tough, looked as though they would

tear as easily as paper, so transparent were the membranes and delicate the color. The capture with the hook is not harmful to the bird, a large wooden float being attached to the hook to keep the bird from swallowing it, while the barb always takes hold of the hard part of the upper mandible. He again remarks, "You have no idea of the magnificent flight of the albatross during a high wind. They seem to make headway against a furious wind with as much ease as though it were no more than the gentle breathing of a zephyr. They soar around the ship at such a time with the greatest apparent pleasure; and the captain tells me that the best time to capture them is while lying-to in a gale of wind." The gulls at times would soar about the vessel with ease when at its highest speed. A stormy petrel was captured, "a plain-looking little bird with dull black eyes, and about the size of a martin. It has the queerest-looking nostril, being a single orifice tube shaped on the top of its bill, like a miniature cannon mounted for the defence of its head." October 13, "a boatswain hovered over our ship a little while. It is a bird of the tropics, and very pretty, resembling a white pigeon, but with very long tail feathers (probably a foot and a half in length), which give it a very graceful look." November 1, the vessel is in the region of the Cape pigeon, "a most beautiful bird, breast spotless white; head jet black; wings with beautifully spotted stripes, but black withal." The southwest-wind bird, a species of gull, is also mentioned. The Cape-hen is "about the size of a crow, only with much greater sweep of wing; the color a dingy black and unrelieved by any-

thing except a bright circle of white feathers around their eyes which gives them an indescribably queer look. Their flight is graceful, and we like their companionship."

The adventures on the sea here recounted, this acquaintance with the strange inhabitants of the air, the knowledge gained of the mysteries of the deep, had for George Barnes a greater meaning than mere novelty and pleasure. They were visions of the beauty and majesty of the work of the Creator of the world, the sea and all that in them is. They were preparations for the labor before him, and a livelong wellspring of praise.

Schools of sporting whales were often seen :

"November 8. I was about returning to my state-room in disappointment when I heard him 'blow off' at the stern of the vessel. We ran 'aft' as quickly as possible, and could see where he was swimming through the water by a large white spot on his back. But we again lost sight of him, and I thought that I would miss a good view of him when he rose to the surface with a spout quite near to the barque's side. He was so near that the spray from his spout flew in my face as I leaned over the rail. After this he breathed five or six times in rapid succession, each time making his appearance on the surface so that we could see his outline quite distinctly. He swam slowly to the bow, whither we followed him, and then I got my best view of this tremendous creature. He rose within six feet of the barque, and I saw his entire body. I suppose that he was at least fifty feet long, and to my uninitiated eyes he seemed nearly as many more. He had a remarkable white spot just on the top of his back, shaped somewhat like a ham, and about ten feet in length by three or four in breadth. I cannot describe the feelings that took possession of me on beholding such a mass of animated living, moving flesh. I instinctively drew back from the vessel's side, as though he contemplated coming on board, or slapping me in the face with his

huge tail. This enormous fish far exceeded all my expectations in seeing a whale."

Flying-fish were frequently caught, and the delicate and beautifully colored wings preserved as mementoes, as indeed a cabinet of curiosities grew out of the various collections. The sea-porcupine, the grampus, the turtle, the skipjack, the cuttle-fish, the porpoise, the blackfish, the nautili with outspread wing, were noted. The triantelope with poisonous feet, the roaches, the venomous spiders—all forms of life made a part of this busy observation.

One more incident and we shall speak no more of the wonders of the deep :

"September 30. As Brother Leavitt and the captain were standing in the jolly-boat, which hangs over the starboard quarter, fishing for dolphins and skipjacks, or bonitos, a shark, attracted by the splashing of their fishing tackle (this was in a calm) swam near the ship. Brother Leavitt spied it first, and as soon as he pointed it out to the captain, the cry of 'Shark ! shark !' called us all quickly to the ship's side. Yes, there he was ! the sailor's enemy, the dangerous and rapacious 'man-eater' of the Atlantic. An involuntary shudder ran over me as I saw him for the first time, for the sight recalled to my mind the dreadful associations which had so long been connected with the fish. Mrs. N. drew her little boys close to her as they peered curiously over the side, as though they were not quite safe even in the ship. Our party was thoroughly, intensely excited, for it was a strange sight to most of us ; and even the captain and crew, who had figured in many a previous capture, were not a little affected by the appearance of the monster. And yet he was not an ugly fish. On the contrary, he was symmetrical in form and graceful of movement as he swam slowly around the stern of the ship, and, apparently weary of being looked at, turned his head seaward and made calmly off. The captain had not a shark hook rigged (a terrible-looking hook, about a foot long, attached to

several links of stout chain), and while the necessary preparations were making the shark swam off about two hundred yards. I forgot to say that this huge fish was attended by his pilot-fish, four in number. These are the invariable companions of the shark, acting the part of prey-finders, and appear to be lovingly attached to their powerful friend. They were darting around him, and over and under him with every appearance of pleasure, when we saw them first. They are the most beautiful little fishes I have yet seen; about six or eight inches in length, with bodies striped regularly and brilliantly from head to tail. After a stout inch rope had been attached to our shark hook, and a piece of pork about a foot long put upon it for a bait, it was let down with a splash over the stern of the vessel. The captain continued this splashing by pulling up the pork and letting it down again, designing to attract the attention of the fish, which, as it would seem, both hears and sees a great distance in the water. At first he seemed to pay no attention to the demonstrations which we were making, but we could see its dorsal fin above the water, moving slowly to and fro. In a few minutes he turned and approached the vessel leisurely, until within a distance of about fifty yards. He then disappeared from view, and in nearly as short a time as I take to write it, had covered the distance between him and the dainty morsel which hung down so white and temptingly. He rose under the bait and took it in with head up and tail down, and not in his usual manner of turning over on his side. As soon as he had gorged the pork, he turned to make off, but lo! he was fast, and at the cry of 'Haul away' from the captain, the crew, all of whom were assembled on the poop, quickly drew him from his native element. He made terrific struggles, while the first mate threw a slip knot over his tail, which was a wise precaution, for scarcely had he done so when with a convulsive spring the fish tore away his mouth from the powerful hook, and I thought that he was gone. But the broad flukes of his tail prevented the rope from slipping off, and we were sure of him. He threw himself about in the most savage manner as he hung suspended with his head down, and even twisting himself around, caught hold of a rope, which hung down beside him; nor could it be drawn from the firm grip

of his jaws, wounded as they were. While the sailors were fixing another noose around his head, the captain fired four balls at him from his revolver. The first struck upon the thick skin of his side, and glanced, the second took effect in the centre of his belly, and apparently inflicted a mortal wound. The other two shots both took effect, and all things being now in readiness, he was quickly hauled over the taffrail, and with a cheerful shout from the men was dragged forward near the mainmast, where, his tail being first severed from the body, he was quickly dispatched. On examination his maw appeared entirely empty, which accounts for his seizing the bait so quickly and ravenously. It was touching to watch the distressed movements of the little pilot-fish while we were capturing their friend. They darted quickly here and there, as if in the greatest anguish, and when he was hauled out of the water one of them was actually clinging to his back and rose with him several feet above the surface before he slipped off. How it clung there I do not know. I only state the fact. The shark was about eight feet long. The skin of the back rough, without scales, and very thick and tough. The color of the back a sort of bluish brown, and the skin of the belly soft and beautifully smooth and white. The second mate cut out a couple of his teeth for me, which I preserve as a curiosity."

The quick eye and the close observation of George Barnes, not failing him even during such an exciting incident, is well displayed in the above extract from his diary.

II.—The Land of Idols, a Phantasmagoria.

It was with impatience and curiosity tempered with awe and a misgiving of his own powers of usefulness, that the young missionary longed to tread the strand of India—a country with two hundred millions of inhabitants, whose habits of life, methods of thought, and fathomless system of pagan religion were to be

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encountered by him. While the vessel awaited the tide, he, with Brothers Newton and Leavitt, the captain and the pilot, visited the not distant shore, transported over the shallows and the mud, after leaving the row-boat, on the backs of natives. In a letter of seventy pages from the son to the mother are recorded the main incidents of experience in India for the first month, including the journey of thirty days of twelve hundred miles from Calcutta to Lahore. It was with exhilaration of spirit and open eyes that he looked around him upon his first landing:

"About the outskirts of the village we saw a few naked boys, who timidly disappeared at our approach. The first thing that I noticed of special interest on approaching the town was a beautiful tank of clear, fresh water, about sixty yards square, surrounded by a double row of fine palm-trees, under whose grateful shade we rested awhile before entering the village. The first inclosure that we entered was the office of the magistracy of the place. The pilot did not seem to have much respect for the natives, for he asked questions in rather a gruff, authoritative way, which soon produced a sullen stolidity on the part of the questioned party. They pretended to know nothing, and would not give satisfactory answers to any of our inquiries about fresh provisions. One of the party was a Brahmin; another, one of the handsomest men I ever saw, with fine European features, and a soft, bright yellow skin. He had the air and bearing of a major-general, as he stood with folded arms looking at us. The Brahmin had a stupid face, and his lips were stained with the juice of the mouthful of betel he had been chewing. I noticed, however, that his skin had as soft an appearance as that of a woman, and his complexion, like that of his handsome companion, was a rich one, a clear yellow, quite unlike anything I have ever seen. We knew the caste of the Brahmin by the 'thread' which members of that caste always wear. A troop of barking dogs saluted us as we entered the village, but ran away like brave fellows

as we neared them. We were soon surrounded by a train of boys, many of them stark naked, any very few with more than a scanty cloth about the loins. They did not seem to know whether to be afraid of us or not. When I smiled at them they looked at one another and then laughed loudly, as though it were a rare bit of fun. Nearly the first object that struck my eyes was a small car of Juggernaut standing under a shed. It was not more than eight feet in length, but as a model gave me an idea of what the great cars look like. In one house I saw an old Mussulman reading a manuscript book, as he sat upon his mat. He shut it when we drew near."

Brother Newton and George Barnes preceded the "Annie Bucknam" to Calcutta, in order to have all in readiness for the comfort of the others of the party. The boat, manned by seven rowers, favored by the flood tide swiftly bore away the two from the bark, and they were soon in the darkness alone upon the bosom of the mighty river. The rowers were Mussulmans, and at intervals of every half hour the silence was broken by the chorus in Arabic of the holy formula, "There is no God but God." The poverty of them touches the young observer, and he wonders at their good humor and laments their state :

"They all shave their heads closely, and wear little skull-caps on the extreme top of the head ; the loin cloth, and a long, coarse piece, of thicker fabric, which covers the head and shoulders and serves as a quilt to proteet them when asleep, are their only other garments. The Mussulman boatman seems to be a 'sui generis' sort of creature. He laughs a great deal, sings his drawling, squeaking songs with evident gusto, sets his little skull-cap jauntily with a rake over the right eyebrow, and seems to be in a good humor with all the world. He never begins work without his repeated formula, 'There is no God but God,' and he toils at the oar from daylight to dark as patiently as though he never had an aspiration toward anything else."

After a few days spent in the whirling novelty of Calcutta, arrangements are completed for the great journey to the Punjaub.*

"Thursday, January 25. We drove to-day (Brother N. and I) to the office of what is called the North-western Dak (Doek) Co., to make arrangements for our journey up the country, or to 'lay a dak,' as the East Indians say, which means the making a journey when you go in a conveyance which is not your own, and for which you have to pay. First, the Government has built a splendid road entirely through her Indian possessions (nearly all completed); but with the exception of a bullock train for the conveyance of heavy baggage, and 'Bangley carts' drawn by horses for the conveyance of light parcels with rapidity, the Government does not furnish facilities for travelling. To run passenger stages with the mail, as in our country, would not pay. The natives generally travel in their own ill-contrived conveyances, and the European travel would not furnish an inducement to do this. Second, but private companies, who keep relays and horses, and agents to furnish bearers or coolies when required, for a proper and not immoderate remuneration will undertake to send a traveller or travellers to any point on the road, which is called, by way of excellence, 'The Grand Trunk Road.' Where one wishes to go to Lodiana, for instance, as we do, all that is required to be done is to go to the agent of one of the two companies and give notice to that effect, stating what number of carriages will be required, the number of stoppages to be made, etc., etc. The agent looks over his books, sees who is ahead of you, etc., and then tells you the earliest date at which he can send you off. You then pay in advance and go home to make preparation for the journey. We have decided to go by Kuli (cooly) Dak, *i.e.* we go in carriages drawn by nine natives each. This is not so speedy as by horse Dak, but the safest; as from all accounts we learn that the horses are in many places unbroken steeds, that do their best to break the carriage and maim the traveller therein, as unbroken young horses are very apt to do. The ladies and children make this

* The Government has since constructed a railway.

an impractieable method. The idea of being drawn by human beings for twelve hundred miles rather startled me, if I *was* 'raised in a slave State,' but it is a very eommon method of travelling in this country. Fresh relays are stationed by the different agents along the road about ten or twelve miles apart. When shut up, the body of the gari (as all carriages are called here) resembles a green wooden box. There are a number of compartments in it, and it is, in short, a travelling carriage built expressly for travelling long distances by day or night. Four of these garis were required for the party, Golok, a native missionary, adding to the number already known from the voyage of the 'Annie Bucknam.'"

At last the four *garis*, drawn by the thirty-six Kulis, issue forth from 4½ Royal Street, Calcutta, for the long journey:

"Our cavaleade, being an unusually large one, attraeted eonsiderable attention as we went rattling through the streets. The children were after us, shouting at the top of their voiees; the foot passengers stopped to take a good look at our proeession; the horsemen and oeeupants of carriages whom we met with stared after us; grave Mussulmans gazed astonished; portly 'baboos' (native gentlemen) forgot their dignity for a moment and looked as inquiringly as the rest, and, to crown the whole, our Kulis ran along, grunting and howling and shouting like so many Kulis possessed. Altogether, it was a memorable scene. By and by we passed the Mahratta ditch and were on the high road. I noticed at the outskirts of town, in one mud hut, a little girl about five years old smoking the hookah—a raee of smokers these people. Onee fairly out of town we halted a few minutes to get some green eocoanuts, which we saw by the wayside. This fruit, just before the kernel begins to form, is as full as it ean hold of refreshing juiee. So full of milk indeed is the nut at this stage of its growth that the moment the point of a knife is thrust through the shell the juiee spurts out to the distance of several feet, until the pressure is relieved. The road on whieh we are travelling to-day is a superb one, quite equal in smoothness to our best turnpikes, and, as far as we have gone to-day, shaded on

either side with noble trees of various species, planted at regular intervals. The vistas sometimes were exceedingly beautiful—when the road was straight for a long distance, resembling a magnificent avenue."

The Kulis, whose gratuity from the traveller was but three-quarters of a cent (1 pici), touched the heart of the young Kentuckian, and only the representations of Golok prevent him from giving more, and the consideration that there will be two hundred changes before they reach their destination. After crossing the Hooghly there was new occasion and constant for the distribution of the backshish. "We were beset by groups of native children, boys and girls in a perfect state of nudity, all clamoring for charity. One sickly-looking baby was held up by its mother and, as it had been taught, put out its tiny, emaciated hands and lisped prettily for *pici*." Thus the journey proceeded, stopping for breakfast at a 'Dak Bungalow,' passing through villages, tarrying for an hour or so in populous cities, penetrating deeper and deeper into the valley of the Ganges, with its population of eighty millions. The course lay through Benares, Allahabad (the junction of the holy streams the Jumna and the Ganges), Tuttlepore, Cawnpore, Beiwar, Agra, Delhi, and Lodiana, to Lahore. The days were full of incident. The scenery was ever interesting from its mere novelty. The vegetation, the mode of agriculture, and every prospect inspired attention. Once George paid a native four pici to swim into a tank to pluck some peculiar pond lilies, rich in appearance, to surprise his wife with. At Barrackpore he sees, through the occasional breaks in the cactus hedge skirting the

road, the magnificent park attaching to the mansion of the Governor-General of India, and records that "it looked like a Kentucky woods-pasture," only it was thickly studded with the tamarind, the most beautiful of Indian trees. He had not neglected to climb the banyan tree, the largest in India, in the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta. In the journey he passes by verdant expanses of waving grain, rice fields as far as the eye could reach; and in Upper Bengal the poppy is spread on either side of the road, the red flowers mingled with the white. The groves of mango trees, the date, the palm interest him. He notes the threshers in the fields and the clusters of hamlets; the Indian cow, the spotted sheep, the juggler with snakes about his neck, countless curious things — a phantasmagoria it must be to the utter stranger.

At that period the soldiery were particularly conspicuous, and many encampments were passed. "February 15, about midday we met several elephants laden with camp furniture, and going a little farther we found a cantonment of soldiers breaking up. Everything seemed to be in motion. The scene was a very animated one. The camp was beside a small river, and the elephants were going down to take a parting drink, or were coming up from the stream after drinking, in considerable numbers. A great many camels were kneeling on the ground, receiving their loads; horses were neighing and prancing. We met another train of camels to-day, fifty or sixty in all. The Afghan drivers were very dirty, and had most villainous-looking countenances. Indeed, these

camel-drivers are the most ferocious-looking personages I have yet seen in India, and Golok tells me they do not belie their looks. They are most bigoted Mohammedans. Poor fellows! They do not know the religion of Jesus, which alone can *give* peace and *make* a peaceable disposition. At times the *gari* would be accompanied for miles by beggars, shouting 'Salaam, sahib! salaam, sahib!' a salutation implying a petition for alms. I noticed one little fellow, carried in his papa's arms, who was loaded with bangles, and ornamented besides with a great nose ring." "Just before recommencing our march for the night, a man and boy came to the *garis* and began repeating a sort of chanting recitation of poetry, both speaking together very quickly, but in good time and measure." "Two beggars of rather extraordinary appearance followed us here, soliciting alms, one trotted beside the *gari* for some considerable distance, grasping his abdomen in his hands, lolling out his tongue, and pretending to be in the last stages of starvation. I noticed, however, that he had a good stout pair of legs, and he kept up with the carriages at full run. A chubby, round-faced boy, apparently overfed, went through the same pantomime of squeezing the stomach. Golok translated the plea of one, which was, 'Give me something, sahib! you have the kingdom, but your poor slave is dependent on his belly.'" At one place "a leper white as snow" (2 Kings 5 : 27) is seen; another had his fingers almost eaten off with the disease, and was a picture of misery. "One must see a leper in order to approximate the depth of earnestness in the cry of him who came to the Saviour,

saying, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' I see something every day that brings Scripture descriptions fresh to my mind. Certainly there are a great many things in the Bible which are in a measure unintelligible to one who has never witnessed and visited Oriental customs and places."

"A woman passed us with a large pair of balance-shaped panniers slung over her shoulders. In one of the receptacles was placed a large stone, balancing a pretty, bright-eyed child, who squatted on the other. Another woman passed us with a dear little baby fast asleep, reclining on its mother's shoulder, with the hot sun blazing down upon it. We met one man with his entire head shaved closely, except a scalp lock, such as *our* Indians wear. He was carrying a little boy on his shoulder, who, as he bestrode his papa, held on by the aforesaid scalp lock with a satisfied air, which was comical enough."

The boatmen, he notes, who brought the captain and himself into Calcutta, only get five rupees a month, equal to two dollars and a half. Their food, it may well be imagined, is but rice, which costs only a few cents a bushel. No wonder that when the bearers of his *palki*, after trotting about Calcutta for some hours, began to grunt their disapprobation, "Sahib bara bhori hai" (the sahib, or gentleman, is very heavy), he himself felt constrained to pity them.

"Our two *khidmutgars* (guides), and the servants generally, quite annoy us with their politeness. If they venture into the room in your presence some bow their heads in a most back-breaking salaam. At dusk both of our attendants come in, and smooth the bed and lower the mosquito net. The door opens gently, in glide the pair, noiselessly (barefooted they are), and as soon as they catch our attention, down go their heads until their bodies form a right angle with

their limbs. Then they go through their work, creeping about as stealthily as a pair of cats, and, when all is arranged to their and our satisfaction, they walk softly to the door, turn around and stand erect and together for a moment, and then away go their heads again and they take their departure in the same gliding, cat-like manner as at their entrance. The door does not slam after them. It closes gradually, almost imperceptibly, the bolt slides softly in the socket, and our attendants are gone. There is something ghost-like in the operation, and something so mysterious in their silent pantomime that I almost felt uncomfortable the first time I witnessed it, and Jane and I exchanged glances of wonder when the scene was over. The talismanic word *backshish* will gain obsequious attention to your wants."

At Allahabad he takes a walk on the banks of the Jumna. It is here that the two rivers, Jumna and Ganges, unite — a sacred spot, the scene of an immense annual gathering — and where to die in the stream is eternal salvation to the believer. "At one spot we found the body of a native lying a few yards from the shore, partially covered with water, and surrounded by carrion birds. The skull was broken in, and a vulture was seated on the head, picking out the contents with voracious eagerness. This will sound ineffably disgusting to you, and it is a revolting sight, but one witnessed almost daily in this country. The practice of breaking in the skull is always adhered to." February 10. To the right of the road an enormous and imposing idol temple dedicated to Shiv, with ninety-six small domes in rows of eight each, and four large ones at the corners. February 11. An enormous sacred monkey makes an attack, but flees from a stick pointed at it, mistaking it for a gun. A native comes to a Brahmin with a bowl of water and presents

it to have it sanctified, which the Brahmin does by putting his toe in it. The devotee drinks it off with gratitude. February 12. Venders of holy water pass, having bottles filled dangling from panniers across their shoulders. "It is sad that these wretched people will be so easily imposed on by these strolling holy-water mongers, and yet refuse to taste of the living stream, of which if one drink he 'shall never thirst' (John 4 : 14)." "Passed a deserted idol temple built in the shape of sugar-loaves ; grass growing between the rows of bricks where the mortar had yielded to the influence of the weather." "While we were drinking our tea a Brahmin came up to gather a few pici from the party in return for his blessing, which he proposed giving us. Brother N. told him that we could get a blessing for nothing, that would be more valuable than all the benedictions of his entire caste; but this did not shake him off, and he kept clamoring for money until we were obliged to order him to be gone." February 16. By the roadside, in a beautiful mango grove, stood an idol temple where the great monkey god is worshipped. Just outside lay a large block of stone with a huge reclining figure carved in relief upon it. "I have seen enough of heathenism to-day to make the heart sick and sad." February 22. Saw a poor devotee by the roadside with a string of beads in his hand, repeating the name of Rami, one of the great deities.

"February 13. My attention was directed to a slight embankment at the foot of a large tree, on which lay several red painted stones. A place of worship for wayfarers ! these stones the gods ! I noticed some singular-looking scars upon the back of one of our Kulis

this morning, which Golok told me, and the man confessed, were marks of the terrible *Charuk pujah* (cheruk poojah), or hook swinging, which is yet practised in Bengal.* The poor man seemed quite proud of his scars. We judge, from the number of them, that he had been swung four different times. February 17. A hideously painted follower of Shiv passed us on the road to-day. He was otherwise disfigured by a most enormous goat-skin hat, shaped something like a grenadier's."

In contrast with the poverty witnessed, there is a scale of magnificence among the opulent that answers to the common idea of "Oriental."

"February 23. Cawnpore. We met many handsome equipages driving out for the evening air, and but for the naked figures of the natives gliding about in every direction, and the turbans that sat in some of the carriages, we might have imagined that we were upon some much frequented driving place in an American city. It was refreshing to see the numbers of English children, either riding with their parents or on horseback attended by native servants. One merry little group were riding in a miniature carriage, drawn by ponies and led by native 'seises.' In another carriage, occupied by a portly 'baboo' (or native gentleman), I saw the most beautiful little girl that I ever laid eyes upon. It was almost the perfection of Oriental beauty. Large, lustrous eyes, as black as midnight, shining black hair, soft brown skin, and the most exquisitely chiselled features. My first thought was one of pleasing admiration of the matchless beauty of the child. My next, painful reflection on the probability of this lovely creature growing up in idolatry, and perishing without a knowledge of the 'true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.' The equipages of some of the native gentlemen, of whom we met many, were superb, and our eyes were occasionally quite dazzled with the sight of rich turbans, elegant cashmere shawls and slippers of costly pattern, worn by these wealthy 'baboos.'

* The government has suppressed this among other practices in its prudent and slow march of forcible innovation.

Except in dress there is a great aping of outdoor English manners and customs among the Indian gentry."

Among the most prominent of the native missionaries was Golok Nath, stationed at Jolander (Julliender). He was in Calcutta on a visit to his father at the time of the arrival of the party. The old father was still a heathen, and a most bigoted one.

"When Golok embraced Christianity twenty years ago or more, he was disowned by his friends and relations, and so was obliged to go out like Abram from Ur of the Chaldees 'not knowing whither he went.' Recently, however, his father had relented, and he expressed a desire to see his son before he died. Golok at once obtained permission to make the visit, and made arrangements so as to secure the double object of visiting his parents and meeting us in Calcutta with the purpose of returning with us up the country. His mother has been dead a number of years, dying in *heathenism*. Brother Golok Nath is a man of pleasing appearance, with delicate, well-cut features, and a form that would be symmetrical were it not for a stoop he has in walking. He, like all his countrymen, wears a moustache, and a handsome one, too, but the effect of seeing it is nothing like that produced by seeing the same appendage to a man at home. There is nothing puppyish, nothing dressy, nothing proud about it. You feel at once that it is simply a conformity to a prevailing custom among his countrymen, while at the same time it gives a distinguished air to his face, and, unquestionably, greatly sets off his well-turned features and clean white teeth. You will think my description rather a fancy one, but compared with our utilitarian style of doing things in America, everything in India almost is fanciful. Golok's costume is a well-chosen compromise between the seminakedness of even Hindoo gentlemen and the full European costume, and quite expressive and emblematic of his position as cut loose from his nation at large by his religion, and yet not entirely absorbed by his necessary contact with another race of people. He wears a white turban, and an upper garment—half Hindustani, half

English, while his pantaloons, shoes, and stockings are entirely European." "The more I see and know of Brother Golok, the more I love and respect him. He is a most entertaining companion, and is well acquainted with everything connected with the customs, manners, and worship of his countrymen. I hope I shall always feel thankful that I have been privileged to meet, in my first acquaintance among the native Christians of India, one whom I can take so entirely to my heart as an intimate friend and Christian brother. It is my firm purpose, as God shall give me grace, to become identified with this people, so far as it can be accomplished in consistency with duty and usefulness; for I believe that missionary experience in all parts of the world will bear me out in the assertion that this is the most effectual avenue of approach to the hearts and (by the Holy Spirit's blessing) consciences of the heathen."

February 18. At Allahabad service was held in Hindustani in the chapel of the Mission Compound (as the quarters of the missionaries are called), and Golok preached.

"He is an animated speaker, and graceful and natural in his manner in the pulpit, although his utterance when excited is exceedingly rapid. I was particularly pleased with the tender and humble tone of voice he uses in prayer. Of course I scarcely understand a word, although I was able to join in singing the Hindustani hymns. Nevertheless, the service was a most edifying one. May God raise up many more like Brother Golok to preach the gospel of Jesus to this numerous people."

The reception at each mission of this little band of Christian laborers betokened the depth of the brotherhood existing between these co-workers in a foreign land.

Arrived at Lodiana March 8, after a journey of twenty-nine days, "over the best road in the world," George Barnes and wife found a welcome under the

roof of Brother Randolph. The conference of the mission resulted in Brothers Newton and Leavitt remaining in Lodiana, Brother Barnes going to Lahore to be associated with Brothers Morrison and Forman. In the notes he writes :

"I hope to go to the great *mela*, or fair, at Hindwai, about one hundred and twenty miles distant, with Brothers Randolph and Forman. I shall there see the only remaining members of the missionary corps, whom we have not come in contact with, viz. Brothers Caldwell and Woodside."

III.—Seven Years of Toil.

Established in his cottage home in the Mission Compound at Lahore, the young missionary set himself at once to work to learn the native language. In the mean time the converts were to be instructed ; and much could be done by him in the English tongue.

Housekeeping was entered upon by Mrs. Barnes, and the little home soon had about it all the indications of that permanent cheer which belongs to a well-ordered family. Trees were planted out, and flowers were cultivated. When George would be off in the tenting journeys, to be described, many were the couriers dispatched between them, and some taste of home was always, when practicable, the part and pleasure of the wife to bestow. She it was who sent out to the errant missionaries the books and tracts as they were needed and applied for. She, too, had missionary duties, if not of an official kind. Once in his absence he writes among the numerous memoranda of domestic affairs for his wife : "Do not forget

to have trees set out wherever old ones have perished. Write a note to Mr. Appleby for any fruit trees that may be needed. Plum trees, you remember, we want. Perhaps a large row of Borquins set out before the servants' houses and skirting the dirt road would look well. See that the elephant creeper is well trimmed; second, remember Mr. Cope's saddle and bridle. When the *syce* returns, put them in the little room, pay that functionary his *talab* and return the *tatu* to Brother Baily at once. I suspect they want him for the boys; third, take care of the tea, dry it, etc.; fourth, remember to look after Brother Forman's house. See about the books. I expect the rats are among the books for distribution in the pantry. It will keep John Mohammud employed to keep them clear; fifth, please see that the tents are *thoroughly* dry before putting away. They may easily be ruined; sixth, try and get some rabbits." "We enjoyed father's letter as we rode along, and after coming to camp enjoyed your beautiful *dali*. How we feasted on the tomatoes, peas, and cauliflowers! January 28, 1857. Will you put *pipal* trees between the Borquins in the front avenue? All the *sisoos* and *sinns* died, or if any are left they are poor, stunted things; *pipals* are beautiful, and grow easily. Tell the *mali* to dig the holes with care, and small, so as not to injure the mulberry trees of Mr. Cope."

This reveals affection for an established home, a place of lifetime abode. The small cost of living in India enabled the missionary to enjoy in his house and its appointments the apparently elaborate, but essential, means of comfort in that fierce climate. The

yard was spacious, and made pleasant with the splendid variety of trees native to India. In their boughs sang the *bulbul*, and wings of many hues flashed at times between. But for the greater part of the year the matter of comfort in the days of oppressive heat was the first concern. The house was of two stories, the walls thick. A veranda was about the lower windows. A retinue of ten servants was indispensable. The *tattie* suspended in the windows had to be kept moistened, so that the air within might remain bearable. It was the custom of many missionaries to seek the sanitariums that dot the Himalaya mountain sides during the extreme heat. This was not followed by George Barnes and wife, and the result was in the end disastrous.

It is not within the limits set for this biography to enter into the surroundings of this life in India, further than these are furnished by the diaries and letters of the young missionary. In 1856, a young New Yorker, travelling in India, was for a few days the guest of the missionaries. The result of his observations is one of the most accurate and compendious of books of travel in India. "From New York to Delhi,"* by Robert J. Minturn, Jr., may be recommended for a larger view of this vast country. The author cites a conversation with our missionary.

In the year 1856 their first child was born to George O. Barnes and wife. The name of his mother—Maria—was chosen for the infant. The Hindoo nurse made great lamentation over a name that, she said, would bring only misfortune to its owner. Marie was an

* New York : Appleton, 1858.

easy substitute, and has remained; and has brought joy with it.

The young missionary and his wife were confined to Lahore during the terrible Sepoy rebellion, but escaped with only the inconvenience of conscious peril.

The nature of the work of the missionaries among the natives, apart from the routine at the central station, may best be gathered through the following extracts from the letters written by George Barnes to his wife, while out with Brothers Forman and Bura, the latter a native convert. They carried tents, one or two servants, bought provisions as they went along, and had their baggage conveyed by camels. These excursions into the remote districts of country lying in the Punjaub and about Lahore were carried on constantly. The plan of work was to stop at all places, in villages, by the wayside even, at the fairs or gatherings of the people—in short, to preach wherever an audience could be obtained, to distribute tracts, and to reach the intelligence of the individual or the multitude in every manner possible.

In Camp, Firozpur, January 17, 1857. We have been here about two hours. After leaving you yesterday, I rode on the *tatu* for sixteen kos, then got into the *ekka*. This sort of conveyance does not improve on acquaintance. Nothing but the novelty of the thing could sustain one in such travelling. Our *asbab* was in one *ekka*, Bura and I in the other. The drivers walked, much to their discomfort, and perhaps got the best of it. When we reached Kussoor it was four o'clock P.M. Slow work! So we concluded to remain there one night, which we accordingly did. I took my particular delicacy—"*dal chipati*"—like a native, smoked my *hookah*, slept in a

hired *charpai* in one of the mud-walled rooms of a miserable *serai*, and enjoyed it all exceedingly. You know I like to rough it. The roof of my room looked like it was about to give way, the slim rafters being bent into a fearfully circular condition. I committed myself to bed rather nervously, but through a kind Providence slept safely and well. This morning at three we started. Oh, such a clammy fog, and cold, disagreeable air! It almost makes one shiver to think of it! Through this we rode to this place. The Sutlej we found quite swollen with recent rains; and in crossing some nullahs of "back water" Bunar on his little *tatu* got his legs quite wet. The water was running across the road and above the girths of my horse. We reached Brother Forman's camp about an hour after sunrise; but fog all the way. We go down the right bank of the Sutlej, then up the left bank of the Ravee to Lahore.

January 19. We are almost ready to start. I am surrounded by falling tents, clattering *asbab*, groaning camels, howling servants.

January 20. Bheriwala. We are about five miles from Kussoor. Yesterday our *unterwallas* refused to put on our *abab* unless another camel was furnished, and as we thought the whole did not exceed the government allowance of weight we had the whole of our chattels weighed, which involved a vast amount of trouble. And the camel men were right after all. I am now sitting in Brother Forman's chair, while the tent is being put up. Bura is sitting by my side, preaching to a crowd of men and boys who have come out to stare at us.

January 21. Kailo, five kos from Kussoor. Brother Forman's plan is to ride to all the places within easy reach of the road we may be travelling. We visited three or four to-day after this plan, and arrived at our tents rather weary. We have encountered for the most part to-day bigoted Mussulmans. At one village they told Bura while he was preaching Christ to them, that they would follow Mohammed to *hell* if he took them there. Poor creatures! I am afraid they will do so to their sorrow.

Kuddian, January 22. On the way hither we visited four villages. The poor villagers received our message with stupid and painful indifference for the most part. We find this place quite a

city with an extensive bazaar, and plenty of people. We have been beset by crowds applying for books, and we have enjoyed excellent opportunities for preaching the gospel. We all feel pretty well wearied out by the day's labors. The brethren have preached about eight or ten sermons each. Bura this evening preached powerfully, and extorted expressions of admiration from nearly all his hearers. They said, "He speaks the truth of God," but went away without further apparent interest. Bura sits at my left reading "Hodge on Ephesians." We found our tent beset by a crowd in search of books this morning as soon as we got up. I gave away a lot, and Bura preached a sermon. We passed two villages by the way. In one Brother Forman got a good audience, but the other was nearly deserted, owing to the absence of the *Zeminidas* in attendance on the English settlement officers, at a place some twelve kos away. The people here are not willing to hear the gospel, and to-day's work has been poor.

Mamookil, January 26. Crossing the river on a ferry-boat, Bura preached to the passengers. On the other side we had to cross a low flat strip of sand before reaching the high bank beyond. Here Brother Forman came near being engulfed in a treacherous quicksand. Well, we got to Mandore at last, and found to our disappointment that the place was comparatively deserted. The rascally rajah, who a little while ago resided there, and carried on a series of villainous depredations, is now in confinement at Lahore. His palace and the fortress are tumbling down, and everything is going to rack and ruin. "Like master, like man," and the crowd that assembled to hear us preach were as precious a set of Mussulman cut-throats as one would wish to be far away from. I confess I felt rather nervous. The place has only been a few months under British rule; the people are unaccustomed to white faces, and have the reputation of being a lot of thieves, murderers, and cattle-stealers. Brother Forman addressed them in as conciliatory a manner as possible, but did not keep back the *whole truth*. They were very violent, and I felt quite relieved when, after two hours' preaching, we were once more safely mounted, and were cantering away from the place. "The good hand of our God was upon us," and we

were kept from the "wrath of man." Why should we ever doubt our heavenly Father?

Mamookil, January 27. This morning, before breakfast, Brother Forman and I rode over to the village of Chota Momookie, as it is called, and he preached to a shivering group of villagers. The filth of these villages just after a rain is indescribable. The lanes they have for streets are fetlock deep in the vilest mud, and such a steam as rises from the reeking heaps is enough to breed a pestilence. The poor creatures cannot imagine us at first anything but a lot of government officials, and the first thing frequently asked is, "What is the hukum?" In the village of Mokul we have had the most delightful day's work that we have enjoyed since we started. The people listened in large crowds and with the most respectful attention. Evidently a "padri sahib" was a novelty. Perhaps this is the first time the village has ever been visited by a missionary. Only one or two cases of interruption occurred at all, and these were easily disposed of. I read three sermons, and the brethren preached till they were exhausted and until night set in, with only a small interval for dinner. Brother Forman gave one pompous individual a "setting down," who came boasting of his own righteousness. Said our good brother, in his own way: "Why, you poor creature, you are a most miserable sinner; you are nothing but corruption from head to foot; you have the poison of serpents in your tongue; you are worse than the most venomous snake; your heart is more bitter than gall; you are indescribably loathsome." Then turning away from the astounded listener (who had been presented with his moral portrait in such awful colors) to the attentive crowd, he added: "And so it is with us all, brethren. I don't wish to make myself out any better than this poor wretch. I am only speaking what may truly be affirmed of every sinner on earth," etc. The effect was very good, apparently, and the pompous man did not utter another word. You can fancy the scene. We like dear Bura more and more every day. He is truly devoted to his work, and preaches Christ most fully. Brother Forman thinks most highly of him.

Shamkob, January 28. Brother Forman preached to the villagers at Kangarpoor, and they listened most attentively. He met one man

in the audience who had heard him a year and a half ago at Lahore, and who remembered what he had there heard. The camel train came up late, had been detained crossing a nullah. The camels, according to custom, had sat down in the water, and some of the boxes were wet. It was after dark before we took dinner. We had taken the edge off our hunger with four piei worth of parched corn. Bura got in late, having stopped behind to preach at Kangarpoor.

Hujra, January 30. I am sitting on Mr. Cope's *morah*, under a big tree, just outside this village, or rather city, for we are glad to find it a place of considerable size and importance. It has a *tehul* and a thanah—the *puckka* tomb of some old saint or other, and quite a bazaar. I suppose. We had a busy day yesterday at Chimnian. The brethren preached. I read three sermons, and distributed books. We gave away more than a hundred volumes, and for the most part to villagers from other places who were in the city making the yearly revenue settlement. We saw several boys who had been scholars in the Lahore school, and many who either had heard of the missionaries or had actually listened to their teachings. But it is probably the first visit they have had from the *padri-sahibs*. Toward evening several "lewd fellows of the baser sort" gave us a good deal of trouble by interrupting or shouting after us, but on the whole we feel rejoiced that we were enabled to preach the gospel of Christ so fully and satisfactory. We would have remained another day there, but heard that there would be a *mela* at Dipalpoor on Sunday, and therefore thought it best to proceed. We sent our camels off at twelve (midnight), and started ourselves at half-past five this morning. We rode for the greater part of the day through a jungle, where we started game every few hundred yards. We saw six deer (two of them beautiful antelopes with ringed horns), one fox, and any quantity of partridges, teelers, cranes, and doves. The *thanadar* at Hujra was unusually polite, and even had *tea* prepared for us, which we drank out of earthen vessels brought from the bazaar for our especial use—of course to be broken after we were done with them. Anything was refreshing after our long ride, and I didn't feel disposed to criticise the thanadar's tea. Send Golok a present, darling, as well as something for the children. I

need not ask you to send Mrs. Golok away loaded with everything necessary for the journey home. You are always thoughtful of their wants. Brother Bura, native like, winces at our morning rides and shivers dismally, but it will do him good as well as us. After five or six days we begin our homeward march, but there are so many important places between Pakpattan and Lahore that it will consume our full six weeks before we can conscientiously see our homes again. Nothing but a stern sense of duty could keep me away so long. Send a load of books, three fourths of the load Punjabi and one fourth Urdu ; no Hindi ; of the Punjabi one third assorted gospels, equal proportion of each, two third bound volumes of tracts, including two dozen "Pilgrim's Progress," and one dozen of Golok's tract on Pantheism. Of the Urdu, one third assorted gospels, one third Bible history, and one third bound volumes of tracts.

Dipalpoor, January 31. [He loses the road and has much trouble. A young man brings back a copy of the Old Testament in Hindostani presented him by Brother Newton in 1843, saying he had no use for it.] This place is a venerable pile of ruins. The walls must have once been impregnable to anything but artillery ; purchased a whole deer for eleven annas. Bura discharged his servant to-day for dishonesty. [Mrs. Barnes is cautioned to guard Bura's effects against him when he returns to Lahore.] One man wished to come to us as an inquirer, but asked for a support while he was examining the subject.

Pakpattan, February 3. Went out to distribute tracts, but found no one who could read. We had a dull day. The village was very small, and the people, what there were of them, very stupid. A few came out to see Bura, and he preached to them in the Sholdari. We also distributed a few books, in which I wrote the name of the receivers. In the evening, one of these books which I had given to a boy came back. I suppose the poor creatures thought that my writing in the margin was a sort of charm which would make a Christian out of the child, whether he would or not. Pakpattan is "a city set on a hill," and is visible for miles before we reach it. We have passed through a great deal of jungle since leaving Chimnian. This morning we saw six deer, and yesterday three. They seemed

quite tame and unaccustomed to seeing men. The one we bought for eleven annas was the most deliciously tender animal I think I ever tasted. The Deputy Commissioner at Gojana has been very kind in forwarding letters. One yesterday had the following inscription in Persian : "Let it be taken to him in whatever place he may be—make no delay."

February 4. A handsome, modest, well-behaved young Mussulman calls at the tent, and seems impressed with "the truth as it is in Jesus." In the evening a set of drinking rowdies from the city came to disturb us, and we had rather a stormy time. We preached until they became very noisy and then left them. To-day we spend in the city, and to-morrow, "if the Lord will," depart. I feel sometimes that when we turn our backs upon these towns, perhaps no sound of the gospel trumpet will ever again break upon the ears, but the coming of the Lord will find them as they are now.

Pakpattan, January 4. Brother Forman and I were in the bazaar when I received your letter, and oblivious of the crowd of angry disputants around me, I opened it, etc. We have just had a grand visitor. While we were preaching in the city a cavalcade passed us, and when we had returned to our tent, what should we see but the same company come riding up. There was the head man, two little boys and a small train of followers. The great man was handsomely attired—native fashion, and his horse was elegantly caparisoned—silver stirrups, breast strap lined with silver tags, bridle rein and head stall strung with the same pretty ornaments. His sword, scabbard and hilt inlaid heavily with gold. The children were prettily attired with native daggers stuck in their sashes. The followers with usual ornament of beard, etc. We were rather put up to all we know in order to furnish seats for our visitors, but at last, by dint of dragging boxes out, we accomplished it. Brother Forman conferred with him before the tent door. The great man (who, we discovered, was the head servant of the Nawab of Bahwulpoor, whose territory lies across the river) seemed to think a good deal of himself, and rather gave himself airs. Brother Forman patiently bore with him, and preached Christ fully to the proud man. On his leaving he accepted a book ("The Way of

Life"), and with a hearty shake of the hand invited us to come over to the city. On going over to the city we found it a much larger place than expected, and concluded to remain to-morrow also. A great many of the villagers who came to the *mela* yet linger here, and it would not be right to go away with such a preaching field before us. Brother Forman is now in front of the tent discoursing with some old *moularie* or other. We find that the people here are just like the same sinners in other places. They will listen to moral discourses by the hour, but when we speak of Jesus, *the Son of God, dying in the room of sinners*, they are offended. Some contradict and blaspheme.

Malka, February 6. In taking leave of Pakpattan we walked to the bazaar. Brother Forman took the people to witness that he had plainly pointed out to them their lost condition by nature, their need of an Almighty Saviour, and had set forth to their acceptance or rejection Jesus the incarnate Son of God. He told them he was about to leave, that he once more besought them to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to find salvation. Every few yards he would stop and repeat his farewell warning and entreaty, thus through the entire length of the great bazaar. I think it had an excellent effect, though when we took our way out of the city the crowd hooted after us, and shouted the "kalmi" fiercely. The young *moularie* I mentioned seemed to follow us by a sort of charm. He was present every time we preached, as well as often at the tent for conversation. Last night we went to sleep with the roar of drums and their musical instruments ringing in our ears. Pakpattan seems a dreadful place for wicked people. They showed a hatred of the gospel rarely witnessed in places where it has never been preached but once. But I don't know either. Paul was not long in stirring up the people of Ephesus or Derbe and Lystra. One man during the three days we were at Pakpattan came daily to our tent, deliberately cursed us, and said, "Oh, that I had the authority to kill you all!" and then went away without further conversation.

Kambir, February 9. At Paka Sidhar the people became noisy and uproarious, led on by some of the wicked men from the day before.

Harrappa, February 10. The day passed in a jungle, where the

deer were bounding by on either side, in herds of ten or in single pairs. Encamped near a regiment of Sepahis, among them one hundred and fifty Parthians. Night made hideous by the screams of jackals. I stick to my book yet, but am fast picking up the language. I understand better and better every day, at which my heart rejoices.

Nurshah, February 12. A messenger came. He told us he brought letters (4), and without making any effort to give them to us, told us how he had come all the way from Pakpattan, how tired he was, how expeditious he had been, how well he deserved backshish, etc. ; only when ordered did he unfold his turban and take out the four crumpled letters. There is an old Sikh fakir encamped very near us, who is a great *girivi* among the Sikhs, and to whom men and boys with musical instruments and songs have been paying honors. The old fellow lies back on his cushions, and seems to be inflated with vanity and self-importance. One fellow is now picking away on a sort of banjo in the most dismal and monotonous manner, accompanying it with some half-sung, half-recited narrative. Bura, who understands him, says he is telling anew the history of the great Sikh, Giris Baba Nanak and Gobin Singh. Wretched, cheerless religions are all in this dark land.

Sutgurra, February 16. A day through the jungle. It is a marked feature of this part of the Barree Doab that there is so large a proportion of wilderness. One plunges from a large town right into the wildest sort of places, where the deer and game are to be seen constantly. Another feature is that very many of the towns seem to be relics of what were once strongly fortified cities. Came across four hunters. They had killed two deer, bought them both for twelve annas. We gave the men two annas for carrying them here and cleaning them, and I added two annas on my own responsibility, for which Brother Forman gave me a lecture, but really I thought one rupee little enough for two beautiful deer.

Kama, February 18. Saw a beautiful mirage. Curious and fantastic figures appeared in the horizon just under the sun, when it was about an hour high. There were turrets, domes, spires, columns, arches, as though of a large city four or five miles distant. We saw also two noble suspension bridges with graceful arches over

huge rivers. In half an hour all had vanished, and the sky was wholly cloudless.

Kola, February 19. Bura is improving and begins to handle his knife and fork quite knowingly.

Minbarakpoor, April 15, 1858. "Minbarak" means blessed, but this appears anything else to a weary traveller but a blessed spot. On the camping ground not a tree is to be seen, and there is nothing but a glaring hot *serai* to shelter a poor fellow. I begin to taste the summer heat here. Oh, for a fresh blast from the top of Mt. Vernon—but more than a breeze from the coldest peak of the Himalayas would a look of my wife and child refresh me.

Jalliunda, April 17. The day fiercely hot. With dear Brother Golok. At dear Brother Cope's, Herre Singh's Garden, April 20. The house delightfully situated in an orange grove. October 11, 1859, Phutikal. All day we have been steadily ascending through scenery which the pen refuses to describe. Oh, what lovely valleys, and grand hills, and mad water-courses, tumbling their waters over huge rocks, and along deep, dark dells! Part of the way our road lay through the most magnificent fir (diodor) forests. After going three or four kos we clambered up to a large village, which seemed as though it had been hung out to dry from the hillside. The people listened attentively to my sermons. [The young missionary by this time preaches extempore, and no longer reads his sermons.] Brother Bruce also spoke. He has made astonishing progress, although he has been in the country only a year, and does nearly as well as I do. I feel quite ashamed of my own slowness in acquiring in five years what he has about done in one. We are encamped on a ridge about nine thousand feet high, the scenery enchanting. Hurrebagh, October 10, 1859. Brother Chapman is with us. The Rajah, of Mundee, sends fowls, milk, butter and other provisions to the camp. Kuman, October 13. Crossed the river in boats, swimming the horses. "Fat Jack" didn't like it a bit, and was nearly frightened out of his wits by the horrid-looking inflated skins. After preaching in the city, at half-past eleven visited the Rajah, whom we found to be a boy of fourteen, imperious and haughty, and not over civil. He received us in a small garden house, and had a great train of

dependants with him, to whom Brother Newton preached the gospel. The Rajah was dreadfully bored, apparently, and had to be kept attentive by his old girivi, who administered sundry pokes when the young man's attention wandered from what Brother Newton was saying. Dilasni, October 15. Came over a mountain ten thousand feet high, scenes of ravishing beauty. Camp Sidawi, October 17. Our Sabbath halting place was Largi, a beautiful place entirely surrounded by high mountains, and in an angle formed by two roaring mountain torrents, which meet there, and after running a few hundred yards empty their commingled waters into the Bias. The latter stream then makes a sharp turn to the west, and we shall see it no more on this journey. The houses here are of a singular fashion : a square tower, with a veranda running entirely around, about fifteen feet up ; the people above, crops stored below. There are lots of shepherds here, and enormous flocks of sheep feeding upon the rich pasturage of the mountain steppes. The immense shepherd dogs you have seen near Dhurrisaila are numerous also. I have had to watch Garçon very closely to keep him from being devoured by them. He is such a goose that he would have a fight with every one he meets. We bathe at pleasure in the lovely mountain streams, and are lulled to sleep nearly every night by the sweet music of rippling waters. October 19. Send this letter by an old bundle of rags, called by courtesy a *hurkaru*. Rickety old bridges, magnificent fir trees, up, up, up to a height of fourteen thousand feet. Had the pleasure of a slight fall of snow.

These seven years of residence in India doubtless had a determining effect—bearing fruit later—on the evangelist's conception of theology as a religion, and religion as a theology. The labors of a missionary among such subtile intellects as are found in India put theology to a test.

CHAPTER VI.

MINISTRY, AND THE "PINK COTTAGE" AT STANFORD.

THE ardor and unresting missionary labors of George Barnes in India left him a wreck of his former self. He obtained a leave of absence, in order to return to his old home, and sailed in 1861, bringing with him from Lahore only a part of his very considerable library of Hindoo books, and leaving behind a well-established and beautiful little home. He expected to be back again at what he held to be his consecrated work. It was on this voyage that he stopped over in Carshalton, England, as described in the opening chapter of this study of his life. His health was so impaired, that he was compelled to at once seek some restoration at one of the water-cure establishments in Cleveland, Ohio. For more than a year he remained under active treatment. The tall, lithe, and stately young man of twenty-eight had returned with the apparent weight of decrepitude on him, belonging to age. For some reason not intelligible now, the Board of Missions failed to send him back to his post as he desired. It is likely that the revenue for the work had diminished from former years.

After coming to Kentucky he preached at times, but it was seated in his chair. In 1863 he took charge of the Presbyterian Church—"the old red brick"—in

Stanford. He remained there in the quiet fulfilment of his duties for seven years. At times he suffered intolerable agonies with his spine. Opiates failed to relieve him, but by degrees he regained his freshness of look, somewhat stooping all these years, until the better day came, to be described. He was thus greatly shorn of his personal charms, yet uncommonly attractive. There was about him the perfection of gentle manliness, which made him the mark of favor in his town. His dress was neat. His sermons had a polish and fine turns of expression rarely heard in a country pulpit. The charm of his eloquence at this day established him in the hearts of his little flock and made him the pride of all intelligent folk. He was not a pastor as his father was. The task for his intellect was easy, and the man was not aroused as afterward. It is true that he found a moribund church and put vitality into it, but the great moving strength had not come over him. He was a Christian—we cannot doubt after following him through his life in India—but he yet leaned hard on his staff of theology.

The Civil War between the States swept over him while he was pastor in Stanford, and his powers were stayed, or his influence, as that of the whole body of the clergy, was contracted, while this storm blew. The events of the day may have retarded his development, but until he reached his abiding faith, we must bear in mind that his intellect and heart were ever active, and his open hands were reached out for sweeter gifts. As far as he was personally concerned his popularity spread, and as to friends the skies had a wider horizon for him than for most men. Some distant congrega-

tion would at times, when he filled the pulpit for the day, be startled with the strange beauty of his speech, and would long after put their heads together to talk of the winning, tender fervor and grace of him no longer a stranger by his one visit. More than one remembers him by the blessing he has asked over their bread—so touching and gentle. That his merits were noised abroad, and that preachers and people loved George Barnes, this writer is not called upon to set forth in detail, as he hastens on to the day when the mere grace of eloquence, as a rhetorical accomplishment, was thrown aside as an impediment to the higher grace that comes of faith. The time will come in these pages when this feature of the Stanford period will be seen to be directly connected with the sincerity of the revolution which took place in the man. It goes without saying, that the imagery of the East and the picturesque wonders of India had quickened his imagination and developed in him a hidden but true vein of poetry.

This chapter shall deal only with the peaceful aspect of the pleasant home he relinquished in order to go forth and carry the good tidings "among all men." The reader must look elsewhere for the shadows that passed over all the Church in these days.

Three children, now, had the right to the loving kiss of a father's and a mother's lips. Marie, the oldest, and Willie were born in India, Georgia in Kentucky. George Barnes was among his own people, the friends of his father, the kinsmen of his wife, and an ambition grew in him to be established in a home. He first occupied a small old-fashioned house, sitting back in a

deep yard, in Stanford, and although the flowers came at his bidding, the space soon grew too small for the honeysuckle and the roses. Nor had he room for horticulture and experimental gardening, and a system of chicken-raising, all of which pressed on his leisure moments until they became a passion.

After much deliberation and looking about, he bought of Mr. J. W. Rout five acres on the Hustonville pike, about two miles from Stanford. It was chosen with the eye of an artist. On it was an unusual variety of noble forest trees, that had, somehow, exceptionally been spared. It was on the crest of a splendid sweep of blue grass. The southern sky was impinged by the blue and dreamy outlines of the distant mountains, while in other directions the splendid promise of a land of cheer and fulness, fields of grain, pastures of refreshing color, and all the evidences of thrift were about him. To the east the steeple of his church was to him a constant sign. The home established here betokened the man. Its little boundaries held his heart. Its little encircled world contained his ambition. Here was built the "Pink Cottage." The modest and pleasant color—a peach bloom—was the instinct of an artist. It was not a whim, but the expression of a fine, manly, independent taste. The little home was simply a gem of economy, with the stamp of intelligence on it. The house was a frame of one story and a half—the walls, in and out, filled in with tan bark—entered by an alcove, the sides of which were utilized for bookshelves. To the left was the family room, to the right the reception room, above them two sleeping apart-

ments ; to the rear the dining-room and kitchen, above them two rooms, one of them used as a study. The whole, in its proportions and modest pretensions, perfectly adapted to the wants of this little family. Every accessory was in equal taste, and up to the most advanced improvements in domestic architecture and comfort. The smoke house was in two compartments, a cellar and an upper room for storage, a flue for ventilation running up through the centre. On the top was a quaint Indian vase, a relic of the missionary life. The stable afforded room for three horses, and was divided into compartments for special uses, a loft, bins for grain, and a special vat for manure, not to be excelled for convenience. The fences were neat and tight. The gates were of the latest patents for convenience.

The garden was a marvel for the utilization of three acres ; the arbors gave room for luscious grapes to climb toward the sunlight, and in the balmy days of autumn, its heritage, noble clusters gleamed purple overhead. There were fifty varieties. One great vine, which to him was an emblem of his Master's Church, took its root beneath his hearthstone, clambered past his family room, and reaching beyond his study window, intertwined itself among the vines of the garden. The strawberry beds, protected with care in the winter, made a grateful return in the spring-time. If any one knew of a better variety of garden product than the one in ordinary use, that one was accepted by George Barnes. He loved the fruits of labor and the soil. One hundred bee-hives of the best model were arrayed near the house and garden, and made a busy hum and pleasant music in the bright days of flowers.

Huge chickens, of fancy breeds, stalked about the yard, and made themselves industrious in the stable lot—amazing they were to a conservative community. The hen-house was a little palace for Dame Partlet. In every detail and surrounding the Pink Cottage was simply what every country cottage home ought to be. The tendency of George Barnes's mind was toward mastery. He was only ahead of the general run of improvement in his village. He even had the eccentric desire not to allow the horse of a visitor to be hitched to his favorite trees, and a rope stretched between restricted the animal of the tree-eating variety to a respectful distance on either side.

This clerical husbandman received the best agricultural papers. It was the delight of his neighbors to drop in and hear George Barnes talk on their own theme. He was a mine of information for them. It was in this interchange of visits that George Barnes was to be seen, for he was never a loiterer about town. He was in no sense a trifler. The state of his health did not permit him to be a close student. The man was seeking rest, trying, we may think, to escape from a busy mind. He was of an affectionate disposition, but with his mother's temper. With Marie he was always tender, but he was not yet in the full calm of faith. He would often read aloud some favorite novelist, or entertain the family circle with his inimitable mimicry. Elocution as a science he made no account of, but as an art, the natural expression of himself, it was spontaneous with him. His library was a miscellaneous one, but rich in the rare books of theology, including the Fathers—those "old masters" of

Biblical learning. He had the making of a scholar of wide range on his shelves, and as discursive as were his methods, his receptive mind required no plodding. At intervals he would shut himself up in his study and apply himself to the elucidation of some point that would arise in his mind. His generosity at this time, as always, was a trait from his father's own being. He would share his last dollar with the needy. One little waif he made a man of.

This might have yet been the home of a man, whom mere personal ambition would have never uprooted from the calm and pleasing spot.

CHAPTER VII.

ADRIFT.

I.—Separation in the Presbyterian Church—North and South.

On the 10th day of October, 1866, the Synod of Kentucky became divided in reference to the attitude of the General Assembly of the Church toward affairs in the Southern States. By far the larger body of the congregations in Kentucky protested against the action of the General Assembly; and in 1867 the formal separation was forced upon the Kentucky Synod (of Southern members) by a resolution of the Assembly then in session at Cincinnati.

The incidents which led to this unhappy division date back to a period before the war, during the agitation of the slavery question. It is true that when the sectional issue first appeared in the councils of the Church, the debate and the feeling were finally controlled by considerations of ecclesiastical policy; but when the Civil War with its passions intervened, the issue became indeed dangerous, and finally led to the breaking asunder.

In 1861, in view of civil war, a series of resolutions were passed, among them:

"*Resolved*, That the General Assembly, in the spirit of that Christian patriotism which the Scriptures enjoin, and which has always characterized the Church, do hereby acknowledge and declare our

obligations to promote, as far as in us lies, the integrity of these United States, and to strengthen, uphold and encourage the Federal Government in the exercise of all its functions under our noble Constitution ; and to this Constitution, in all its provisions, requirements and principles, we profess our unabated loyalty."

Dr. Hodge and others protested against this act, as an interference with a political question ; and denied the right of the General Assembly to make membership in the Church depend upon matters so complicated with the events of war. In 1862 resolutions were again adopted, denouncing those of the Church who had been "faithless to all authority both human and divine." In 1863 the Assembly "proclaimed to the world—the United States—one and undivided, as our country ; the lawfully chosen rulers of the land as our rulers ; and its honored flag as our flag." In 1864 "the President's declared policy" of emancipation was noted, and the Church was pledged to lend its aid. In 1864 an appeal was made from Missouri, where the Synod had sanctioned the enforcement of an order by General Rosecrans, whereby the members of every ministerial or ecclesiastical assembly were required to take a solemn oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. The Assembly sustained the Missouri Synod. At Pittsburg, in 1865, the action was still more sweeping. Steps were taken to recognize as *the* Church in the Southern States, only loyal ministers, who were directed how to constitute themselves into Presbyteries in view of opposition ; the records of the Synod of Kentucky were condemned because of their silence in the matter of the war ; representatives of mission work in the South were required to be loyal ; Presbyteries

were required to examine every minister applying for admission, to cause him to "confess and forsake his sin," if he had been concerned in the rebellion; applicants for Church membership were to be examined as to their part in the rebellion, and "not to be admitted to the communion of the Church till they give evidence of repentance for their sin, and renounce their error." These declarations on the records of the General Assembly met with protest, and in 1864 the Synod of Kentucky unanimously dissented. Thus it was, with quickening steps, and with detail immaterial to relate, the separation approached. The Presbytery of Louisville, Kentucky, issued its solemn "declaration and testimony," refusing to comply with the requirements of the General Assembly. This document set forth in very vigorous language its condemnation of the union of Church and State, or of making the Church dependent on "ordinances and laws of State legislatures; the orders and proclamations of military chieftains; and even the results of popular votes given at the elections." The General Assembly meeting at St. Louis in 1866 refused admission to the Commissioners from the Louisville Presbytery pending an examination of their conduct; the "declaration and testimony" was declared "a slander against the Church," "an act of rebellion," etc. The resolution in this connection directed the formation of a Presbytery by the adherents of the Assembly, dissolving the then existing one, in case of continued contumacy. The Kentucky Synod was declared dissolved by the General Assembly sitting in Cincinnati, in 1867. Steps were then taken for a union of the Presbyterian

churches in the South, which was accomplished a year later.

This brief review of the history of the separation is simply designed to explain the condition—or perhaps, better stated, the spiritual difficulties—of the Church during a long period of the ministry of George O. Barnes at Stanford. He was not a man to be altogether quiet in these times of action. Whether he arrived at his definite position in the Church trouble by his Southern sympathies or by his views of the limitations of church government, he allied himself with Dr. Stuart Robinson and others in opposition to the General Assembly. When the division came his church followed him, irrespective of party feeling, a small part of the congregation only still clinging to the Assembly. Yet that there was discord in the little flock he had gathered around him in the village, and that it was painful to him, and distressing at heart to all whose relations with him were forced asunder, was in the very nature of the quiet pastorate he had led, even amid the war. He grew restless under this unseemly perturbation. There was something in the return of the natural order of society, and something in the Church agitation, which awakened him. He was soon to be at liberty, but not yet.

That George Barnes, quiet and unambitious as he seemed to be, had become a power in the State, at least was so recognized by all of the ministers who had ever come in contact with him, is apparent from the loving intimacy that had sprung up between him and Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, the leading intellect in the Church; and certainly, in express terms, from the

speech made by Rev. Dr. R. L. Breck, at the eventful meeting of the Assembly in Cincinnati. Much remark was made concerning the evils of separation. Regrets were uttered at parting. "Do not," exclaimed Dr. Breck in open assembly, "do not force this measure." He then spoke of the noted, the faithful, the able, and the beloved servants of the Church who would be lost by the movement, and substantially said: "Among them George O. Barnes, a man whose ministry has been so fruitful, whose life has been so consecrated; the most winning, the most gentle, the most persuasive of men—that man, who, of all others I have ever known, most resembles in his work, Jesus, of whom he is so sweet a follower."

II.—Before Presbytery.

Stanford was too close to the theological capital of Kentucky Presbyterianism to permit any variance from the Church standard to escape attention. So it was that when George Barnes began to preach a wider salvation than is commonly supposed to belong to a predestined race, and when he referred in his sermons to some absurdities that have crept into the hymns of the Church, and spoke of the power of the devil on earth as ample to do mischief in high quarters, tongues began to wag. Remonstrances made to him only served to make him more outspoken. The flame within him was kindled, and his manhood was aroused. The matter finally came before the Presbytery, sitting then at Perryville, in an informal manner. George Barnes was seeking no disputation,

and might have remained in Stanford with a flock whose love for him was ever growing, had he kept away from the Perryville Presbytery, and had he been a man of compromises. He only went after great solicitation. There is no discipline in the world more zealous or unchanging than that of the Church. So, then, he drove over with a friend to the little village. Very worthy and intelligent men were these members of the Transylvania Presbytery, but they apparently did not understand how to handle their beloved brother, who, not seeking trouble, yet was ready enough in his firm way to stand question and reply. Here, then, on the floor of the Presbytery was that beloved brother, about whom strange rumors had long been busy; the preacher who had taken little children in his arms and blessed them in the name of Jesus, and otherwise deported himself in an unseemly manner. The affairs of the meeting progressed smoothly, but latent in ministerial breasts was the desire to bring to open question the conduct of Brother Barnes. Whether or not there was a vague or a definite mode of action to this end already in hand, we know not. The occasion came soon enough. In the course of business "Free conversation on the state of churches" was called. A presbyter was making a statement as to the additions to his church as the result of a meeting, and remarked that "much caution had been exercised in the matter of admitting children to the communion-table, in regard to whom it was not clear that they possessed the requisite knowledge of the sacred ordinance." "Mr. Moderator," spoke a gentle and well-known voice, "with your permission

I would ask the brother a question." The tall form of George Barnes, erect among those ready to become his accusers, drew the regard of every eye. A man without concealments, with the absolute courage of his convictions, perfectly self-possessed, and without vainglory or wish to create a scene, was up to speak for the faith that was in him. "What authority has the brother for rejecting the loving heart of a child?" The presbyter read from the Confession of Faith in support of his position. This George Barnes denied; and speaking of the pastor's action, continued, "I regard such sentiments as opposed to the fundamental preaching of the gospel. Suffer little children to come unto me, was the precious word of our common Master. As soon as my child is old enough to say 'Jesus loves me,' I place the cup in its hand, feeling that it has the same right to the ordinance that I myself have." In the "conversation" that followed he frankly said that there were passages in the Confession of Faith not to his liking, and that in subscribing to them on his ordination he had done so in ignorance, and his error had been pardoned him. The little band of country parsons were horrified at the independence of the speaker, who had a vigor about his language that was new to them. They had persuaded him to come into the Assembly, and he was the accuser rather than the defendant. With what an easy and confident air he announced the startling proposition that man could err, and that the devil in person could interfere with human action, even to the bewilderment of creeds and the confusion of Confessions of Faith! Here was a matter going from bad to worse. He was

as obstinate as Martin Luther—whose conceptions, it may be incidentally mentioned, were not wholly those of the Confession of Faith. George Barnes was reported in the *Christian Observer* as having said, "The devil sat at the elbow of the scribes as they copied the Scriptures, and dictated interpolations which they made," and that, "The devil had intrenched himself in the Confession of Faith and in the hymn-books, and that if he had time" (this village pastor, ready enough with reasons) "he could show that half the hymns were full of error." The closeness and warmth of the room at this moment induced some member to move that the affair be made the order of business for a certain hour the next afternoon, and a committee was appointed to confer with Brother Barnes. There is no detailed account of this conversation at close quarters, but the next day the following minute was adopted:

"Rev. George O. Barnes having stated upon the floor of the Presbytery, in reply to a question addressed to him by a member in debate, that there are several things in the Confession of Faith which he doesn't believe, and that when he accepted and subscribed to that standard in his ordination vows he did it ignorantly and in unbelief, for which he obtained mercy; and Presbytery having requested and given him an opportunity for explanation and statement of part or parts in the Confession of Faith, from which he supposed he differed, with a view of judging whether the supposed differences were real and substantial, in view of the whole of the statements of Brother Barnes, original and explanatory, Presbytery makes the following declaration:

"1. We regard with profound regret and sorrow the language which Brother Barnes allows himself to use touching the Church standard of doctrine, which no explanation or qualifications could

justify or render consistent, so long as he continues to preach in the Church holding this standard, and under the commission given in his acceptance of the standard.

"2. While Brother Barnes's explanation of the language used, and his other statements of his views were not satisfactory, and in some particulars are not less painful than his first surprising expressions of himself, and awaken the gravest apprehensions touching the soundness and future usefulness of our beloved brother, yet we cannot entirely part with the hope that upon mature and prayerful reflection, and regarding the admonition of Presbytery, he will yet discover and renounce the errors in his differences from the standards of the Church, or may discover that his supposed differences are not real, and that he is able to continue to receive that standard as when taking his ordination vows.

"3. We affectionately and solemnly enjoin upon Brother Barnes a careful review of his position touching the Church's standard of doctrine, the canon of sacred Scripture, the authority of the Church, and particular doctrines of Scripture. We caution and admonish him against the use of unguarded, extreme and startling statements as novelties of divine truth; against disparaging and cavilling statements touching the standards of the Church; against assaults upon the genuineness of parts of the accepted Scriptures, and such handling of the sacred oracles as may beget scepticism and distrust of the whole sacred canon; against trust in special illuminations and inspirations in place of an humble and reverent study of the written Word of God; and against undervaluing estimates and statements of the fidelity and competency of his brethren in the study and teachings of God's Word.

"4. We humbly and earnestly pray that our beloved brother and ourselves may be enabled to see, to embrace and teach alike the truth as it is in Christ."

George Barnes immediately arose in Presbytery, and in a few words, beginning quickly with, "There is a short way of reaching the end," he said that he wished to hand back to them his commission. "My

authority,'' he concluded, with a lofty bearing, as with uplifted and glowing eye he clasped the Bible to his breast, "My authority to preach the gospel is from a source higher than earthly will or power. I am not a bondsman to be fettered by human hands. My life is dedicated to Christ. I go forth in my Master's cause.'' And he left without further parley. There was grief as well as resentment at this issue. With the many, love has since conquered grief, and Christian brotherhood is triumphant over resentment. The incident was thrilling—the conduct on either side seemly.

The truth is, George Barnes did not differ materially in his views with the standard of the Confession of Faith ; but the issue was inevitable. He was too candid and fearless a man to conceal a belief, and his manner, inherent in an outspoken character, was direct and animated. He was not the man to mince words in declaring his conviction that the devil was a power for evil on earth, rather than in hell, and that he was instrumental of mischief in quarters where least suspected.

That George Barnes did not seek this rupture, is apparent from the fact that he was completely at a loss as to his future when he refused to accept rebuke from the Presbytery, and voluntarily returned them his commission as a preacher. The winter was at hand. He was poor. He preached his farewell sermon October 29th, 1871, before a throng of people, his own congregation being sad indeed, while curiosity, wonder and sympathy were in the minds of all. He announced to them that he was going out of the

Church without a dollar in the world, but with faith in God. His congregation would have relinquished their connection with the Church as he had done, and, in fact, a number of citizens of this wealthy community offered to build an edifice for him as an Independent Church, and proposed to give him $1200 a year. This movement he put a stop to. George Barnes was, thus, by no means without friends or sympathy.

The following confidential letter, the purity and calm of which needs no comment, was written to Rev. Richard Deering, Louisville, Kentucky, very shortly after the Perryville affair:

"STANFORD, December 16, 1871.

"BELOVED IN THE LORD: Your kind letter just received. I wish that I could talk with you, if but an hour. I could explain everything so satisfactorily to *you*, for I have no misgivings in making explanations to one who waits for God's dear Son from heaven. 'That blessed hope' is really at the bottom of all these 'light afflictions, which of late have been wringing my heart, but in the midst of which the Lord has most lovingly walked by my side, so that the 'smell of fire' has not as yet appeared upon my garments. For which I praise His adorable grace, and pray without ceasing that I may continue steadfast, and not be moved from the hope of the gospel.

"*You* can understand well what the *undercurrent* is in my case, because you have *been over the road;* but the world cannot, and my brethren, who are not looking for the coming of the Master, *according to Scripture*, cannot. What they, in common, see is just the surface facts, which are briefly these:

"In answer to a question pointedly put to me in the Presbytery at Perryville, as to whether I took the 'Confession of Faith' as my *authority* in matters pertaining to religion, I answered plainly, No! only God's word for me. In answer to a second question, as to

whether I did not *vow*, when Presbytery ordained me, to take it as authority, I answered that I took that vow 'in ignorance and unbelief, for which I obtained mercy.' At the time, I meant neither disrespect or contempt of Presbytery, nor any undervaluing of the Presbyterian Church's standards, fully explaining to them that I was a dutiful member of their body, and an ardent admirer of the book in question; only my conscience would not allow me to take anything less than God's *word* without mixture or taint from man, as my authority. For this my brethren saw fit to pass the paper—published extensively at the time—the first item of which declared that no one holding such sentiments as I had spoken on the floor of Presbytery ought to remain a minister in the Presbyterian Church. Without passion, and only moved by a desire to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man, I accepted their decision, and laid my submission on the table. At a subsequent meeting they dropped my name from the roll. And so I stand to-day. This is a very bare skeleton of the facts. I could add a thousand things to make it more intelligible to you, but have not time to do it on paper. What are my plans? you ask. I have *none*, and wish to have none. As long as the Lord has work for me, *He* will open doors which *no man can shut*. I have been preaching right along since the first disturbance, and the Lord still blesses my ministry. Again, I say this only to the praise of His adorable grace. Am I perplexed as to duty? you ask. Not for a *moment*. If a living voice from the sky had during all these troubled days spoken, saying, 'This is the way, walk in it,' my way would not have been a whit clearer. The Lord has cast the 'light of His countenance' on my pathway, and I have been quite happy *in Him* all the time. And as I write I have not a care for the morrow, though I can't see an inch before me. Why should I? 'He careth for me.' Again, I praise Him in it all. If it had been George Barnes only, *you* know how different the result would have been. In all this I would beg you to understand that I have only been happy 'in the Lord.' The flesh has been tortured, and writhes yet. 'All they in Kentucky are turned away from me.' 'At my first answer no man stood with me; I pray God it may not be laid to their charge.' Isolation from

the dear ones 'according to the flesh' is a dreary thing. I know its bitterness. It is a living death. And I *still* suffer, the Lord only knows how much. But then

> 'As darkness shows us worlds of light
> We never saw by day,'

I cannot tell you how all this trial has brought out Scripture and the words of cheer written for the sorrowing and suffering child of God. And this alone has been 'a hundredfold,' even in this life, a compensation for what I have been privileged to endure.

"One thing for a while staggered me, viz., that my *brethren in Christ* should have heated up my furnace. But I saw soon—in the word—that *that* was *the common thing*, and I wondered no longer.

"Dear brother, it would do my soul good to see you, and confer with you as to our common hope, and learn of the way the Lord is leading you also. Well, if the dear Master sees that it will be for our good, He will bring us together again. Let us wait on Him—ever—never going *before our faith*, nor lagging *behind our conscience*.

"Give my dearest love in Christ to Brother John. Has the Lord taught him yet as to the *only hope* of a child of God? I often think of him. You notice I have been particularly kept from defending myself in the newspapers. The temptation at times has been almost irresistible, with the means, in my hands, of what the world would call a 'triumphant vindication.' But, thus far, the Lord has kept me, and, I am persuaded, *will* keep to the end. And everything only confirms me in the sweet assurance that character as well as everything else is most perfectly preserved when intrusted wholly into the Lord's hands for safe keeping. He has a thousand ways, unknown to me, of vindicating me; and I am glad to be permitted to leave it with Him. It may not be His time, until the day of our manifestation before His 'Bema' (2 Cor. 5 : 10), and, if so, *that* is the best time.

"And now, beloved in Christ, this hastily written letter may reassure you, if you have been anxious for me. It would be strange if the reports you have heard have not more or less shaken your confidence, knowing as you do the weakness of all flesh. But this may serve to assure you that the Lord is still keeping His poor child,

and lead you to praise afresh that grace that saves and keeps even those who least deserve anything.

"Ever in the hope of His coming, your brother,

"G. O. Barnes."

The Pink Cottage was still retained as a home. Even in the best of times the neat, modern smoke-house with the Indian water-pot perched on top did not always contain a whole hog at one time, and now there came some years when comfort was often in peril. It was truly a trial of faith. The most striking feature of the inner life of George Barnes at this time, is the simplicity with which he sought spiritual knowledge from others. His growth in grace, as far as we can judge, who have penetrated into his most secret thoughts, and have followed his words written in India to his wife, never suffered obstruction for long. So it is with his theological views. There was no sudden change, at least in outline of belief. There was no abrupt breaking away from the Church at Perryville. He had simply outgrown restrictions on the freedom of his conscience. Stimulated as he was by the action of the Presbytery, he took care to begin an inward study of himself and a scrutiny of the gospel. He was evidently girding up his loins for a combat for faith, regardless of his earthly prospects. He received much consolation at this time from a favorite religious paper with him—*The Witness*. The more dejected he had cause to be in his worldly affairs, the warmer became his sympathies with men whom the churches could not reach with their selfish creeds. The season that elapsed between his farewell sermon and the date of his beginning evangelical work was

not idle. It is proper to remark again, that it was a season of refreshing and strengthening for a mind at once elastic and independent, which was made retrospective by the accident of a rebuke from a Presbytery in the hills of Kentucky. In the mean time he had attended a convention in Canada, and there met with a man who had a remarkable influence upon his thought. This was Darby, the founder of the sect known as the Plymouth Brethren.

III.—Darby—The Plymouth Brethren. *

About this time the pure aims and doctrine of the Plymouth Brethren, and the zeal and success of the evangelists of this order of Christians, attracted much attention. Eloquence, logic, and indeed every element of Christian character, forced the attention of men in all the churches. Lord Cecil, a "godson" of Queen Victoria, was evangelizing with great success in Canada, where there are to-day something like one hundred thousand followers of Darby. There was in his movement something that seemed to exactly suit a man in the position of George Barnes. It required no ordination of the preacher, but all who were filled with spirit were held consecrated to the ministry. The Plymouth Brethren, indeed, existed under no formal organization. The doctrines were identical, in the leading features, with those of the Presbyterian Church. For about two years George Barnes affili-

* See H. G. Guinness's "Answer to the Question, Who are the Plymouth Brethren?" Philadelphia.

ated with this order. He became personally attached to Darby, and was in turn much beloved by him.

The Darbyites, who only recognize the name of "Christians," but are commonly called "the Plymouth Brethren" — and sometimes "the Peculiar People," sprang into existence in the British Isles in about 1835. The place of the greatest importance in the origin of the sect was the town of Plymouth, in the southern part of England. About the same time, in various places, Dublin, Plymouth and elsewhere, gatherings were held. The movement had an eminently respectable origin. It was notable, that among the first who were zealous in spreading the reformation —for such it was—were retired Anglo-Indian officers. Darby was recognized as the leader, and continued in the cause, evangelizing everywhere, until his death, which occurred in 1881.

J. N. Darby was the son of a wealthy English gentleman, whose desire was to have his son enter the law. He had large possessions in Ireland, and sent the young man to Dublin, where he became a barrister, but relinquished his profession and brilliant prospects in order to devote himself to urging the gospel upon the poor peasantry. It seems that in reading the Bible, and without other spiritual instruction, an extraordinary religious zeal had taken possession of him. The father was much angered at his course, and threatened to disinherit him. "What would you do with your part of the estate?" said the father. "Give it to the poor," was the answer of the young man. For twelve years young Darby was without aid, but more than content, rejoicing in his chosen work. He

was prevailed on to take orders in the Episcopal Church, and for a long time in this capacity, refusing a salary, lived in humble quarters, ministering to the poor. But he was a sincere and progressive man, and soon tired of the formalism and the restraints of the Established Church. He threw aside his gown. The result of his emancipation was the speedy growing up of the Plymouth Brethren, one of the teachings, the fundamental belief of which order is, that unity in Christ alone constitutes the Church. It was while bedridden from a painful accident, that Darby, in his meditations and reading of the Bible, became convinced that the Church, in the requirement of being the body of Christ, meant the holiness of individual believers. Christianity was more than ever an actuality with him. Darby was a man of intellect, thoroughly trained in the schools, and his teachings bear the impress of a stern logic. The doctrines are essentially Calvinistic: original sin, predestination, the efficacy of Christ's atonement, obedience to Him, His intercession, sanctification and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. But religion with Darby was real. Every tenet was a thing of daily exercise in belief—the second coming of Christ being accepted, and the Lord's Supper being an occasion for frequent communion among those of the body of Christ. They have no ecclesiastical organization. Ordination is not essential to the teacher and preacher. There is equality, but on the highest plane of Christianity. Evangelists only are supported on salaries. In fact, the Plymouth Brethren may be described as a body of active evangelists, aiming at the general good, cutting down all sham in the churches,

uncompromising and aggressive ; logical to the extent of holding that a Christian should be content to be damned if it be the will of God, and earnest to the core. They say the churches have departed from the faith, and hold that only those are of the body of Christ—whether belonging to their order or not—who have given themselves wholly to Him. The line of doctrine is closely adhered to in the absence of Church government, and fellowship is subject to close scrutiny.

Darby travelled on foot through Europe, evangelizing, and suffered many trials. Wherever he heard of a Plymouth brother in the same work, he would provide for his necessities. George Barnes attended a meeting of the brethren in Canada. There he became acquainted with the founder. Darby came with him to Kentucky, and was for a week his guest and companion at the Pink Cottage. Some evangelizing was done by the two. At Lexington, Kentucky, they were entertained at dinner by Gen. John C. Breckenridge. Darby left a fine impression upon the distinguished guests present. It was in Chicago, some years after this visit, that the divergence came between Barnes and Darby. They talked long and earnestly in the drawing-room of the home of John G. Owsley. "For once," said George Barnes, "I had the text and the reasons on him." The discussion was concerning the perseverance of the saints, or the Great Tribulation. Barnes held that the unfaithful saints would remain to pass through the tribulation ; Darby, the contrary. Finally the founder of the Plymouth Brethren arose, gave his hand to his brother, and then turned away, saying, "Poor Barnes ! poor Barnes !" It almost broke the

hearts of the two to part thus. Darby died in 1881, cut off from the apparent promise of one hundred in years, but still a vigorous old man. From accounts of him during his Stanford stay, he was insignificant (like Paul) in looks, medium in height, heavy set, complexion the true British red and white, a blue eye, Roman nose. "He was an indifferent speaker," says George Barnes, "but in talk he was simply irresistible. He had a fine hold of the truth, as his knowledge of the Scriptures was incomparable. I never saw one to excel him in polemics. In writing, his style was crabbed, and often involved, to confusion. He was a most lovable man. I shall never speak ill of Brother Darby, for he was my spiritual father." The Plymouth Brethren, with all their purity of doctrine, are a close corporation, and soon dropped George Barnes. The Stanford pastor, fearless and inexorable as ever in every detail of his inner faith! Without compromises with any man or set of men, for any consideration of comfort or material success, when the Word of God is with him after his earnest searching out!

IV.—The Harrison Street Chapel.

George Barnes was often heard in these days. He could not remain silent. He stopped not a moment in his life work. John G. Owsley, a native of Stanford, a wealthy merchant of Chicago, heard of the difficulties and temporal perplexities of the much loved pastor. Mr. Owsley's action was a providential thing. In giving his hand, his heart, his aid to the man in the toils, he followed the generous instincts of a Ken-

tuckian, full of admiration for one whose sincerity was only equalled by his courage. Mr. Owsley knew well enough that he was a man of power, and that he had a singular grasp upon the vital truths of Christianity. The visits to Chicago became more and more frequent. The merchant and his wife were in thorough sympathy with him, enchanted with his clear expositions of the gospel. The generous merchant built a chapel in Harrison Street, Chicago, specially for him, at a cost of $6000, and fitted up for him a house with every comfort. The congregation grew, and were ready to give the pastor a most liberal salary. At this time Moody, the most successful of modern evangelists, was engaged in completing to its fulness his remarkable work in Chicago, extending over a period of ten years. George Barnes threw himself into the labors required of the band of Moody's assistants, and was a constant attendant at the "Inquiry Meetings." A strong friendship sprang up between the men. Their conception of the gospel and the methods of approaching those without belief was the same. There were full interchanges of opinion. Finally, one evening, Moody said to Barnes, "George, your work is that of an evangelist. Be the one or the other, a reformer or an evangelist. I say to you, that your work lies among the people." That this advice was acted upon in the singularly decisive manner, to be related, came more directly, perhaps, from an event, the recurrence of the date of which is marked always as a day of new birth. He had been attending the "Holiness Meetings," where those who had entered into "the life more abundantly" met together to relate their

experiences, and to hold service. He was at first disposed to hold back from what was foreign to his conceptions of subordination and Church regulation; but he soon saw that those who spoke possessed the secret of a happier life* than his, something that he was longing for, complete consecration to the Master, a life bound up in that of the "Elder Brother." So it was, that on the 26th day of August, 1876, he entered into "the life more abundantly." His mind was at once made up to go forth and preach the gospel to all men. He would henceforth live a life of absolute trust, and devote his days to proclaiming salvation. He announced his determination to his friend, Mr. Owsley, and to his growing congregation. The elegant home which had been prepared for him he did not enter. In four days he was off to Kentucky, his chosen field. He refused all aid, and went forth without money. He proposed to give up everything. He stripped himself of all earthly ambitions for the good fight of faith. How many pledges to your stubborn opinion, O stupid, cavilling reader, if such you be, must be recounted, ere you believe that Christianity has its sacrifices—its abandonment of selfish aims?

"I saw my way clear to evangelize," he said, "and came back as the Lord opened the door." To Rev. T. H. Cleland, of Lebanon, Kentucky, he joyfully exclaimed,

"I SHALL NOW REDEEM THE YEARS THE CANKER WORM HAS EATEN."

* See "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," by Hannah Whitehall Smith.

CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT HIS MASTER'S WORK.

AMPLE detail, with illustrative incidents, as to the spirit of the ministry, which now had its beginning, will be found in the extracts from the evangelist's diary, taken up when he started into the mountains of Kentucky. Here, general results will be sufficient. The first series of meetings, lasting over two years, were filled with success, but in them was spent the brunt of opposition. During this period he gained friends, whose fellowship in the faith has accompanied him unfalteringly and lovingly since.

The following is the record, in their order, of conversions from the date of his first venture at Lebanon, up to the beginning of the meeting at Jackson, in Breathitt county, November 12th, 1879 :

Lebanon, Marion Co., Kentucky.....	5
Columbia, Adair " "	75
Burksville, Cumberland Co., Kentucky.....	73
Glasgow, Barren Co., Kentucky.....	24
Hustonville, Lincoln Co., Kentucky.....	165
Albany, Clinton Co., "	221
Stanford, Lincoln Co., "	316
Campbellsville, Taylor Co., "	669
Danville, Boyle Co., "	1500
Greensburg, Green Co., "	214
Edmonton, Metcalfe Co., "	233
Glasgow, Barren Co., "	91

Lexington, Fayette Co., Kentucky	441
Nashville, Davidson Co., Tennessee	99
Ripley, Lauderdale " "	110
Fulton, " " "	34
Washington, Mason Co., Kentucky	62
Dayton, Ohio (Union Camp Meeting).	[*No record.*]
Owingsville, Bath Co., Kentucky	385
Lee's Chapel, " " "	115
Wyoming, " " "	125
Polksville, " " "	105
Frenchburg, Menifee Co., ".	162
Total	6302

His first experience—at Lebanon—was somewhat discouraging. It was here that he had to encounter one or two opponents of the clergy and the Church, who were of the Presbytery at Perryville. He was under ban as a heretic. He was countenanced by a small band only of believers ; but one or two notable converts of the meeting, shining jewels—beautiful in character, recognized by all—are standing rebukes to his treatment at this place.

At Burksville, February 20th, 1877, Miss Marie joined her father, and the union of labors thus commenced is always affectionately and thankfully remembered upon the date, by the evangelist in his diary. The purchase of an organ added what was to be a feature and a factor in the work. Marie had just begun her womanhood, and this consecration to the work, amid discouragement, rejoiced her father's heart, and endeared her to him inexpressibly.

The figures in the foregoing list indicate the refreshing success met with by the twain on return to the

county of their home—the numbers constantly increasing—until, stepping over into the very nest of opposition, the stronghold of Presbyterianism—Danville—he began a remarkable siege, which resulted in a wonderful victory. For a long time the result appeared doubtful. The college professors—the people themselves—were arrayed against him; but he determined to have a hearing, and preached day and night for three months in the town where "every door-bell reproached him and every signboard frowned down on him." Finally the walls gave way. Some distinguished ones of the clergy yielded, and an unheard-of revival grew and grew, until fifteen hundred were numbered among his converts. Throngs of people flocked to hear him. Confessions had to be taken "standing." The rejoicing was like a great inundation of charity. A town had been subdued, that was bred in and in with orthodoxy—prepared to resist the evangelist long before his coming. It was a vindication indeed—a man restored to the hearts of the people of his Church. It was a seal of favor divine, undeniable. The figures sufficiently indicate the work in Danville. It would serve no purpose, not otherwise reached in this history, to give the details of this meeting.

In Lexington he met with "cultured" opposition, and a stubborn attempt to ignore. He was received by a small Church of the Reformers, united with Presbyterians and others. He created a "sensation," which was not his ambition, and won true hearts, which was his desire. Some of his stanchest friends were here gained—often referred to lovingly.

The evangelist made, what may be characterized as a dash into Tennessee, and sufficiently demonstrated that his words had a melting power among strangers, to whom his name was unknown, except by the rumor that would run ahead of him as to lack of "orthodoxy" and as to his Church troubles. It was at Fulton that he gained one who is a shining remembrance, an infidel then, as zealous now as Paul. It was Rosa Lea, his wife, to whom he subsequently gave the Bible, from which the facsimile inscriptions on the fly-leaves of this book are copied. In making the gift the evangelist wrote: "Presented to Mrs. Rosa Lea, by her brother in Jesus, George O. Barnes, evangelist. To the one I esteem as truest of the very few I think quite true, I give this dear Bible, the precious companion of my earlier evangelistic ministry in the mountains of Kentucky." The inscriptions were the work of moments calling for no other occupation, when, remote from home and distractions, his mind was ever filled with praise and thought of his work. The Bible itself is one of the flexible editions of Bagster—flexibility in the hands of Christ being often and often illustrated by him in his sermons with the book in his hands. The degree of careful study—the very source of his discourses—the range of his thought, investigation, learning, feeling, are to be seen in this book annotated with reflections and suggestions for sermons—all kept as neatly with lines and marks, as a ledger.

The degree of success in Bath county, footing up over seven hundred in the four villages, was only second to the Danville assurance of the harvest he was

to reap in coming years. This ingathering at the very threshold of the mountains was a visible seal of approbation from his Master, and he knew that his longing to be tending the sheep scattered on the mountain-sides was a true one. He obeyed it. The result was instant and continued success.

With this sketch of the first period of this ministry, we may now get an intelligent glimpse of the development of his spirit and the circumstances of his work, from certain letters addressed to his wife, who remained at the Pink Cottage. Whenever separated from his wife, the evangelist—just as was his custom in the early days of married life in India—wrote a letter to her daily. While domestic affairs and the events of this ministry necessarily occupy in them some space, they are more largely given over to a record of his spiritual progress.

On the way to Columbia:

"Reached Lebanon and found Brother Lapsley on the platform (station). Spent two or three hours very pleasantly at his house. Miss Sallie Cleland, Miss Cleaver, old Sister Spalding, Mrs. Edelen, with another sister, were there; spent most of the time going over sundry passages of Scripture with Miss Sallie, whom I found quite happy in the Lord, and growing most blessedly 'in grace.' I came away feeling very grateful to the Lord for having used me in Lebanon as a channel to convey blessings to so many of His dear children, if not to the unconverted. . . . Burksville, March 17, 1877. 'Sister Rose' Grundy writes the sweetest letters (from Lebanon), telling me how all the 'rested' children of the Father are growing 'right along,' and 'adorning the doctrine'—herself the brightest of them all, as the letter plainly tells, though not a word of self, except to deprecate. The Lord be praised again and again for His work in Lebanon. . . . (Columbia.) To-day's mail

brought me a very sweet letter from Sallie Cleland. It was a cup of refreshment from the Lord's own hand. She seems to be '*growing* in grace' most rapidly."

The meeting at Lebanon was not a "failure."

The beginning of Marie's ministry of song will reveal itself in the following extracts:

"Columbia, January 27, 1877. And now I have a subject resting on my heart that I cannot shake off, and that more and more seems to be from the Lord. And so I want you to take it prayerfully with me to the Lord, and tell Marie to seek counsel of the blessed Saviour, and decide soon. I need her, if she will let the Lord work His blessed will in her, and will give herself unreservedly to Him. Of course, that must be first. But if she can cast herself wholly on the Lord, and then, not heeding what people will say, and only desirous to lay her little gift at the Saviour's feet, will consecrate her voice to Him as King, Him to save souls, precious souls through her singing—why, then, I do believe the Lord will own her service, and human life shall be a glorious thing to her. My heart is more and more burdened about this, and I believe it is the Lord's burden, that I ought not to try to get rid of. Now, darling girl, seek the Lord, as never before, on this subject. January 29. I sent to Chicago for a portable organ, so strongly am I impressed with the thought that my darling will be given me in this evangelistic work."

He charges his wife to let no one play on the organ when it arrives. He wishes to "never let a note sound from it but for His glory"—the consecrated organ. He feels his heart yearning for his daughter, after receiving a letter from her asking his prayers. A reply from Marie serves a purpose at once. A lady calls on the evangelist, but is unable to tell him the cause of her trouble. He gives her Marie's letter to read, and "it was a word in season. She left with a face beaming with confidence and joy." The father writes that

he will "look even to Jesus" that both of them be "filled with the Holy Ghost," and endued with power from on high. Marie arrives. February 16th, she writes to her mother, recounting her sorrow at a certain self-conceit, "I who have so little to be proud of," and adds, "but I have only told you and Him about it." Marie was indeed endowed with spiritual grace for her work. Her voice was untrained, a "native, wood-note wild." Her ear alone guided her hand upon the organ. She was in her girlhood, and it was not at once that she, or any one in the startled household, understood the firmness and the fire of the father's inspiration. Marie, however, grew rapidly up to the stature of her father's heart.

"Burksville, February 21, 1877. My little girl and I have agreed not to have any 'to-morrows' or 'yesterdays' in our lives, nothing but a *present*, precious Saviour, and to 'lean hard' on Him. February 23. Marie comes in every morning before breakfast, and we have prayer together. It is about the sweetest hour of the day. It is so *restful* in beginning a new day to get so near the Lord, that we can roll every burden on Him. . . . Marie specially useful; for the girls (of the boarding-school) come to her before me. She has just been telling me how some of the girls have been trying to persuade their serious companions not to confess Christ, and of the texts of Scripture she gave them, with which to answer the tempters. . . . March 2. (An unexpected 'rush' to front seats.) Marie was so full that she could hardly play, 'I hear thy welcome voice,' and Miss Webb was dissolved in tears. Mrs. McMultin was one of the first to come forward with both hands outstretched. March 3. Marie sang the hymn with real spiritual power, not artistic skill. She felt every word she sang. I think she grows in grace every day. How glad I am and thankful that the Lord gives her to me in this sweet service. March 5. One dear girl, after service this morning, told Marie, 'Oh, I can't give up;' and Marie told her,

'Oh, yes you *can*.' She went to her room, and as the bell rang for dinner she came out and called Marie to her; and with a radiant face said, 'I have given *all* into Jesus' hands.' She was full of new-found joy. March 9. The Lord gave Marie another soul for her hire last night, who yielded to the song after resisting the sermon. Greensburg.—(Speaking of some trivial matter done by Marie.) Of course I let her do anything she likes, and *glad to have her do it.* I can say with little Lizzie, 'Oh, Miss Barnes, you are very dear to me!' Poor child; I would like so much to hear from her again."

It is clear from the very first of these letters that our evangelist was at once and forever in the full tide of his new life. For a little while we read suggestions about the garden, and words of sage advice—all quickly dropped as subjects of no concern, except as of a burden he was not yet able to shake off, longing all the while to do so. Let us have such a parting glimpse of the George Barnes of the early Pink Cottage days as a few lines of counsel about gardening give:

"I really sympathize with you in the matter of the grapevines. But you mustn't 'look at' them till the sap rises. It is very late now. . . . Do not attempt a crop in the back of the garden this year, but bring it up into good heart. In July, turn the rye under, and sow in buckwheat for the bees. In November, turn the buckwheat under, and sow in rye again, and then you will see such a piece of corn ground in the spring as will do your heart good," etc.

The mother at home with the care of the two children, Willie and Georgia, upon her, has much to write concerning them, their doings and their hopes. These are earthly cares that come near to his heart, and he often writes to the children, and about them. His government of them now is all one of human grace—no harshness, no orders. He comes down in his letters

to their comprehension—all so simple and genuine. To Georgia, who confides to him her quarrel with a little companion, he counsels forgiveness, and asks her "If she knew that Jesus would take her 'to meet Him in the air'—next Saturday even—if she could indulge in a single spiteful feeling between now and then. Well, Jesus may come before Saturday," and, then, in his letter, he turns to his wife, "I would rather meet you in His dear presence, wife, than at South Danville," etc. He closes his letters often with the request, "Pray for us without ceasing." To Georgia he writes: "You and Willie pray for papa, that the Lord will use him still more, and I will pray for you, that you may grow up to *help me* as the Lord may direct." "Tell my little George," he writes, "that papa will remember her birthday," and so he does with this simple child's letter:

"RIPLEY, May 8, 1879.

"DARLING DAUGHTER: Your birthday letter may reach you before your birthday does; but if I wait until the next mail, it will not get to you until after it is over. So I think I had better be too soon than too late. I am glad you reminded me of it, and I enclose my little contribution to your happiness, although you did not mention so gross a thing as money in your letter, yet I remember the time when a little money bought a great deal of child pleasure for *me*, and I think you are just the right age to feel the same way. And now with the little gift of love from papa and Marie (she sends one dollar and I send the other), we both say, 'God bless our darling,' and make her the best girl in the country. Then she will be the happiest girl in the country. For it is the 'good' that always brings the 'happy' into our lives. Jesus is the only one who can give happiness, and this He does when we let Him come into our lives and take charge of *everything*. Let me ask my darling to begin her fourteenth year

(the double seven) by just telling the blessed Saviour that He shall be the Master of your life, henceforth and forever. An entire surrender to Jesus is the 'seeret of a happy life.' What you yield to Him, He will surely take in charge, and oh, what a life He will make out of it. I have only one wish for my little namesake, and that is that she may be a eonsecrated child of the Lord, always obedient, and therefore always full of joy and peace.

"Learn to play on the organ better and better every day, so that you ean join us, with mamma, when we all go out together to serve the dear Lord. It is sueh a blessed, happy life; so different from the life of selfishness that brings such constant trouble with it. When Jesus comes again, we will be so glad we served Him faithfully and lovingly, wherever we were. It may be that the Lord has other work for you, and that you may not be an evangelist like Marie, but I want you to be a fully eonsecrated woman, whatever you may do; and the way to be a conseerated woman is to be a eonsecrated little girl. I do believe the Lord is leading and teaching my darling, and it makes me very happy to think so. And now, with 'many, many happy returns,' if Jesus still should tarry a little longer, always your loving, loving PAPA and MARIE."

The reader has neither given his heart nor his intelligence to this history should he misinterpret in its delicacy or in its genuineness this message to Georgia:

"Sympathize with George for her red birds, of whose existenee I was so happily ignorant that I had no time to get attached to them, and therefore their untimely end brought no shock, but I know it hurt George, and *that* hurts me, always. Well, pet! you must make it up on the pup, and transfer your bird love to him. Only, if he comes to grief, you will have a time of it."

Willie's ambition is to go to Centre College, at Danville, and he does try a session or two there. His father's confidential letters to him are models of that frankness and gentleness which are calculated to win a

boy's heart—no cant about him—but solemn enough. Had George Barnes taken up this career for his worldly advancement the "startled household" might well have been in fear. In truth, he wished for nothing better than to be rid of all his possessions; much desirous, of course, to be free of all debt. This end he finally reached—owed no man a cent, and trusted to the Lord for maintenance in His service. In the mean time the prudent wife, full of Christian sympathy with the husband, but taking a natural care of their material things, as was proper and essential, often wrote of domestic affairs. Once he replies:

"Nashville, March 12, 1879. So let us look to the Lord, and 'He will provide.' I confess I don't see 'an inch ahead' on the subject. Only, I know, I am going on to preach—come what may—and *never* stop till the Lord lays me aside. That is the only point on which I am as 'clear as crystal.'"

He sends Georgia "the dollar out of my shallow purse. No! it is *deep* as *His love*. I take that back before the ink dries." His wants are wonderfully supplied. "We had just paid out our last dollar, when the supply came." He and Marie send a Christmas box home, the express not paid, "as we had no money." "Met our poor sister going out to get something to *eat* for herself and little boy. Gave her every cent I had in the world—eighty-five cents—for Jesus' sake." For his wants he reserves only the smallest essential sum. Alas! and alas! for the reader, if he regard the details here given as designed for his curiosity. It is a record of heavenly contentment, not a history of hardships! The quick eyes of his friends

—his brethren—note his needs. "Brother Milton gave me" so and so. "Praise the Lord, who knew I had need of these things." He wishes for no earthly possession. Sell Pink Cottage! "Wife, it might make the difference between being 'caught up' or left behind. I shudder at the possibility." He knew his old love for these things of earth, and he did not feel that he could be wholly consecrated with them in his heart. He once writes, "Though He knows that it is my steadfast purpose to serve Him clothed or 'naked,' as dear Paul was, whose shoes I am not worthy to untie." When an infidel, converted by the evangelist, sent a tailor to measure a suit of clothes for him, he said, "No, the present suit is good; when it is gone God will provide another."

He touches upon many of his habits and incidental tastes. He finds that he needs to walk about five miles a day to keep in good health. He begins to read a sermon written by some preacher. "It seems, at first glance, of the flowery, compositional style, which, you know, I have a great horror of." His own "best sermons" he holds as a vanity, and will not entertain praise. He once wishes he could fully recall a sermon he preached "last night," but is sure the Lord will send it to him when needed again.

The incidents of this period are numerous and full of interest. He rejoices at "the sweet grace of the Lord, coming down 'like rain on the mown grass.'" He goes into communities where he converts, for example, one who, "last week, rode up and down the pavements on his spree, and entered into one store on horseback." At another place a feud threatened to

depopulate the village, and his words of love came to heal all differences. Elsewhere in a court-room twenty pistols were drawn, and tragedy hovered for a moment in the air. In that county over seven hundred converts responded to his gentle voice. Where law was struggling for supremacy over violence, love, as proclaimed by our evangelist, seemed to gain its easiest victory. He met with opposition, but the people were with him ; and help came to him from the churches in a manner quite remarkable for the diversity of this form of sympathy. In one community the Baptists, in another the Reformers, often the Methodists, and not seldom the Presbyterians. At times all sects would unite with harmony. In short, there was every possible combination of circumstances in the sympathy. The very lack of united opposition and the very diversity described is fine proof of the gospel nature of his preaching.

"Greensburg, July 20, 1878. As Marie was singing,

'See the Father meets him, out upon the way ;
Welcoming his *weary, wandering* child,'

I saw his eyes begin to glisten, as he looked me full in the face ; and as I pointed to heaven, and we sang with emphasis,

'*Glory ! glory ! how the angels sing*,'

he could stand it no longer, but held out his hand. Praise the Lord ! It did me far more good than any conversion during the meeting so far.

"Edmonton.—Our little 'Rob' was punished yesterday for behaving badly in church. Mrs. Young is very resolute when she makes up her mind, and the little fellow got it in a fashion he had never before experienced. After he had gotten over the sobbing I heard him coming up-stairs, and then he knocked gently at my

door, and said, 'Brother Barnes, let me in to you.' I supposed he wanted to come in for a little visit as usual, but on opening the door, he said, "I was bad in church, I am going to do better next time; please *forget* me.' He wanted to say, forgive. It was so touching that it almost broke me down. What could I do but take the dear little fellow in my arms and kiss him again and again, and assure him that I was not at all angry with him? And then I thought of how tenderly the dear 'Father of us all' yearns over us when we come to tell Him we are sorry for what we have done wrong; and I learned from my own poor imperfect heart of tenderness such a lesson of His greater love that I trust not to forget soon."

The simplicity of his heart appears in the loving words he writes about Rev. Dr. Baird, of Nashville, whose intellect in its spiritual office he commends without stint. He speaks affectionately of Letwitch, and throughout is in most brotherly accord with those at whose churches he ministers. In Dr. Baird's church instrumental music is used. The trombone-player—an Italian—was converted. Ripley, Tennessee, is in the cotton belt. Everything bore the plantation look. The evangelist's work there revolutionized the town. His personal treatment was kind to a degree. At Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. Lea, as already recorded, became the devoted friends of the evangelist and his daughter. The gift of the Bible and its inscription tell more than can be added here in words. The experience, here, of the evangelists in their wayfaring was in every sense a joy. The scene of the home was enchanting. The family one of authority—typical Southerners, the old character united with the new.

"Fulton, May 19, 1879. It is a delicious morning, with everything looking very 'southy;' windows all up; breakfast eaten in

the broad hall ; magnolia flowers in various stages, contributed by the school children (Mrs. Lea, just to be doing good, teaches the village school) ; the hot sunshine fleeking the deeply-shaded yard here and there ; humming-birds and 'bumble' bees fairly *roaring* among the honeysuckles that climb over the front veranda ; a gentle breeze blowing up from the broad, placid bosom of the grand old river, that looks as quiet as a mill-pond this morning."

Such is the picture that the evangelist sketched in his quick and sweeping way, writing to his wife. It gives the tone to this idyllic episode. The home and the country were like Eden. He brought the one thing lacking—peace and joy. Mr. Lea had been a sceptic. Having promised to preach to the dwellers on "Island No. 34," in the Mississippi, a sailboat bore the evangelist and ten companions over the bosom of the broad river, and he preached to those who came—fourteen "islanders"—under the shade of the great cottonwood trees. "Come unto me" was the text. The whole congregation was converted. "It was a blessed day. Praise the Lord."

At first the meeting at Washington, Mason County, Kentucky, seemed to hold out no promise of results. He writes : "You know I was strongly impressed during the last, heavenly, Lexington meeting, that the Lord was refreshing us with 'angels' food,' that was to last 'forty days.'" And then came the memorable welcome and surrender in Bath county.

These letters are remarkable for the unceasing strain of praise that runs through them. What he discovers in the Bible—"as the Lord unfolds its hidden beauties"—he communicates as of more interest than any current "news." In fact the oneness of purpose

and thought in his life now finds its proof in the tone and texture of the daily messages to his wife. His "prayer is, to be a man of one book." He rejoices that "the Lord has given me so many new things to preach about when I go to Danville; and I am sure will increase the stock as I trust Him." Nor does he fear to go there, "because the gospel of His sweet grace is just the thing for broadcloth as well as jeans." God will provide all things. He writes: "Do you not see, wife, how tenderly and gradually He is 'weaning us'? relaxing our grasp, quietly but firmly, upon the things of earth, that He may have *all* our hearts?" His teachings were being gradually rounded out all this while, traceable in his letters, to their present fulness. "I was going to write 'alas!' but, no! with all my heart I do *not* write any such sad word, and hope never to pen it while life lasts and I have such a Jesus. He is all I want. Anything else acceptable, only as He *adds* it, Matthew 6 : 33." The breadth of his sympathies is scriptural: "John 4 is ever repeated in all parts of this world. And yet many a man who is covetous, and many a woman who is a tattler, will go on and talk about this poor woman, little dreaming that they are doing worse, and *keep on* doing worse, according to Scripture, than the poor girl who will be cast out." "It reminds me of the horrible propensity in the animal creation to put to death a wounded or helpless one of their kind." There will be occasion to refer to the development of the evangelist's convictions in the future statement of his teachings.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The entire eastern part of the State of Kentucky, embracing about forty counties, is a district of hills or mountains varying in height from a few hundred to three thousand feet. Its physical aspect may be conceived from the multiplicity, there abounding, of rivers, creeks and branches. These streams are like the spoutings in every direction from a gardener's watering-pot. Eastern Kentucky is the store-house of the floods. The Cumberland Mountains are the only continuous range of any length. The Big Sandy River runs north, the Licking and the Red Rivers north-west, the three forks of the Kentucky leaping from mountains, whose other sides furnish the sources of different water systems, converge almost to an apex, running south-west, west, and north-west. The Cumberland overlaps in longitude the starting-point of one of the forks of the Kentucky, takes its direction south, and then abruptly turns to the west. It is obvious that there is little regularity in the mountain formations. It is a somewhat uncommon geographical complexity.

The difficulties of traversing this region were strikingly exhibited during the Civil War. It was chosen as a point for military operations by both the Federal and Confederate armies. An inconsiderable battle was fought between Gen. James A. Garfield—subsequently

President of the United States—and Gen. Humphrey Marshall, on Middle Creek near Prestonsburg. It was discovered by both commanders that it would be impossible to transport provisions for the troops by wagons from their bases of supplies, and that the country was unable to furnish more than a support for the inhabitants. Ever after that it was open territory.

In winter time and in the wet season the roads are almost impassable, many of them at best impracticable for vehicles. The routes of travel are in the narrow valleys, often in the very bed of the creek, at intervals crossing a ridge into other valleys and other creeks. Life in the mountains is dominated by the streams. In a night the brooklet running past the cabin door, which sang a soothing and slumberous song the evening before, may be a roaring and rushing torrent in the morning. The traveller is stayed on the banks of rivers. The farmer sits in his doorway smoking his pipe until the waters fall again, and until the rains cease to descend. To this actual inconvenience must be added a certain air of mournfulness in the quietude of the mountains. The steady rain enforcing an idleness without profit, and persistent in its dropping ; the mists, gloomy, and hanging like palls over the darkened valley ; the clouds stubbornly clinging to the mountain sides—cheerless, and all nature unkind. The roadsides are without sound except as the dull and slow jangle of the cowbells in the bush mingles with the constant rush of the streams. Toward the base of the Cumberland Mountains on the Virginia line, the dense clustering of the ivy—poisonous to the horse—gives a look of deadly green by no means pleasing.

There are nooks of pleasantness, expanses of wonderful beauty, places and days when the air, the sky, the clouds, the mountains and the valleys, in their amplitude and detail, conspire to fill the heart with a picture to be remembered. A burst of sunlight greeting you on a hill-top, the simple music of a stream that calls to you with liquid notes all the way along your road, some wild flower, some stately gathering of trees, a bold pine-clad bluff by the winding river—these and more may reconcile one to the mountains—but the uncomely aspect prevails. The soil is an ungenerous stepmother scantily providing.

The valleys are narrow. Farming is necessarily simple. Stones must be gathered from the surface and piled up; they look like the altars of the Druids; stumps of trees are to be uprooted and burned; and then the struggle of ploughing on a mountain side is painful. The owner of a "bottom" farm is fortunate. The needs of life occupy the husbandman. The main effort is to raise corn enough for the cattle and for meal for the household. This farming necessarily has its economies. The blades of the corn-stalk are gathered for fodder. The whole system is an ideal one, so far as it is an attempt to make "each rood of land support its man." A sturdier race of toilers exists nowhere. The people are independent of the outside world. Their wants are few, their ambitions wholly domestic, their concerns almost entirely local. "Going to the mill" is an event, and where the miller-by-trade is not near by, the biblical contrivance of two stones revolved by hand brings the problem of life down to a still greater simplicity. The cabin and the barn-yard

often epitomize mountain life. The house, usually constructed of hewn logs, filled between with rough mortar, the chimneys of stone—sometimes of the poorer class, of wood daubed with mud—is a scene, within, of rude comfort. The family dwelling-place is a storehouse of the results of toil and saving. From the cross-beams above hang promises of hospitality and the assurances of good cheer ; strings of red-pepper pods are there, proclaiming independence of the pepper of commerce ; and hidden from view in pendent bags are other secrets of the housewife—due portions of dried apples and peaches, beans, and hams. The mast-fed hog, after fattening on the bounty of the hill-sides, contributes to the sufficiency of this life, and the sorghum cane, which is converted into syrup amid a festival of labor, furnishes abundant comfort. Before the Civil War these people were even less dependent than now on the outside world. It is only of late years that they have ceased to spin their own cotton and wool, and ply their own looms. The exports from the mountains are considerable, especially along the course of the Big Sandy, which is navigated by steamboats. Railroads are now penetrating the remote places, and the mineral resources of the mountains will soon be developed. Mountain life is rapidly approaching a change in conditions. The increasing degree of material prosperity among the inhabitants enlarges the comforts described above, but does not alter the general picture.

The rifle and the powder-horn hang in the rack in every mountain house. Hunting continues to be a pastime and a pursuit, with diminishing results as the years go by. The deer, once common everywhere, and

to be seen in numbers until recently on Red River, come but seldom under the unerring shot of the marksman. The appearance of a bear will make alarm. A fight of the dogs with a wildcat will be a theme for the neighborhood. The opossum lingers for the express purpose of encouraging the pugnacious dogs that howl and yelp around every mountain home, and so furnishes amusement to the small boy. The coon skin stretched out to dry on the cabin side is almost the ensign of this life. The people are peculiarly indigenous to the soil. The trees are known to every boy by name, and the difference between dogberry and sourwood, and the like, are open secrets to every youngster. The herbs yield up their hidden virtues, and the lowly sassafras contributes to home comforts. Pennyroyal becomes potent in the domestic warfare against the enemy of sleep ; and sage remedies and a vast pharmacopœia of the wise mother's are always hanging from the rafters in secure bags.

The streams of crystal clearness which flow so placidly in the summer, and which assert themselves in power in the spring-time, add still another feature to mountain life. It is when they tumble their turbid volumes along every valley, that the heaps of logs, cut and piled together along their banks in the summer and winter, are cast into the waters and made into rafts. This is the money-getting business of these people. It is astonishing how a stream, so shallow and narrow in its normal state, will serve the purpose. The logs are placed there in waiting, and on some of the tiny creeks the opportunity may come in a sudden rise that may come and go in only a little part of a day. Then all is bustle.

All geography in the mountains is determined by the creeks. Such and such a man lives on such and such a creek. Travel is by the creeks. A direction to the voyager may be, for example: "Ride straight ahead to the saw-mill, about a quarter of a mile from here, then for a mile to the ford, then up Buck Creek eight miles, cross over to Big Sturgeon at Becknall's to the left, then two miles to the ridge; after you cross that take to the left at Brewer's, then up the creek one mile, then to the right, crossing creek at the fork, following it three miles to the cross-roads at the Widow Morrison's on Big Sturgeon, then to the left straight on down branch one mile to James Flannery's, crossing Big Sturgeon on the bridge, then left again up branch across ridge to Dick Markham's, a white house to the right, then up Flat Water Creek to fork, and take the right hand on to the ridge; from there on, follow the road to McKee." It requires courage to rely on such directions, the more experience the more nerve, when one is travelling alone in the Kentucky mountains. In the winter, travel on horseback is often dangerous at certain precipitous points on the mountain sides, always tedious.

The names given to the streams and places strongly exhibit the grim humor of the people; and this nomenclature aptly illustrates all that has been written about them in this connection. "Troublesome" is not more annoying than "Quicksand;" "Bloody Creek" is not more alarming than "Cut Shin," but there is back of them a common history of inconvenience. "Bear Creek," "Drowning Creek," "Cow Creek," "Lower Twin," "Upper Twin," "Frozen Creek," "Cane,"

"Holly," "Upper Devil," "Lower Devil," "Upper Stufflebean," "Lower Stufflebean," and finally—"Hell for Sartain." There is no reaching out for names. They take whatever is at hand, and there is always evidence that home-made fancy has supplied the material. The following are a few names: Bachelor's Rest, Bruin, Beaver Lick, Big Rock, Clover Fork, Crocus Creek, Egypt, Dorton, Ezel, Fanny's Hill, Fish Trap, Grapevine, Gray Hawk, Gum Sulphur, Hall's Store, Hazel Green, Home, Indian Creek, Lot, Mount Gilead, Old Brother, Partridge, Pine Table, Point Isabel, Poor Fork, Potter's Choice, Raccoon, Raccoon Bend, Raccoon Spring, Red Bird, Seventy-six, Sexton's Creek, Siloam, Sublimity, Valley Oak, White Lily, Willow Shade, Woodbine, Yellow Creek, Cannibal's Rest, Tidal Wave, Pine Knot, Mount Scratch'em, Shopville, Sassafras, Coon Creek, Lookout, Paw-Paw, Red Bud, Roundstone. There are innumerable names not on the maps, that tell the tale of the provincial matter-of-fact nature of the people. There are many natural curiosities, "Devil's Traps," "Winding Stairs," and "Rock Houses." The census' assessors discovered children named "John the Baptist" and "Peter the Pilgrim." One of the very few papers published there is *The Mountain Scorcher*.

Character among these people is largely measured by the standard of courage. The reputation of the mountain regiments during the Civil War was of the highest kind. They were noted for the savagery and impetuosity of their charge, the precision of their shooting, and their recklessness of odds. Perhaps there was not in the war a more formidable body of men

than the regiment commanded at first by Gen. John S. Williams, and later by Colonel Johnson. It is true, that in a department occupied solely for defence, they came but seldom into action, but armed with the Belgian rifle, carrying a ball of enormous size, these squirrel-shooters carried havoc with them. At Princeton, Va., one or two volleys drove a regiment commanded by Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes—later President—back in dismay ; and at the Salt Works, a battle of untold horrors, known but little in history in proportion to the carnage inflicted on the Federals, they were equal to a legion of devils.

The internecine struggle that was carried on in the mountains was one of peculiar ferocity. The counties were divided in strange fashion against each other. Some men were firmly Union in sympathy, others as intensely Confederate, as if they were within the lines. Animosities became feuds. Men were hanged by the roadside with grapevines. Bushwhacking was a terrible feature, and men living like wild animals in the cliffs spared no foe falling into their clutches. Homes were burned, districts were devastated. No man could call any property his own. Marauders passing through would devour the scanty and hard-earned stores in a single night. To dwell further upon the dark romance of these days would not serve the purpose of this book. It is enough to know that this country held by neither side of combatants, and impracticable for large operations, was the scene of a petty warfare which left traces of blood for twenty years afterward. Many of the family involvements date from the Civil War. The Breathitt county troubles, which grew partly out of it,

were so serious that the Governor of the State sent a detachment of troops to quell the disorder.

Courage is so well understood to be a test of character, that a word or a glance is ample, and the fight to death is on. "To jump into a man" is the idiomatic expression, and brings up to the mind the sudden action of the mountain combat. Ordinarily they are a peaceable, friendly, generous people, but on certain public occasions fighting seems to be considered a natural and legitimate amusement; so that slight provocation becomes a pretext. They will brook nothing but courtesy from the stranger, and, if affronted, they would make short work of him, as the tattered knight in Don Quixote treated Sancho Panza.

Much of the crime of this nature is due to the habit of whiskey-drinking, which is prevalent. At one time the Marshals of the United States Government kept themselves busy in hunting out the illicit distilleries hid in the recesses of the mountain crags. Perhaps more injustice in effect has been practised and more hardships wrought by the energy of the Government than there has been good accomplished. The United States Marshal and his deputies are held in great detestation in the mountains. This illicit whiskey, whatever its other qualities—which are highly commended by the natives—is doubtless a potent and sudden means of intoxication. A liquor prepared from the persimmon is also provocative of quarrel and bloodshed.

The houses are strung along the creeks. The store or the blacksmith shop—generally at the "forks"—is a central gathering point for the neighborhood. The

villages are small, and the people are thrown upon their individuality for amusement. There is no formality in life. Curiosity is excited by every traveller. He is introduced about, and it is impossible to escape the general desire, which will be satisfied, to ascertain all about the new comer. Suspicion vanishing, the native becomes confiding to a degree. The country store at night often becomes the scene of an impromptu variety entertainment. The anecdote teller is in favor; the local fiddler is brought in; and the vigorous dancer with wild flip-flaps will cause the laughter to make the joists tremble. Turn and turn about, each one contributes his song or story, and the judge or prosecuting attorney, on their circuit, mindful of popularity, show themselves not inapt at the rustic sports. It is needless to add that the interludes are occupied by refreshment at the bar. In the winter-time log-rollings furnish occasion for gatherings.

The most conspicuous moral trait of the mountaineers is honesty. Theft is uncommon. There is no occasion for bolts or keys. Property may be left by the roadside to be picked up on one's return. In their hospitality these people share with you all they have, with a kindly unreserve. They have a keen intelligence, their wisdom coming from a knowledge of men rather than of books. Wit and wholesome thought characterize the individuals, here and there, to a marked degree.

The idiom used is vigorous and simple. Some of the early forms of English, and words generally obsolete, are retained. A mountaineer was telling the writer of a natural curiosity to be seen in Owsley County, on the road between McKee and Indian Creek. "Why, mister,

there is a place about five miles from here, where a creek has broke clar through a mountain—goes in on one side and comes out at t'other. I went in once. After you get in a piece, there is a crack in the mountain, where you can look up for half a mile. I was thar in mid-day, and looked up, and saw the stars and the ele-*ments*."

The women are patient toilers, often sharing the work of the men in the field. The young girl, timid toward the stranger, has an attractiveness in her bare feet that belongs to modesty. Early marriages bring a household of children. The secluded life of the mountains leads to domestic affection of the strongest type. The baby is the pet of the household. The children are double dahlias, every one of them. Fanny Ellen, Susan Ann, Mary Susan, Polly Ann, Will Henry, and so on. Fidelity to family is an unmistakable mountain trait.

Certain forms of religious faith have taken deep root in the mountains. Churches, like school-houses, are not numerous, and the meetings on special occasions have furnished rare opportunities for worship. The local preachers usually unite with their calling other occupations of a less clerical kind. They were fond of the polemic in religion. Debates are not uncommon. The extremes of doctrine hold sway over them—predestination, total depravity, fatalism, baptism, foot-washing, and other forms of dogmatic theology and practice, which go to pervert people with dispute. The irregular preaching, inconvenient distances, and the interposition of rains and floods, have operated against worship, or intelligently defined and consistent faith.

Such is a plain statement in outline of mountain life. This writer would only exercise the kindest of feeling in describing a people who are the friends of George Barnes, and beloved by him, and in picturing a country that is "the adopted home" of Marie Barnes—to use her own expression. The reader may gain an ample and better conception of these true-hearted people from the extracts given from the note-books written by the evangelist during his stay among them. The details of this outline will be found filled in there; and on the banner—which they have set on the mountain tops—inscribed with the words which bring all men into loving fellowship, may be read the motto—"PRAISE THE LORD."

CHAPTER X.

PROLOGUE TO THE NOTE-BOOKS.

The secret of a happy life, as recorded in the thirteen volumes from which this chapter is digested, does not admit of any analysis which shall convey the subtle spirit of content. In reading the note-books one will feel drawn to the man—his arms clasped about you in love. In the silent sessions of thought writers are commonly morbid. Diaries, being mainly self, are rarely free from the weaknesses of the individual. Here all is soundness and strength, purity and unselfishness.

The endeavor has been to present the substance and spirit of the note-books, by such measured treatment as would preserve the language. The methods pursued have been various. From the nature of the record, never intended for the public, the oneness of purpose, the similarity of incident and thought, there is much alteration in the original sources of this digest; so that, whenever in these pages the report is meagre, between the lines may be read loving words and exclamations of fervid praise. Incidents are given without reference to the value of names, or to their fidelity to the faith they accepted in gladness or in tears. Fulness in the material has no bearing upon the relative importance of the places. On the contrary, Jackson, one of the smallest of mountain villages, is given a large space, because the prevailing tone and expression of the

books are to be found in those opening pages. Again, the bare numbers converted under each date—giving the digest a swift sweep—amply tell of victory. Wherever names are given, the reason is obvious from the context. In many cases they reappear as old acquaintances to the reader, unexpectedly.

The note-books of this chapter begin with the date, August 28th, 1880, at Jackson, Breathitt County, and close with June 26th, 1882, at Frankfort. They are written with beautiful penmanship up to the period when the evangelist's defective vision caused his pen to scrawl through a blur. He always made in the diary a map of the village he was in, as soon as he could gain some point of view. Although he often and again wrote "Praise the Lord" in bold letters, it became more and more his motto until from November 1st, 1880, it was placed at the bottom and top of each page.

Success in the mountains was immediate and continuous—with an exception to be noted. In each village, to the last, suspicion had to be overcome. Coldness at first, warmth afterward. There was a certain opposition to break down everywhere ; although in the end his converts became his co-workers, and his fame among the people spread, so that his coming was looked for as an event. Men rode ahead to tell of it, for he rarely announced or knew whither he would go. He "left it all with the Lord." The guarded greeting at his coming would be changed into a tearful parting. Groups of well-wishers surrounded the travellers, for it was quite a cavalcade with the guides, volunteering their company, the evangelist, his wife, Marie, and a certain number of others drawn from village to village

by his winning words. "Praise the Lord" was the shout that went up after them. He provided neither purse nor scrip, receiving here a little, there nothing.

He entered fully into the life of the people about him. One of the most striking features of his ministry, in consequence, was that, almost without exception, the household where he lodged was blessed. The most unpromising circle fell under the charms he wot of. He became the friend and the sympathetic instructor of all. His superior wisdom came down to the simplest hearts. Note the familiarity with which he speaks of people and affairs. There is no indication of any strangeness to him in his surroundings. With his interpenetrating knowledge of men, he was perfectly at home from the first; speaking as if he had known the individual always. "Old Brother Schultz," he writes the second day after arrival at Stanton, "got out in the afternoon in spite of his rheumatism." At another village: "I saw poor John's wife sitting in his front gate weeping and moaning as I returned from the afternoon service." The village drunkard feels his tender touch and listens to the timely word. How many happy wives he made! Elsewhere, from his window he can overlook the dram-shop. "I saw Brother —— go toward ——'s, across the way, and said, 'There he goes to the bar-room,' though I had set out to trust the Lord for him. When he got opposite the door he turned back very suddenly, and walked rapidly away. I felt tenderly rebuked for the momentary failure in trusting the Lord against appearances. Dear, blessed Teacher!" He was not obtrusive, and when evil was rioting about him and beyond his reach, he only writes: "Come,

Lord, and set up thy Kingdom! The whole creation waits for Thee! Come quickly, Lord." He speaks harshly of no man, and more than once he sadly writes of some friend sunk in vice and drink, only this: "What a hard taskmaster is Satan! He is driving poor —— with an ox-goad now." He was as loving to the lowly as to the best. His comprehensive sympathies went deeper than that. The murderers, the abandoned, the wretched and the poor felt his genuine words and the force of the gospel he brought them. At one time, on the edge of the Blue Grass, eight murderers sat in penitence on the front seat, at the promise he preached of a forgiving love. Men who had been the terror of their neighborhood became as children. Distillers who had defied all law poured out their whiskey. At Jackson, a drunken dare-devil, standing back near the door, paced to and fro during the sermon, and then mounted his horse, conscience-touched, and dashed into the darkness. But before leaving he gave a silver dollar to a bystander with the words: "That man speaks the truth. Give him this dollar." In the Winchester diary an incident recalls this. "Brother Barnes," as he was now called by the mountain people, kept this Breathitt dollar for a long time as a memento. It may be incidentally mentioned that this was all he received at Jackson. This was no discredit to a people who loved him much, but it illustrates their simplicity of character, having been told that he would take nothing for his preaching; and it is now a striking proof of the absolute sincerity of the evangelist's methods. He demanded nothing at any time. The receipts of his ministry are not given in the digest,

because it would be idle. The mountain people were kind indeed.

A man of this simplicity and genuineness could not fail to draw hearts to himself and to his Master. Such often repeated entries as, "We like Ike, the second son, very much," indicates that there was a mutual feeling present everywhere. It was a continuous chain of friendships that he established throughout the mountains. "My adopted home, the mountains," says Marie. A man that could write, "and Christian going to law with Christian, that is the worst of it;" who could reconcile old feuds, and write with sadness, "old foes, children of one Father;" and who preached and looked and talked as a man of heart and authority, necessarily became a part of these people.

Wherever he went men sought after him in his retirement, and asked his word of comfort. Ministers went to him for counsel. Women confessed to him their burdens. Young converts, failing in their self-control, went to him with open hearts, and his advice dealt with affairs of the deepest secrecy. His memory exists in the mountains in little incidents not recorded in the note-books, many unthought-of by him. In one place he gives a name to a mountain or a nook, followed in his walks by the people, talking the while of things "touching the Kingdom;" in another he leaves a new name for a child, as at Booneville, little Raymond Hogg is known as the "Little Red Snow Bird," the child having played so much in the snow dressed in its frock of red. In Beattyville, it is Mr. Jamieson's dog Towser whose ancient custom it was to howl whenever he heard the church-bell ring. A

well-known animal was Towser. He had been brought home by the father and laid in the cradle of his boy, years before. When Brother Barnes illustrated the sad-visaged Christian by Towser's frame of mind on church matters, the lesson went home to all. At Jackson, it was the "Panhandle." The Kentucky River makes a bend here of seven miles, coming back on a lower level to within seventy yards. A miller has cut a tunnel through the dividing hill for the water power. "Why go around seven miles in your religion?" said Brother Barnes. And so the evangelist won hearts. He entered into their life in every way. For months and months away from the roar of the outside world, he drank in the unnoted beauty of mountain, river and valley, full of peace and joy; knowing neither discomfort nor solitude, "where Jesus was." He always rambled for a while every day on mountain or in woods. At McKee, "the prospect from the top of the mountain was so enchanting, that I persuaded wife and Marie to take the trip." He took on the tone of his surroundings. He was interested in the "coming rise of the river," the booms, the rafting. He marvelled at the beauty of the landscape in snow, "the frosted trees glistening in the moonlight." On the road from Booneville to McKee, over many frozen creeks, he notes: "We were arrested by the sight of a disk of ice slowly revolving in what appeared to be an eddy or whirlpool. It was ten feet in diameter at least —a perfect circle, with edges perfectly smooth, and the ice around it cut in the same perfect manner, as if done with a chalk and string. How it got into such a

wonderful shape we could not conjecture." This was indeed a healthful mind.

The key-note of all his work was faith, as may be illustrated by an entry of a talk with "Brother Minor." George Barnes was always ready to urge the advice of complete consecration on all. He longed for more reapers in the harvest field. "That is the great secret," he writes—"complete consecration. How plain it is to me now that 'submission' to the 'righteousness of God' is the whole secret of life—all along the line. Ceaseless surrender is victory, and ceaseless surrender brings ceaseless victory, and the opportunities of making surrenders never cease in this life. They spring up fresh and new before me now as ever before, but that Jesus will never leave nor forsake me, I should be in terror lest in future certain trials I should fail. Faith is not a spasm but a life." The record is a continued story of faith. The spirit of it never flags in these note-books. He is sustained by it always. "I laid it on my burden-bearer," he writes of some trouble. He is warned against a brother preacher; "I leave it all with Jesus." He dashes into raging streams sure that the Lord will care for him. With all his firmness and fearlessness—for in one place he sharply rebuked fraudulent life insurance—gentleness is in all his ways. He encounters a scowling face, but "walks softly, trusting the Lord to break down her temper;" and He does, for the woman is soon among the converts. "This is an awful place, but 'Praise the Lord,'" is what he says of Hyden. He has "an awful ride on a skittish colt, full of scare on the

blind side, but—'Praise the Lord.'" At Mount Pleasant, an alarm as to the insecurity of the house, supposed to be falling in, causes a rush to the door, but he stands firm, trusting the Lord, and restores order. "We mind nothing with Jesus by our side," he writes, whatever the discomforts. "We will not meddle with the Lord's arrangements" is the record, when effort might have bettered things. Trust is written everywhere.

An organ had been purchased, and Marie with her songs was a part of the moving power. This organ is often mentioned, and the wonderful care taken of it by the Lord. The loving intimacy between father and daughter will be found in these notes. How helpful she was may be gathered in part therefrom. She won hearts everywhere ; visited the poor, and ventured with courage into the homes of the women needing words of love. "Marie" and "Brother Barnes" were the familiar titles of these twain—who bore the grapes of Eshcol. At first the evangelist rested on Saturdays, but soon there was no intermission in his work. Since the Jackson meeting he has, with the exception of days devoted to travel or unavoidable interruption, preached twice daily during the week, and three times on Sundays. He discarded the use of a medicine for his throat ; and throughout it all he has been sustained to a degree surpassing explanation upon ordinary grounds. Through cold or heat, rain and snow, voyages were made from place to place. Oftentimes he would preach to a few gathered by the roadside. His labors were unceasing. His diary, his correspondence, visits to the sick, daily walks, and unforeseen de-

mands upon his time, in addition to his preaching. seemed to leave him unwearied—at least he was sustained always—and his faith and spirit never faltered. He first made anointing a part of his work at Richmond, Kentucky, in April, 1881, and thence going into the mountains this feature was largely made a manifestation of faith among his converts. The scenes that followed were not peculiar to the mountains, but the same "signs followed them that believed" in the most favored and populous parts of the State. The camp-meeting at Piketon grew out of a recognition of the power of the evangelist by citizens in Richmond, where, as noted, the faith healing began. Ex-Governor J. B. McCreery suggested the tent, and was mainly instrumental in procuring it.

The burden of his message was love ; and he held up faith in all its aspects of Biblical truth and attractive form. There was a simplicity about all he said that commended his teachings to all, and resolved the complications of crude theologies into one ample belief. Those who shook their heads at first, would soon nod approval. "I want to experience a change first," would say one used to old doubts. "Come now, my friend, and you will get what you want." He was without vanity. A preacher, he writes, "tried to give the praise in part to me, but I spit it out with loathing." The people recognized in him something higher than sectarianism ; but too often after his departure preachers wedded to the Church would sow dissension, or seek to cast discredit over the good he left behind him. "Dear Lord, come quickly, and right the wrong," are the words of comment he would use

in noting this. He had to break down all sorts of rumors. Said a mountaineer to the writer, "I didn't go to hear him at first, because they told me he said he was a goin' to a higher place in heaven than the angels. But I went, and I was like the boy with his apple; the more he ate the more he wanted." It was reported at the camp-meeting that he would charge five dollars admission to the tent; that he had dreamed that an earthquake was going to swallow all up; that John Patrick, a friend in attendance, was a Federal Marshal sent along to protect him; that whoever played on the organ would drop dead. In short, the opposition to him assumed some fantastic shapes. At Hyden, in the heart of the mountains, he fell into a community of hostile spirits. The account in the diary is meagre; but the opposition largely proceeded from a religious difference. In going to the court-house—used as the church—Marie had to walk through a gauntlet of scowling and scoffing armed men. The court-room, lit up by a few candles and lanterns, was dreary at best. The seats were confined to the enclosure near the judge's stand. A few of the reckless opposers of the meeting smoked their pipes, and, it was said—this being the spirit not the truth of the affair—played cards on the floor. At intervals they would go out and fire off their pistols. Drink was visible on all hands. One desperado sat on the front seat, and laid his pistol on the organ. Once as the firing was heard on the outside, he reached out his hand to get his weapon; Marie laid hers upon his rough, outstretched paw. He drew back into his seat. A second time he made a movement, and Marie raised

her hand, and he was quelled. In spite of all a few listened to the evangelist's message. He was among a knot of men believing in predestination, of the kind that teaches that a man cannot be saved by his own volition, and he was accounted a "false prophet."

On the whole, his work effected a revolution in the mountains. The permanency of it is well assured. Leading citizens by a change of life have given a strong and healthy tone to their communities. The result is best seen in the decrease of personal difficulties, the banishment of whiskey, and the courage and fervor of those who are strong in the faith. He bore his message more effectually than was ever done before. There was not the remotest creek that did not furnish its quota of hearers. Night after night, men and women with babies in arms, walked fifteen and twenty miles to hear him. Often a stream, suddenly past fording, would cut off numbers, who would retrace their steps from the bank regretfully. Churches were too small, and many times, under the umbrellas handed out from within, crowds stood at the windows and without in the rain. A gospel so widely heard as this had its effect. There was the genuine spirit back of his words, for he did not use sensational methods. The same scenes and "signs followed him" in the Blue Grass; as, for example, at Lancaster, people from the country brought their baskets of lunch, and patiently kept their places in the large court-house, for fear of not otherwise securing seats, so great were the crowds.

It was thought by some, and said by many, that the extraordinary attention the man was drawing to himself was due to the novelty of his preaching or his

manner. "Wait till verbatim reports of his sermons are published, and his emptiness will be exposed." But lo! when he reached Louisville, the ampler the reports the more substance was there in him. Often he suffered from the meagre newspaper abstracts, and speaks of one report as a "horrible hash of platitudes," and is amazed at the reporter's astounding ignorance of the gospel.

So it was, that George O. Barnes, despite all the enginery of abuse and prejudice, wrought in Kentucky a revolution, whose circles are ever widening.

The record of souls is twenty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine. He anointed about five thousand.

MARIE BARNES.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DAILY RECORD.

"Nay, I am but the Shepherd's dog, gathering the scattered sheep on the mountain side."—GEORGE O. BARNES.

JACKSON, BREATHITT COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

November 12, 1879. Reached Hazel Green, twenty miles from Frenchburg by dark. The next day reached Jackson a little before dark; called twenty-six miles, but nearer thirty-six. Wife overtook us two miles after starting from Hazel Green, after a hard race from Mount Sterling, getting up at 3 o'clock in the morning at Frenchburg, to catch us; Brother Bates came with her. The Lord bless him. Services to-night pretty well attended, forty or fifty. We are in the Court House, the only available room in town. Jackson lies on the north fork of the Kentucky River, about twenty houses, all told, one store and mill just across the river where the stream makes a bend, and returns within sixty-eight feet of the upper bed.

November 13. Frank, Joe and I took a ramble on the left wing of the Panhandle ridge under guidance of Mr. Williams, at whose house the boys lodged by invitation, Jane, Marie and self at the hotel kept by Mr. Combs, a relative of Gen. Leslie Combs, and very like him. Meeting at 10:30 and 6 o'clock, people attentive, but evidently very suspicious. We can read it on every face. Good attendance, no invitation morning nor evening. In the afternoon we all went through the tunnel cut through the Panhandle for water power for mill.

November 14. Morning stroll on the river-bank beyond Panhandle, crossing the almost dry bed without wet feet, recrossing lower down by wading. Good congregation at 11 o'clock, service later for accommodation of school. On invitation seven Christians came, including Joe, Frank and Marie—"regulars"*— and two Methodist

* Already converted.

preachers, both very young, and both from Highland, Lincoln county. They seemed favorably impressed, but both obliged to leave in the afternoon for their appointments. At night two confessed for the first time, "first-fruits" of Breathitt County—a young boy first and then his grown sister. Praise the Lord!

November 15. Suspicion seems vanishing already, everybody softening down. Young Mr. Patrick walked with us yesterday. As he walked off, his companions jeered at him, shouting, "He's got you now." Appointed one service for 10 o'clock this morning, contrary to custom. Good attendance and eight confessions—two backsliders. By request we held another service at night, and glad to do it. Fair attendance and good attention, but no confessions.

Sunday, November 16. A dense fog this morning, hiding everything, weather chilly. The boys report the river up and past fording, though the top of the mill-dam is out of water. After the fog lifted we had a glorious day, typical of the spiritual blessings that follow trials all through our lives. This has been "a day of the right hand of the power" of our King Jesus. Praise His name. The day was cloudless, and at nightfall the loveliest crescent of a moon about one hour high. At morning service preached on the "Good Samaritan" to a full house, but no confessions, although the attention was marked. At the children's meeting at 3 P.M., the "break down" occurred, thirty-three children confessed. Then at night came fifty-seven—one colored; nearly the entire congregation was absorbed, leaving only the unbackslidden Christians and a mere handful of sinners to stand while the last invitations were given. Praise the Lord for the most wonderful Sunday ever spent. Our young friend, Patrick, came, Dr. Hill came, Mrs. Williams came, but her husband held back, our landlady came, and several more among the young folks of our house. This makes ninety-two in all. Praise the Lord!

November 17. Up early this morning to greet another glorious day. Before breakfast went out to hunt up the colored girl who confessed last night, but was neglected, as she sat on a side pew. She understood the omission, and I was greatly relieved to find that she was not hurt by the apparent neglect. The Lord will overrule it all for the "furtherance of the gospel." Praise the Lord! At morning

service she came forward and confessed with three others. There were about thirty "spoke a word for Jesus." The boys, Brother Patrick and I took a clamber over a hill before service. The day began in beauty, but soon clouded, and the rain poured all day. Cold and gloomy. At night, one young man confessed who was drunk Sunday night and would not come to meeting. Praise the Lord! There are several of the old men left who hold back, though deeply exercised and very regular in attendence.

November 18. A gloomy, cold, damp day, threatening snow or rain. Services very precious morning and night, though thinly attended. At night six confessions, making one hundred and two for the week. Praise the Lord! Mr. Williams, the gentleman who invited us to come to Jackson, confessed. He made a very outspoken stand; I promised to baptize him at his earnest request and others who could not do any better.

November 19. Very sweet meetings again to-day, but thinly attended. The swollen river now running over the dam, spoils the best bridge, and at night two coal boats lashed together—end to end—is rather a difficult thing to use, as the boats are full of water, and one has to walk the outside rail, which requires a simple faith, or, failing that, a very steady nerve and a true foot. Yet some do come, and bring children across too. We have a lovely moon now in the second quarter, which will soon turn the night to day. Praise the Lord! One little girl confessed in the morning, with fifteen or twenty Christians. At night two young men confessed, one hundred and five in all. During our afternoon walk to the crest of a magnificent hill, Brother Williams greatly relieved my mind by telling me that he felt quite relieved since his confession on the subject of his re-baptism, and had concluded not to be baptized again. I could but praise the Lord for this deliverence from a painful task, and note afresh how all matters of detail shrink into nothing when the grand surrender is made on the part of any unsubmissive soul.

November 20. A driving snow storm after breakfast, and I took a walk and rolled stones down the mountain in the midst of it. A chilly walk. It ceased snowing before meeting. A small congregation but a very sweet little meeting. Praise the Lord! Kept near

the fire all the bleak, stormy afternoon. One sally out with Joe and Frank to bring up a load of corn blades from a boat on the river. The unfortunate owner reported one hundred bundles blown into the river by the night storm. I was sorry for the poor fellow, and asked if he was a Christian. Said he had been, but when a man was killed by a church member right near the meeting-house, where they used to have good meetings, everything was broken up; no gathering since then. This happened during the killings, as everybody calls the terrible history of last year. Gave him a word of loving counsel. Small congregation at night—no confessions.

November 21. The Lord led me to this place at the right time, when people are sick of the carnage and a reaction is taking place. A very slim congregation in the morning. A sweet meeting. Some new faces in. Weather clear and cold in morning, but clouding and moderating before meeting time. Marie and Frank took a paddle in a canoe in the afternoon. John Patrick and I strolled over the hills, found an oasis on one hill-side, of "wintergreen," called here mountain tea. The plant has exactly the Oriental tea leaf, but is not a shrub. It runs along the ground just under the surface in long roots, sending up a plant from every joint or shooting at irregular intervals. The sheep are very fond of it in the winter. It is an evergreen, with the brightest red berries about the size of a pea. Marie trimmed her hat very prettily with part of the bunches we brought home to her. At night we had a pretty fair congregation, and five confessions. Praise the Lord! Night cloudless, and the moon making it like day. The river is in good stage now, and a very beautiful stream. The leaves are washed out which discolored the water when we came, and it is a clear, lovely mountain stream now. Patrick is strikingly like my old classmate at "Centre" in '45. Looks, laughs, and walks like him.

November 22. The time seemed so short that we could not take a day for resting. Indeed we don't need it. The beautiful climate and pure air, with our healthful walks over the hills, render Saturday's rest unnecessary. Praise the Lord! We had a small gathering in the morning at 11 o'clock, and a very sweet meeting. Frank and I took a new hill before church time, and made some wonderful discoveries in crags and ridges. A fair congregation at night, and two

confessions ; one of them Patrick's brother, a backslider. Praise the Lord ! Others were deeply moved, but held back. We trust they will come.

Sunday, November 23. The weather like a May-day when the sun rose. Took a stroll by the river bank before and after breakfast. Every prospect pleasing. Over the river from Brother Williams's house came sweet and clear the chorus "Nothing but the blood of Jesus." My heart was full of joy to think of the glorious work of grace the Lord has begun in Breathitt. Lord, carry it on ! The day continued fine throughout, the three services well attended ; five confessions in the morning, seven in the afternoon and nineteen at night ; a glorious day. Praise the Lord ! Ike Combs came ; Judge Butler, county attorney, came. Another old man of sixty-five years came. Two young girls for whom we had been looking with the sickness of "hope deferred" came. Several colored persons came, the first time we have ever had them sitting on the same benches with the whites. Praise the Lord for that. No one seemed to resent it. The lawyers and the Circuit Judge Randall came in to-day from Perry county. The judge very kindly consented to let us have a meeting a 11 o'clock for this week, and possibly for the whole term. How wonderful the grace that has brought us here just at this time. The judge and lawyers sent on word ahead of them not to close the meeting. The judge is a quiet Christian gentleman. We trust the dear Master for great things this court week. There will be many gathered from all parts of the county, and the best opportunity of reaching the country people we have had yet. The work thus far has been confined to Jackson and the immediate vicinity. We can never thank our dear Lord for using us as He has done here. One hundred and forty-three confessions to date.

November 24. To-day Circuit Court began, and the town was full of people. At 11 o'clock the Court House was jammed almost to suffocation with a new audience, very attentive and orderly. A better looking crowd than the average of court crowds in the Blue Grass. I was impressed with this ; Marie and wife observed it also. A boy in our room to-day from a remote corner of the county, who lived with his "grand-pap," didn't know his father or who he was, never

heard of Jesus; never at meeting; didn't know who made him, couldn't read a letter, a mild, good-looking sprightly boy of thirteen. He stole four apples while he sat in the room, and looked ravenously at everything as if he wanted it. A young savage, as ignorant as a Hottentot. At night a good congregation, larger than usual; many new faces, three confessions. Praise the Lord!

November 25. Town full of people again, but all quiet and orderly. House jammed at 11 o'clock; no confessions, but close attention. At night thinned out, of course, but much larger than the average of last week.

November 26. Another day of seed-sowing only. No confessions, morning nor evening; congregations like the evening before, deeply thoughtful, as orderly a court crowd as ever assembled anywhere. The boys took us across the river in a dugout. We climbed a tree overhanging the water, and captured a hornet's nest to take to Mollie Desha, a very perfect one, but not extra large. We met some nice men at the table; one, Mr. Mahan, from Beattyville, as courtly a gentleman as one could wish to see.

November 27. Morning, sowing, and evening, reaping. We trusted the Lord some would come to-night, and they did—nine (3 x 3), precious souls for our thanksgiving. Praise the Lord! How good He is. Frank, John and I took a delightful four-mile stroll over a magnificent ridge across the river. Mrs. Hays put us across the river in her dugout, and when I offered her money she promptly refused, saying, "Law, I don't take money from such as you. I get more from your preaching than any money." Praise the Lord for giving us favor with these humble souls, and for the privilege of serving them.

November 28. At morning service a full house and nine confessions. Mr. Thomas Strong came; he made a very bold confession. A murder case on trial this morning. The heavy rains keep many away, doubtless. Evening.—Praise the Lord for the most remarkable meeting we have ever witnessed. The kind deputy sheriff, Brother Shade Combs, exerted himself to have the five prisoners in the jail to attend meeting to-night, as some of them had expressed a wish to confess Jesus. The night was dark and stormy, and when we went

in, found them all there, and one of them handcuffed to his guard. Four of them indicted for murder. It was a pitiable sight. The guards with their terrible revolvers seemed the embodiment of law versus grace. I lifted my heart to the Lord for a word to say, and He gave it, directing me to Saul's conversion, and giving liberty in unfolding the simple gospel of grace. Then ensued a remarkable scene, such as I can scarcely hope to witness again on earth. All the prisoners came but the handcuffed one. Once he broke down and wept like a child, then at once he seemed to be turned to stone, and became emotionless and sullen. I knew what the matter was, but did not feel justified in asking his release from the handcuffs. Brother Shade Combs at last took the responsibility, and ordered the fetters off. As soon as they were unlocked he gave me his hand. Oh, what a touching illustration of the way love wins the sinner's heart. Then Mr. Combs broke down and joined his prisoners, he, the jailer, but all now together by Jesus' love. It was touching beyond description. To intensify the whole scene it was a nephew of Brother Combs, and cousin of Brother Shade and Buck Combs, whom Frazier, the handcuffed man, had slain. Buck Combs unlocked his handcuffs, and Brother Combs sat down beside him to confess Jesus.

November 29. At 11 o'clock we had a good audience. Our prisoners were there again. One confession, and immediately after service we adjourned to the river to the baptizing. Four of the prisoners were the first baptized, then John Patrick and Dr. Hill. It was touching to see Judge Randall the first to shake hands with his prisoners, as they came out of the water. Poor Frazier—he of the handcuffs last night,—kept praising the Lord. He has resolved to plead guilty, and trust the Lord. At night a glorious meeting, with twenty confessions. Old Mr. Hays, who cursed John Patrick for asking him to come to the meeting, two weeks ago, came. The commonwealth's attorney came to-night, Captain Cardwell. Several colored persons also confessed. One hundred and ninety-three in all.

Sunday, November 30. Took a walk before breakfast to be alone with Jesus, and enjoyed it unspeakably. The sun was just risen and the moon about to go down—lovely type of the Christian shining by

borrowed light and shining gloriously when in his place, content to be a satellite forever. I learned this lesson afresh from the dear Lord in my morning walk. How still and clear everything was, the smoke rising straight from the chimneys in Jackson, the lovely river winding its course, the frozen road ringing under one's tread, the farm-houses across the stream—who could think of this heavenly scene in connection with the horrors of last year! Oh, what a day of blessing this has been! We trusted for a blessed harvest, and the dear Lord sent it, "exceeding abundantly." At 10:30 o'clock A.M., good congregation and ten confessions, including Dr. Gardner, for whom we were praying. Immediately after, we went to the river, and Brother Glover immersed eight more. At 3 o'clock there were three more confessions, including Buck, the village blacksmith and his wife, for whom we have been looking long. At night came the crowning blessing. Twenty-four "confessed Jesus Lord." Charley Cardwell came, Mr. Combs's son-in-law and his wife, Mr. Howard, a lawyer, and backslider, and Reform preacher; James Hargis came, the last of the old man Hargis's children. Ike brought Bud Cardwell, another of that prolific stock. All the children of Clerk Cardwell are in now. Miss Cardwell, the post-mistress, came. It was a night of the Lord's right hand. Glory to Jesus forever. Praise His holy name!

December 1. Frazier insists upon pleading guilty and not putting the commonwealth to further expense for him, although he had pleaded for a change of venue, and his trial had been moved. Brother Shade, when he was baptized, was one of the guard, and met him at the water's edge, a pistol in one hand and the other the right hand of fellowship, and eyes full of tears of Christian joy. What a great mixture of law and grace. The commonwealth's attorney is very zealous in the cause. In the morning ten, and nineteen at night. Old Mr. Hargis came at last.

December 2. Repaired a bad hole in a bridge over a gully at the edge of town, while on a morning's walk. A glorious meeting in the morning with ten confessions. Brother Shade's brother came; more old and middle-aged men came. It's wonderful how the new converts try to bring others to Jesus. At night a fair but not crowded

congregation, and nine confessions. Mr. Sam Patrick, a brother of John's, came.

December 3. A glorious day this has been. Praise the Lord for all! No pen and ink can put it down. How threadbare the statement that five confessed in the morning and twenty-four at night. Whole number to date three hundred and seven. Buck and Breck came, John Aikman came, and others. Oh, when I think of these desperate men, who have been the centre of so many awful fights in Breathitt, coming to Jesus like little children every day and night, it fills me with joy and awe alike. Shade Combs was almost wild with joy to-night. He smoked his pipe and walked to and fro in the back of the Court House in a meditative way during the opening exercises, entirely oblivious of doing an improper or irreverent thing. I had not the heart to reprove him, and yet I thought of the poor fellow in Frenchburg whom I had reproved for the same thing, only the latter had ignited one of those snapping matches, that make almost as much noise when they go off as a percussion-cap, and lit his pipe in the midst of the invitation services. Old Brother Chandler was almost in an ecstasy to-night; he baptized about sixteen or eighteen after service.

December 4. Court sat till 12 o'clock to-day, as the lawyers were speaking, but at 12:30 we had the floor, and there were two confessions; old Mr. Roark, for whom we prayed and trusted, was one. A good congregation. At night the dear Lord gave another harvest. Twenty souls confessed Jesus. Mr. Hurst, the lawyer, came.

December 5. A crowning day of blessing to close the meeting; five confessed at the morning service, and then we went to the river, where I saw what I never saw before, a black man baptize a white one. Brother Dick Johnson baptized one of the white converts by the latter's request; but this has been a strange meeting in every respect, whites and blacks have mingled as they ought to before, and no offence has been thought of. At night a glorious meeting; full house, though the night was very dark, and thirty confessions. Three hundred and sixty-five, the number of the completed year. Sister Hays shouted again and again; the whole congregation joined

in saying, Praise the Lord! Brother Chandler baptized thirty-six. Praise the Lord for the Breathitt meeting.

December 6. We left about 8 o'clock, and dear old Jackson vanished from sight at a turn in the road. It will never vanish from our lives, but will evermore be a part of them. Jackson jail is empty. Brother Chandler and Ragan rode with us ten or twelve miles. We dined at William Day's, had an excellent dinner and warm welcome. Threatened rain all day; just enough to keep faith in lively exercise. We trusted straight along, and it rained not. Praise the Lord! Reached Campton before dark tired with the unwonted ride, but safe, and all our goods safe. Willie Spencer came with us to lead back the horses.

CAMPTON, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Sunday, December 7, 1879. Three services in the Court House—a better room than in Jackson. Full congregations day and night. At the children's service, as usual, there was a breaking of ice, and forty came. At night one little boy. In the morning no invitation given. Everybody staring and wondering as usual, the first day. Campton has about forty houses, including stables, etc.—about half as large again as Jackson. No church, but a Masonic lodge and school-house, built near each other. The prevalent form of teaching is the old Baptist, I hear. Reform and Methodist organizations with resident Reform minister. No formal opposition.

December 8. A beautiful rainbow in the morning—"the sailor's warning." Two services and good congregations; no confessions in the morning, four at night. Praise the Lord! We had a new experience at the children's meeting yesterday. The little things got into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, led on by some of the larger ones, who perhaps thought they would not be converted if they didn't cry. They were doubtless following the example of grown persons whom they had seen at meetings. Only the Lord's grace quieted them after so long a time. I was quite at a loss what to do, but He managed them in answer to prayer; and the Lord gave me timely words on the subject, which turned the interruption to

"the furtherance of the gospel." So Satan overreached himself as he always does. Praise the dear Lord for the signal victory. The people are growing more and more serious every service, and we trust the dear Lord for a mighty blessing in Campton.

December 9. Good congregation this morning; one confession, but the most unlikely case in the county, a poor fellow who rented a house just outside the town limits, and sold apple brandy; his house a perfect den. He came up as a backslider. Poor child of the heavenly Father, a long journey into a "far country" he had taken. At night Mr. Aleck Asberry came first, then Miss Hauks, the school-mistress, came, and three others; one a mother with a baby in her arms—fifty-one in all. Praise the Lord!

December 10. Downpouring rain during both services, but a surprising attendance. No confessions at the morning service, but eleven at night. Two brothers of our little school-mistress, Calista, our waiting-girl at Mr. Duff's, and others. Praise His dear name for this blessed stormy night blessing. Three prayers before any one came to-night. Almost ready to go away without a blessing when it came. How often the Lord is teaching one, "Be not weary—in due season you shall reap."

December 11. Wonderful place this for dogs and babies. We have been sorely tried by both, but the Lord has kept us unruffled through it all. Night before last I had to request a clearance of the dogs; I am afraid to say how many there were, perhaps ten or twelve, and prospect of a general fight. The front door was shut, but one panel was out, and, in the midst of the sermon, one of the excluded curs came bouncing through the opening, perhaps in search of his master. The babies we endured patiently. The din is hideous at times. Good congregations, no confessions in the morning, and but one at night. Spradling, the county clerk, is one for whom we are looking, but holds stiffly back; so does Pete Duff, our host.

December 12. Good congregations at both services. No confessions in the morning, but nine at night. We are to go on to-morrow without a halt for vacation. We don't need rest, and the time is short.

December 13. The morning sermon on "Jesus our Healer," two confessions. Praise the Lord! At night a glorious meeting, and

twenty-two confessions. Mr. Spradling, the county clerk, came. The two young men that could not venture because they were engaged in logging, came up to-night. Praise the Lord for all His precious mercies.

Sunday, December 14. One of the converts of last night's meeting was a young man, whom I noticed for some time as resisting the entreaties of friends—especially our "Calista;" whether her lover or kinsman, I don't know. At length I got near enough to speak to him, but he only looked sullen, and gave me no answer. Soon after, he backed away out of my reach among the crowd, and, again being urged by some friends, at last snatched up his hat and tore out of the room, elbowing aside very unceremoniously all who stood in his way. He seemed to be like Naaman going "away in a rage," but Satan overreached himself as usual. In five minutes more he was back, and on the front seat, a converted man. When the devil was cast out he was a frank-faced, good-looking, broad-shouldered young fellow as one could wish to meet. Praise the Lord for conquering grace. Notwithstanding the great rain the people poured in from the country, and the house was jammed to its full capacity. Eleven confessions. One red-haired, broad-browed man, whom I had watched for nearly a week, came forward. At the afternoon service the house was jammed again, and seven confessions. At night a thin congregation, comparatively, the night, dark as pitch and raining a little. Ten confessions, three women with babes in their arms. This afternoon a man came who had been interested for a week. This morning he got behind me in a window. I caught his eye, and he interpreted the look. At the afternoon service he came. Pete Duff, our worthy host, came to-night, to our great joy. He came in a very positive way, over the backs of benches, and both hands outspread.

December 15. Another day of blessing and excellent congregations, morning and evening; nineteen confessions—three in the morning and sixteen at night. Miss Lilly Mahan, from Beattyville, came at night. She has been doing efficient service in the choir since Marie's voice failed yesterday morning. Our "fiddler," as we call him, came to-night. The day we came he inquired if "The gal on the white pony

was the fiddler," and promised to come to meeting if she would "play a good dancing tune." He has attended regularly, and came to-night to our great joy. Marie's cold better, but she did not sing again to-day. Praise the Lord! He knows what is best for us both.

December 16. Full congregations morning and night. Praise the dear Lord for eight confessions in the morning and thirteen at night. A visit from Brother Collier, a plain, unlettered Baptist preacher, but wonderfully taught of the Lord. Several days ago he embraced me in the presence of the congregation, and has been almost an enraptured listener since he first attended. He preaches the identical doctrine the Lord has taught me. He has had visions and dreams, but it is full of salvation, and he has such an enthusiastic way of talking that he is generally esteemed as crazy, but I hear more wonderful salvation from him than any one I have heard talk.

December 17. A good congregation at 10:30 A.M., and fourteen confessions, one of them an old man past eighty. A fine-looking old man from Virginia, originally a good neighbor and an upright citizen, with a weakness for strong drink. It was touching to see him sitting alongside a young boy of eight or ten. Blessed Saviour, "no difference" and "no respecter of persons." At night to a crowded house preached on "Jesus wept," the Lord giving sweet liberty. Seventeen came forward. Praise the Lord! A very precious meeting, and a blessed display of the Lord's power to save.

December 18. A blessed harvest day with good congregations, fourteen confessions at the morning service. . . . "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." So Jesus prays now as nineteen hundred years ago. At night eight confessions, making twenty for the day's harvest. Praise our dear Lord for this continuous blessing.

December 19. A blessed day. At 10 A.M. a union baptism at the creek; about forty immersed and sprinkled, half and half. Brother Combs (Reformer) and Brother Chandler (Methodist) immersed, and Brother Ramey (North Methodist) and Chandler (South Methodist) sprinkled. A glorious, unjealous meeting. Weather dark and lowering, but all were bright. By request, instead of having the meeting at 3 P.M., we went straight from the water to the Court House, four-

teen confessions ; at night thirteen. House jammed in the morning, full at night. Praise the Lord for all !

December 20. Last service at 10 A.M., eighteen confessions ; house full ; a blessed closing meeting. Two hundred and sixty confessions in two weeks. 3 o'clock P.M., rode through the mist and rain to Brother Asberry's, half way to Hazel Green. Spent the night at his cabin in a deep hollow, surrounded by hills, where he has cleared out a nice farm. Has eight children in family, several of whom have confessed during the meeting. We were entertained with great hospitality. A lovely family circle.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Sunday, December 21, 1879. Rode from Brother Asberry's after 8:30 o'clock through mud and rain. Three services, good congregations, considering the weather ; fourteen confessions in all—five, seven and two for the three services. Praise the Lord ! We trust the dear Lord to give us favor with the people. At night service ordered out pitcher and glass, and exhorted to keep the children in order.

Monday, December 22. Congregations excellent despite the weather. Full house at night. Our hotel is comfortable, kind host and hostess. Praise the Lord, the word is already taking effect, and there is a promise of a glorious God work among the people ; five confessions to-day, one in the morning and four at night. Praise the Lord ! All women.

December 23. A terrible case came to our ears. Wilson, the mail-carrier, whose boy confessed Jesus Sunday, waited with a switch outside the church-door, and cursed the poor little fellow as he came out, saying, "You are a d—d pretty young Christian, ain't you ?" We hope the Lord will convert him. Nearly a house full at morning service, but no confessions. At night ten confessions.

December 24. Church pretty well filled at morning service ; seven confessions, an old man of seventy and his wife among them. The people are more and more interested. At night, in spite of the rain and mud, eighteen confessions. Praise the Lord ! A glorious meeting. Our mail-carrier there and very restless, not far from the kingdom.

Christmas. Fair congregations, considering the weather ; three confessions at each service, sixty in all. We were sorely disappointed in to-day's harvest. Praise the Lord ! Disappointment is good for us. He knows how to lead. We but follow, praising at every step.

December 26. One of the very young converts (eight or ten years) got into a difficulty with another small boy this morning. After bearing with his adversary a good while, the other boy struck him on the head, which so enraged him that he pitched into him with considerable vigor, until, perhaps, his conscience had time to act, when he drew off, remarking, " If it was not for the meeting, I would wear you out." Some good in that, and perhaps above the grown average for conscientiousness. One confession at morning service. At night preached on the Gospel in Luke 15 to a good congregation, room nearly full. Our mail-carrier confessed to-night. Taylor Day came, Mr. Lacy and another, once a Baptist preacher, now a Reformer, came. Nearly made a mistake by asking Mr. Pierrat to lock the door and prevent interruptions by persons coming in and going out. The annoyance had been very great, but that was not gospel. So the Lord taught me and gave me grace to retract the order before it became cold. One man came immediately after, then there seemed a hitch, and I called for Christians to rise who would trust the Lord through thick and thin for a blessing on Hazel Green ; a blessed response, and three more came very soon.

December 27. Red River is fordable again, and the congregation was full of strangers this morning. A blessed meeting this morning, four confessions ; Mr. Adams and wife, two of them gained by persistence and patience in invitation. Dear Lord, may I learn perfectly. A word telling him that he was taking ten times more trouble to reject than accept Jesus seemed to be blessed to his soul, and picking up his baby he came, wife and little son following. At night a glorious meeting ; a crowded house, eighteen confessions.

Sunday, December 28. A blessed day for Jesus, crowded houses all day. People from West Liberty and Campton, as well as from the surrounding country ; seven at the morning service, six at the 3 o'clock service, and sixteen at night ; many came for whom we had

been praying. John Rose came after so long a waiting. This afternoon, when ninety-nine had come in all, Marie sang the "Ninety and nine," and a dear little child of Dr. Kash came forward. It was such a fitting one hundredth one. Afternoon meeting somewhat disturbed by a young man shouting, and continuing at it. A union baptism service at 12 o'clock at the water's side. Nine immersed and six poured. My hat held the water for the last, Brother Hale, Methodist, officiating. Praise the Lord!

December 29. After sermon saw young —— at the head of the stairs as I came up to my room, and on inquiring why he did not attend meeting, he told me he was afraid of the sheriff, who had an order for his arrest for carrying concealed weapons. He said he wanted to come to church and confess Jesus, and *would* if he had a chance. Three distillers came last night; one of whom quit work on a new still he was putting up and went to preaching. Last night he came up for public restoration. The deputation from West Liberty left this afternoon in good hopes that the Lord would turn our feet to that town next. "Where He leads I will follow." Eleven confessions.

December 30. Went to the river-side after preaching, where twenty-one were baptized—seventeen immersed and four poured. Brother Pierrat, the village blacksmith, does the immersing for the Reformers. Old Brother Hale (Methodist) immersed one, and poured the water upon four, kneeling at the margin of the river.

December 31. The Lord's love to us is like a dream of delight; but, oh, thanks to the dear Jesus, it is *not* a dream, but a glorious, ever-blessed reality. I do love Him for it all. Twenty-four confessions.

January 1, 1880. A union baptismal service on the river-bank immediately after preaching. Thirteen immersed by our good blacksmith Pierrat. We sang "Nothing but the blood of Jesus" all the time at the water—a good song to keep one in the proper frame, who thinks a little too much of water. Praise the Lord! At night preached on the "Butler and Baker." Fifty confessed; seven or eight colored people scattered through, side by side with whites; six or eight fine little boys, ten or twelve years old, came in a group. Oh, it was a wonderful New Year's night blessing. Sixty-four to-day. Blessed key-note for 1880. The numbers full of grace any way you

take them. This morning a double seven. To-night *Pentecost*, 64= 8 x 8—intensified resurreetion.

January 2. The last day of the meeting, fifty-five confessed. Marie and I both trusted for three hundred, without previous agreement. The night meeting lasted four hours. At the baptizing fourteen were immersed—seven colored and seven white.

January 3. Left Hazel Green with a erowd of men and women standing in the street before the hotel door to bid us God-speed. Aunt Nan Swango brought me a blanket and a towel of home-spun to remember her by. The people paid our hotel bill, and gave me about ——, the first eash in hand we have received in the mountains, except $5 at ——, and $1.25 at ——. Content with everything, whatsoever it be, is my steadfast purpose henceforth. Dear Lord, only give me souls at any eost of poverty and self-denial. I will never erave anything else, dear Master. Oh, give me this one only desire. Amen. Splendid horses. I rode Taylor Day's horse, wife our dear mail-earrier Wilson's, and Marie the indefatigable "Kit." The Lord made everything lovely for us. We eame to West Liberty in four hours. People seemed to be expeeting us and glad to see us.

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY.

Sunday, January 4, 1880. A good beginning. The Court House will hold about four hundred. Preaching on "Our Father" I had to make some startling statements as to the evils of seetarianism. There seemed so many startled and some lowering countenanees that the Lord seemed to direet me not to make an invitation. After serviee a nephew of Dr. Bosley, of Boyle, asked me why I didn't "open the door," as he wished to confess Jesus. Thirty-one in all, three the following day.

January 6. The "Regulators" were in town again last night. We were sitting writing, about 9 o'eloek, when we heard the elatter of horses' hoofs, and a eompany of eavalry seemed to be moving past the hotel. They went to the upper hotel—the Morgan House—and ealled out a Mr. Barr (who was threatened by a party Saturday night, professing to be "Regulators") to assure him that he was in no danger, and telling him they would punish those who had acted in their

name. And so they swept out of town. It was a strange old war sound to hear these men clattering through the streets in the quiet night. They set guards, and would not let any one approach the hotel while they interviewed the gentleman they called out. Joe's little gray mare was hard ridden during the night by some one. She was splashed up and gaunt with her tail full of burrs when fed this morning. Whether a "Regulator" bestrode her, or some of the town boys, going out as they constantly do, into the country for "moonshine" brandy, no one knows. (There were a number of unexpected converts, some having come from a great distance.) "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Many cases of conscience came up in these meetings. I spoke in one of the sermons about there being "a skeleton in every one's closet," and —— wanted to find out the fellow that told me he kept a barrel of brandy in his closet at home!

January 7. One of the young men—a Mr. Maxey—desired to speak a word, and made a very affecting appeal to backsliders, like himself, to come and be healed. Weeping all over the house when he spoke. Caught quite a cold last night, but trust the dear Lord to cure it. Blessed Physician for soul and body!

January 8. His little child came nestling up to the poor inebriate on the front seat. A touching sight.

January 9. In the morning fourteen confessions, several gray-haired old men. At 3 o'clock a delightful union baptismal service, with twenty-five immersions, Brother Maxey officiating beautifully. At night Satan descended to a low meanness to turn eyes away from Jesus by letting a little boy get his head fast between the slats of the banister of the judge's stand, where the organ and Marie are perched. The slats are wider apart at the top than the bottom, and somehow he got through the top part and his hand slipped down to where he could not extricate it again. But I managed to slip it up again, and the Lord gave me a word that turned the current of merriment back, and very soon afterward a rush of new confessors brought all back right. Praise the Lord for thwarting Satan. Thirty-eight confessed—almost a clean sweep of the audience.

January 10. It is wonderful how the spirit of sectarianism is

broken down in West Liberty. Nine by immersion and six by sprinkling at the union baptismal services. Twenty-four confessions.

Sunday, January 11. Among the fourteen this morning, ——, a "Hell Redemptionist," as he called himself, his theology being that he had to be *penitentiaried* in hell for his sins, but would be released when *his time was out*. He begins to see in Jesus a better part awaiting him. A feature of the Lord's work in these meetings is the revelation of backsliding professors, whose consciences are aroused until they come forward; nineteen baptized. At night forty confessions, exclusive of seven Christians who came up for more grace. After sermon and confessions a blessed union communion. The Lord so sweetly directed everything. Two Methodists and two Reformers —picked up from the brethren nearest me—distributed the bread and wine. Marie sang some sweet, plaintive songs—in place of creaking boots and other unseemly sounds so common at communion services. Children—to-night's confessors—everybody that wanted to —communed. Oh, it was good to be there. Concluded with the glorious old Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

January 12. County court day, but the judge kindly let us go on without interruption, and worked the harder to finish court business after dinner. Every county officer in the ark to-night—judge, sheriff, clerk, marshal, jailer. Besides these, the commonwealth's attorney for the district has confessed.

January 13. Baptismal services; sang "Nothing but the blood of Jesus" all the way through.

January 15. The sky overcast, but, to the joy of all, seven came to be immersed, Brother Williams officiating. Sang "Nothing but the blood of Jesus" all the time. I think it is fixed as *the* baptismal song. Judge Cox came among the forty confessors at night. I told how his old father had sent a message by me to him from Hazel Green. He said, when he bade me "Good-by," "Brother Barnes, do what you can to get my boy." The man was so touched by this, that he came without further resistance. The tendering power of God was so great that many only needed a touch of the hand and came "right along" (a number mentioned in the diary by name) . . . Three sisters sat weeping.

January 16. In the morning thirty-two confessed. At the union baptism thirty-four were baptized. . . . Indeed, this hotel corner has witnessed many a bloody scene in the past, and the bullet holes of the last affray are now to be seen in the weather-boarding in the front of the house. One old man nearly eighty came this morning. He wanted time to "study about it," but the Lord made me bold and importunate, and at last he came. I had to half carry his tottering form to the front seat, but when the meeting closed he was another man—so full of joy—and walking around like he was twenty years younger. The crowning blessing came at night, when forty-nine "confessed Jesus Lord." The meeting lasted four and a half hours. My parting advice to Christians was twofold. First, to have union baptismal services always, and sing at the water's edge as an invariable song, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus;" second, build a union church, and demonstrate that brethren can dwell in unity. Three hundred and sixty-two confessions in all.

SALYERSVILLE, MAGOFFIN COUNTY.

January 18, 1880. The numerical expression of the Lord's love to-day is sweetly significant. Total, thirty-five. Afternoon seventeen; evening seventeen. Both, $7\times2+3$. The first man who came to-night was the only infidel in town. He is a grave, thoughtful-looking man of fifty past. Our hostess brought her sorrowful spirit to Jesus to have the joy restored. Seven preachers present to-day, and all seemed to heartily co-operate.

January 19. Brother Glover, our dear reformed brother and fellow-laborer at Jackson, made a simple and impressive statement that he had renounced *strife* forever. He said he had "thrown his last club;" henceforth his aim should be to proclaim the glad tidings. At the union baptism Brothers Glover, Adams, and Rich. Brother Glover baptized one little girl as he held her in his arms—as sweet a baptism as I ever witnessed. The little thing closed her eyes, and lay like a child asleep, without a struggle. Thirty-two confessions crowned the day with "loving kindness and tender mercies."

January 20. The Lord "set His seal" to Brother Glover's noble confession. All he spoke to came. The meeting lasted three and a

quarter hours. This morning I feel quite restored, the Lord giving me the sleep of His "beloved" (Psalm 127). Twenty-four baptized—praise His dear name forever—ninety-seven in all to-day.

January 21. This summer in mid-winter, this flood of gospel grace to match all! Brother Glover had his man to measure me for a pair of new boots. It was a heavenly sight to behold the unity of the afternoon baptism. We had such a loving hand-shake and "Praise the Lord." A splendid young man, running the saw-mill in the rear of the hotel, came to-night. His confession was like Zaccheus'—a joyful one. He smiled pleasantly, answered my question, "Do you receive Jesus?" with "Indeed, I do," and then added with a joyful smile, "Praise the Lord." Eleven immersed, three sprinkled. Thirty-seven confessions at night.

January 22. There is a deputation from Paintsville here, but they seem to be on a voyage of discovery. I was specially glad of the presence of Brother Bailey, the first Baptist preacher yet, at the union baptisms. The dear Lord won twenty-two to the ranks of the saved to-night. Many hearts were made glad, . . . but we trust the living God for them. I am afraid I repelled old Mr. —— and young —— this morning by impatient eagerness. If so, Jesus forgives and pities.

January 23. A number of wild young men came forward—twenty-eight. Again and again the Lord sustained drooping faith.

January 24. A petition to-day from Prestonburg with two hundred and eighty-five signatures. Twenty-five to-day; for the week two hundred and fourteen confessions.

Sunday, *January* 25. In the morning twenty-five converts. The union baptismal services at 2:30 P.M.—a glorious reunion. The bank was lined with three or four hundred spectators, and they made "the welkin ring" with our precious rallying hymn, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus." Eighteen or twenty baptisms. Brothers Glover and Bays (Reformed) and Rich and Adams (Methodists) all *in* the water, and Brothers R. and A. both sprinkled. The Methodist brethren fairly shouted. After baptism the brethren were so full of joy that they proposed a prayer-meeting, and had a glorious one at the Court House, in which the young converts especially came out

beautifully, taking an active part in it. At night the Lord crowned the day—forty-three confessions, and so many we had been looking and praying for . . . and many others—centres of gladness and joy. After the net had been cast for the last time, we had a sweet communion service, in which all the children and young converts participated. It was glorious. Marie sang in a low voice, touching the organ softly, while the elements were being distributed. The meeting broke at 10:30, but no one seemed weary.

January 26. The Lord is doing a work in this town and county, the extent of which we little know. Brother —— was saying that last Saturday night he had to come home from his store about midnight, and could only wonder at the difference in the town from two short weeks ago. Then the popping of revolvers and the howls of drunken men made night hideous and dangerous. Now all is still as death. As he passed one house he heard the voice of a woman hushing her wakeful child with "Nothing but the blood of Jesus." Then as he went to the other side of the town he heard the same sweet strain from two other houses. No other sound. Twelve confessions. Old "Uncle Billy" Adams came—seventy-seven years old. Nearly every one wept. Old Mr. Salyer, for whom the town is named, came, and our Willie May came, after breaking our hearts for a week. Praise the Lord! Fourteen immersed; at night twenty-five confessed.

January 27. Five immersions, forty confessions.

January 28. The camp-meeting chorus, "I can, I will, I do believe," has taken like wildfire since its introduction night before last, and we hear it in every direction. Praise the Lord, He sent it at the right time to do good—as He always does. The whole number now, 377—from Him whose "love is better than wine." Twenty confessions at night, four colored people. Sixteen immersed.

January 29. Brother Rich took me riding in his spring wagon out on the Burning Fork road—surely the prettiest valley in Kentucky. Nineteen immersed, forty-three confessions. . . . The old trouble of John 4 : 1, 2, from which Jesus ran away. Lord, baffle Satan, and let no root of bitterness spring up!

January 30. There was "no room even about the doors," so many strangers, and the town crowded with horses. Twenty-eight confessions in spite of the *pack*. The largest crowd that has yet been in attendance assembled on the banks to witness the baptisms by Brothers Glover, Rich, Taulbee, and Bailey—thirty baptized. Thirty-two confessions at night. There were four hundred and ninety-six, and I announced the fact, and called for four volunteers to make up five hundred for Jesus. Brother Taulbee recruited three, and White Arnett made the five hundred. The scene of shouting joy upon this beggars description.

January 31. Sixteen confessions, eleven immersions.

Sunday, February 1. One lady went into the river and kneeled down in the water and had it poured over her. The Lord sweetly ordered that every known way should be exhibited in to-day's baptisms. Forty-one confessions for the day, making a grand total of five hundred and fifty-seven in the fifteen days. PRAISE THE LORD! A sweet communion service after this, and so the meeting ended.

PAINTSVILLE, JOHNSON COUNTY.

February 2, 1880. (A rough ride of eighteen miles on a snowy day from Salyersville. Only two in the town left unconverted. The people were kind at parting.) The jailer has refused the Court House, but we trust the Lord to soften his heart, and He *will, if we need the Court House*. We have the offer meanwhile of the M. E. church.

February 3. The jailer called after breakfast and tendered the use of the Court House. Green Adams and Brother Johnson have been used of the Lord, I suppose, to change his purpose. One lady confessed—the first fruits.

February 4. Moved to M. E. church. Received a note from the prisoner in jail, asking me to get permission for him to attend services. Saw the jailer. Will have to wait till the dear Lord warms up the place a little more. Twenty-one confessed.

February 5. Preached on "The Prodigal." The Lord gave utterance and added instructions: 1. Nobody in the chapter raises the question of *sin* but the *Prodigal* and the *elder brother*. The Father never. The Good Shepherd never. 2. The publicans and

sinners "drew near" *because* He did not raise that question. Had He done so it would have repelled them. 3. *Not* raising it repelled Pharisees, because their whole life had been wasted in trying to meet the sin question; and if that was ignored, all their costly, painstaking preparations fell to the ground. This they would not endure. I never saw the sweet gospel so clearly as to night, and never presented the scriptural meaning more distinctly. One dear little child came, and was so sound asleep when I took the confessions that I just kissed him, and talked a little while over him to the people on this point—the little one *did what he could*—that was all Jesus ever asked of any man, woman, or child. Thirty-four confessions.

February 6. Preached on "Jesus, our *Healer*." Twenty-five confessions at night.

February 8. In the two days sixty-six confessions. Eighteen immersed by Brothers Williams and Robinson.

February 9. Climbed the mountain and had a good walk with Leander May—three boys and three dogs. The boys enjoyed it much. Two of the boys confessed at night. Brother Glover, just in, gives glorious accounts from Salyersville. Brother Glover preached about three hours and Brother Taulbee nearly four the first time they "let loose" on the new track. Praise the Lord! "Old Nels" (who didn't confess) says "none of the other niggers will speak to him since they joined the church." The blessed Lord gave fifty-seven, which makes the total for the first week two hundred and fifteen.

February 10. Immersions by Brothers Glover, Ebright, Robinson, and Williams—forty. For the harvest forty-four confessions.

February 11. After baptisms (18) a large *drove* of us went over "Paint" above the mill-dam to visit "Hanging Rock"—twenty three in all—six or eight men, and the rest of the twenty-three boys, large and small. We sang "Nothing but the blood of Jesus" before we came down from the rock. Jessie Booton and Marie accompanied us. At night, twenty-eight confessions.

February 12. To-night's downpour has swollen the "Paint" heavily. Twice to-day I have been down to the mill-dam to look at the saw-logs floating over. It was to me a novel and terrible

sight almost. The huge logs rearing almost on end as they took the plunge, then reappearing in the boiling caldron below, to be sucked back to the fall, again to be sent under, and again to emerge. To see fifteen or twenty great saw-logs of different lengths and girth going this endless round until the ends were half worn into points by the terrific abrasion, rolling helplessly, broadside under the fall, surging, leaping, writhing in every imaginable contortion, while now and then one more fortunate than the rest is *butted* out so far as to escape the back tow, and goes placidly off floating down the river—it is all a novel and wonderful thing to look at. The stream is so smoothly deceitful in its flow above the dam, the drop is so sudden into the scene of horror below, that it easily stood to a sober mind as a type of sin and its awful consequences. How few escape the awful suck of that whirlpool, where Satan rages and makes such awful work with poor souls! Praise the Lord, I am out of it, however battered and bruised. Nineteen confessions, and eight baptized in the swollen stream.

February 13. (The dam disappeared entirely during the night; a great flood; the country people hindered from coming in; the people busy in forming rafts to take down the Big Sandy.) For the day four confessions.

February 14–18. Brother Glover baptized a brother and sister together at one plunge, which I never saw done before. . . . Friends have been made up, enemies reconciled, and the sweetest harmony reigns; the beer-tippling establishment closed. Brother Glover also told me of the Mormon troubles in this county. He thinks the Lord has vanquished Satan in that quarter also. Several of them have confessed and been baptized. Praise the Lord for "scotching," if not killing that seed of the serpent. Seventy-two confessions. Eighteen immersions.

February 19. For the day thirty-one. So closed the Paintsville meeting and exactly the third year of our partnership service for Jesus. For on the 20th of February, 1877, we began together in Burksville. With what joy and alacrity we enter upon another year of service to "live by the day"—so long as He wishes to use us. Four hundred and nineteen confessions in Paintsville.

PRESTONSBURG, FLOYD COUNTY.

February 20, 1880. These "Sandy" boats are *sui-generis* little craft with naked sidewheels and very limited passenger accommodations, except in the eating line. About one hundred returning raftsmen were aboard. By request, after dinner, which occupied from half-past eleven to half-past one, with five tables set, we had services. The weak cabin floor gave way a little under the weight of the congregation, cracking two of the girders, and threatening to break through on the boiler. That would have suited Satan exactly. The Lord kept us in perfect safety. Two roughly clad but good-countenanced men from Pike confessed the dear Saviour's name. The "Jerry Osborn" made the fourteen miles in six hours—rather deliberate for *steam*, but the current of Sandy is swift, and the boat small and heavy laden. [The Prestonsburg meeting, which was brought to a close on March 6th, resulted in four hundred and thirty-eight converts; eighty-three were baptized. The experience was much the same as at Paintsville. The evangelist delights in rambling over the mountains with companions; notes those for whose salvation he trusts; rejoices over the victory in the conversion of an infidel; and enters as minutely into the details of village life—as we have seen in other extracts. The arrival by the boat of his lantern becomes an incident. Marie is sorely tried with chills.] "But we all trusted 'straight along,' and said, 'Praise the Lord' with aching hearts. She is resolved to trust the Lord wholly for her cure. We all trust with her." . . . Joe's letter reports Uncle Matt still "off" on the organ question. Poor dear, loving, obstinate Uncle Matt! . . . Visited the jail. It has two compartments—one a sheet-iron cage, the other of wood. In the sheet-iron room were two men, who became brethren in the Lord before the interview was over. The third man, in the wooden room, got out about nightfall, and confessed at the night meeting. Praise the Lord for His precious love "opening the prison doors to them that were bound." . . . Dear Marie escaped her chill through the Lord's loving kindness, answering prayer, and trust. Last night, as I went to bed, I just knelt down and said, "Dear Lord, thou hast said the prayer of faith shall save the sick; I trust thee to

make this good to us." I had a sweet assurance when I lay down. . . . The Lord gave fresh light and full liberty in Acts 13, showing me that the question of sin is not raised in that sweet gospel sermon at Antioch from Paul, "the Little," as his name is. . . . The eaptain of the "Jerry Osborn" and his elerk bring a petition from Piketon. It is quite different from any petition thus far received, being signed exclusively by ladies, who state in it, in a very business-like way, that having waited for husbands and brothers to send an invitation until opportunity was almost passed, they had resolved to take the matter in hand themselves, and so entreated us to come. Aeeompanying the petition was a very kind invitation from a Mr. Dils to come to his house while in Piketon, and stating that a petition had been gotten up, signed, and entrusted to some person to send, and then had been destroyed, to the great regret and disappointment of many. We trust the Lord to send us in the "fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ" to unite and not divide. . . . Dear Marie's chill day, but the Lord kept it off, of course. . . . At the morning service six confessions, followed by one eonfession on the open street from an old backslider, who had held baek in the house. Strolled with Brothers Stamper, Longley, and May—all preaehers. Stamper's infant boy has been named "George Barnes" in memory of the meeting. . . . Some mysterious remonstranees about young ——. It appears he was dissolute and bore quite a disreputable eharacter before his conversion, whieh oeeurred during the Paintsville meeting. He "witnessed a good confession" then and since, as far as I know. So the Lord gave me a sermon on the 4th of John, to-night, that met the case. My soul was stirred at this wretched attempt at holding a poor fellow responsible for past sins, that the Lord had forgotten and put under the blood, and I let out all the Lord put within me to say on the subject. . . . This perfect rest in Jesus seems at times like a dream life to me, and I wonder and wonder where trouble and eare have fled to. . . . It is touehing in the extreme to see these great rugged men of rafts and mountains sitting like little children at Jesus' feet. Oh, praise the Lord again for a simple gospel that a poor fellow can pick up

as he walks along. It grows in sweet simplicity and power on my own soul every day. Especially the *fact*—the *blessed* fact—that the dear Lord nowhere in Scripture raises the question of *sin* with a poor sinner. This gives more encouragement to the people to come to Jesus than anything else, as I can plainly see. Just as in the olden time, "there drew *near* unto Him *all* the publicans and sinners for to hear Him," Luke 15 : 1. Why did I not see and preach that from the first? An offence to Scribes and Pharisees? Yes! But the very backbone of the gospel. . . . Besides Brothers Stamper, Robinson, Hopkins, and others who work, there is one, a plain man, Brother Vaughan, who has perhaps brought more forward than any other one. He was one of the first converts, and seems to have a wonderful power to win others. . . . It has been, indeed, a day of power and grace—sixty-one confessions in all. One brother confessed at the baptismal service, and was immersed at the water's edge. . . . Brother Gable told me that a garden hoe, stolen one year ago, he found in his back yard this morning. . . . We bade adieu to Prestonsburg in the darkness and the rain, but all bright within the town and our hearts.

PIKETON, PIKE COUNTY.

March 7, 1880. (The meeting at Piketon lasted two weeks, with four hundred converts. The country people were largely cut off by the flood in the Big Sandy. Here, as elsewhere, the evangelist reckoned closely the number of the unsaved, and records his joy at the conversion of a son, or other member of a family, long trusted for, and notes by name the few in the town "left out of the ark." He mentions the schoolmaster, the village barber, and the shoemaker among the converts, and his sympathies and watchfulness include all. Amid his labors he yet welcomes the arrival of a *Danville Advocate*, battered in the transit by mail. He knows the whistles of the boats; and every changing phase of nature, the budding trees, and "the clouds and the singing birds telling of coming storm"—as noted by him—give charm and color to the simple narrative. He gives pictures of men and nature with a touch fully in accord with both.) Going up the river the rain

poured all night, and Egyptian darkness was without, but the "Jerry Osborn" bowled along by the light of a pine torch, thrust out from the starboard bow. Col. Dils met us at the landing. . . . The weather looks exactly as if Satan knew there would be a good meeting, and was trying to cast a flood out of his mouth [Rev. 12] to destroy it. . . . I heard to-night that the report was circulated that I had been turned out of the Presbyterian Church for drunkenness. I am sure that back of all these "light afflictions" lie extra blessings for Piketon. . . . There had been few confessions. At night preached on the "Good Samaritan." Sweet liberty. First hymn, no one came. Faith held on. Second hymn, two little girls came together. Third hymn, six or eight ladies came. Then a rapid and constant stream, until, after eight or ten prayers and hymns, sixty-two came in all. Praise the Lord! The largest accession at one time since the closing meeting at Danville. A postal from Owen Barnes announcing the death of Mary Stratford, in Missouri. She died full of peace. All dear Charley's first family with Jesus now. Praise the Lord! . . . I met one of the two "Jerry Osborn" converts last night as I was circulating in the crowded room. He looked very bright and happy, and glad to see me, and I know I was rejoiced to meet him. . . . The situation of Piketon is one of rare beauty. It seems lovelier every time I get a new view of it. The weather has been so unfavorable that I have not reached the mountain-tops across the river. I wait in hope. How like the glorious expectation that fills my soul, when earth's mists and fogs and hailstorms are over. I shall mount the slopes of the "everlasting hills." What joy! . . . Ralph Booton and Mr. Hampton, a young lawyer from Catlettsburg, and son-in-law of Judge Ireland, called on me, and the latter read a written confession. His confession unique, but a perfect surrender. Praise the Lord! The effect of Brother Hampton's confession upon the congregation was very marked. I also advised Phelps to come to Jesus with all his doubts, assuring him of a loving reception. Among the forty-five confessions, two prisoners from the jail, handcuffed—one of them a murderer. . . . After dinner a delightful ramble to "Dasty's Knob." We saw where the poor creature hid from his pursuers

until he had an opportunity to flee the country. . . . I hear of precious reconciliations and old sores healed on every hand. . . . We trusted the Lord for four hundred, and sure enough there were just thirty-three confessions, making up the desired number.

March 22. We left pleasant Piketon to-day. Our dear friends came down to the little steamer, "Favorite," to see us off. Many dear friends came down to greet us at Prestonsburg, some going on with us. Once I noticed we made a landing for a coffee-boilerful of eggs. Eggs and chickens the greater part of the freight down. There must have been one thousand or twelve hundred chickens in crates. Two beeves and two horses on the larboard to balance them—all crowded up between the boiler and the boat's side—with a narrow pass for passengers on the cattle side. Fortunately the ox had a horn broken off, so we did not run the risk of being impaled.

LOUISA, LAWRENCE COUNTY.

March 23, 1880. (The stay in Louisa was of sixteen days; converts, one hundred and seventy-seven. He leaves everywhere as a battlery, "Praise the Lord!") A prompt response when I asked all who were "fully trusting" to rise in their seats and say, "Praise the Lord!" About twenty-five or thirty responded heartily. The first who came, this evening, was a rough-looking young man, in a flannel shirt, and trousers in his boots, but a resolute, earnest face. Then another young man, and then a young woman, whose eyes I had noticed filling with tears again and again. I went to her and asked her to trust Jesus. "Oh, I wish that I could!" she said. A little persuasion and encouragement, and she came with the child who was with her. . . . Praise the Lord for dark days, that give Faith the golden opportunity of pluming her wings, and mounting up. We should always just keep "on foot," if the days were all bright. . . . But they come at length, and that is all the dear Lord wants. His love will finish the work so feebly begun, and soon strengthen the poor weak faith. The mustard seed once planted, though with trembling hand, He will give it undying root and luxuriance. Praise His dear name. . . . Received a letter from Tom Coster to-day from Pike, telling how well all the new

converts were doing, and how his father, who had been a very profane man, had his finger jerked out of joint before he wrote by a wild horse pulling on the bridle at the firing of a gun. He only said, "Praise the Lord!" and as Tom pulled the finger back in its place the agony only extorted another "Praise the Lord!" . . . I know not how many confessed, as it was all done by handshaking, while I was going around among the saints taking their pledges to go with Jesus *all the way*. The old man I knew, and turned his handshake into public confession. I was much touched Tuesday night going into meeting to find ——, of Salyersville, sitting on the fence and waiting to shake hands with us. He was roughly clad in his working suit, and would not go into the house, but we took courage about him from this evident overture of a good resolution. We had heard that he had been drinking and was going to the bad again; but I don't believe now it was anything but a sudden, temporary fall. . . . The "Regulators" came into town about midnight. After half an hour's stay they swept out of town without any noise, the soft, sandy streets muffling the sound of their horses' feet as though they had been shod with felt. The moon was up, but shining dimly through flying clouds. Altogether, it was a very ghostly, awe-inspiring raid. . . . I stopped preaching, and told him to trust the Lord to make him cease coughing. He did not stop at once, and I encouraged him a second time to trust the Lord entirely, and then he did not cough any more. . . . Between services went to the jail, and preached a little sermon to the four prisoners on "God not Imputing Trespasses" (2 Cor. 5), and all four heartily confessed "Jesus Lord."

CATLETTSBURG, BOYD COUNTY.

April 9, 1880. (Three hundred and eighty-nine converts.) Talked through the wonderful telephone for half an hour with Milt. Burns at Louisa. We parted with an exchanged "Praise the Lord!" . . . During the day a request was handed me to preach on the "Divinity of Christ" and the "Immortality of the Soul." I preached on Romans 10, showing the disease to be of the *heart*, and no head teaching could reach it. Narrated Mr. Lea's experience, and

John Hampton's, nearer home. . . . Was told of a very sweet circumstance, the happy reconciliation of Mrs. —— and her next-door neighbor, where the two families were "at outs," and "no one spoke to any one." The word from day before yesterday's "Pentecost" sermon was so blessed to her that, although the injured party, she went right home and made it up; and that same night came to church with her old enemy, the son of one family escorting the daughter of the other. . . . Capt. Eastman, of the "Hatton," confessed—seventy-eight for the day. Capt. Spurlock, of the "Favorite," present. I trust for him and Capt. Hopkins and Capt. Freese yet. Oh, to have all these Sandy steamboats officered by Christians! Praise the Lord for Capt. Eastman to begin with. . . . I was having the ferrule of my cane fastened this morning, and conversing with the silversmith, who was doing the little job for me, found he was a Universalist. He was very frank when he saw that I was not fighting his hobby, and confessed he didn't live up to his own doctrine. I then had an opportunity of telling him he could get Jesus' almighty power to do it for him, by simply confessing Him; and also showed him that he ought to be the foremost man in the world to confess so good a God as he professed to believe in. He seemed impressed, and admitted everything; kindly invited me to come up and call on his wife, who was greatly taken with the meetings, and for the last two nights had kept awake two hours after his sleeping time, talking about them. He told me about Mr. ——, who confessed last week. He was a very profane man, and while working in his garden a day or two ago something quickly angered him, and he tried to say "Praise the Lord" before the oath could come, but couldn't think of it on the spur of the moment, so he just shouted out "Amen" instead, and with the same blessed result. Satan was thoroughly beaten; Jesus victor. What a sweet illustration it furnishes of 2 Cor. 8 : 12! Praise the Lord for taking just what we are able to give. . . . On a call nearly all came to submit without reserve to King Jesus. The discourse was "Thy Kingdom Come." . . . Oh, joy! Capt. Hopkins was one of the confessors. At last the Lord has caught our handsome Captain of the "Jerry." Praise His dear name for

answered prayer and trust. Nearly all the saints came forward on a call for those who would never let anything stand between them and Jesus. . . . I believe Jesus will heal him, and make him strongest where now he is weakest. Wondrous grace that turns these Malakoff bastions of the devil into forts of Jesus! . . . Walked up a few minutes to Marie's little paradise on the hill (Col. Moore's) to get some little articles of mine she had. They treat her so lovingly, getting her breakfast at 8 o'clock, and telling her to lie in bed as long as she likes. The little miss enjoys being petted no little, I think.

ASHLAND, BOYD COUNTY.

May 10, 1880. Came to Ashland on the "Fannie Dugan," passage free or settled by the friends who saw me off—I do not know which. The Lord arranged it in either case. The congregation nearly a houseful. Strict attention, although I preached an hour and twenty-five minutes. One confession, a sweet-faced girl of eighteen or twenty, blessed first-fruits of what I firmly believe will be a glorious victory for Jesus in Ashland. He shall have all the glory here and hereafter.

May 11. No confessions at either service, but I am sure the Lord is doing His own work in His own blessed way. I never more unreservedly put all things into the Lord's hands than I do now. And I am sure He takes what I yield up to Him. PRAISE HIM!

May 12. No confessions. After the afternoon service went to see a man nearly gone with consumption. He confessed Jesus after a few minutes' preaching of Jesus.

May 13. Had a delightful stroll with Dr. Young and Brother McGhee to the Sulphur Spring. Returning, gathered specimens of the fern petrifactions and learned a good deal from the brethren about plants. Both are well informed. Brother McGhee showed us how the pollen of a head of rye would spring out under the warmth and moisture of the mouth, holding the stem part, in a few minutes, where there was no previous sign of it. He also gathered in the walk home sixty-four specimens of wood-producing plants before we left the forest, and easily ran the number up to

ninety something, after we reached the gardens below the hill we were skirting.

May 14. Took a walk with Dr. Young and Brother McGhee, breathing pure air to strengthen for the dear Master's service. Seven confessions at night. The first to come was a Miss Jones, sister of the lady who came the first night. PRAISE THE LORD!

May 15. Dear Brother Lemming and wife came suddenly upon us at afternoon service yesterday. It was a joyful meeting. He still stands fast to the Lord. At night a crowded house, and five confessions. The ice is slowly breaking.

May 16. A balmy, delicious day, specially sent, I firmly believe, in answer to prayer and trust. We wanted to hold services in the Park, because we knew the house would not hold the people, but chiefly for the benefit of the operatives in the rolling-mills and blast-furnaces. Praise the dear Lord for answered prayer. No weather could have exceeded in balmy fitness this lovely, heavenly day. There must have been one thousand in the morning and twelve hundred in the afternoon; order almost perfect. The class we wished to come were out in force. PRAISE THE LORD! At morning service no confessions. Preached "John Hampton's sermon," on "Give me thy heart." The Lord gave sweet liberty. Praise His dear name! In the afternoon preached on John 1 : 12, "Receiving Him." Fifty-two confessions—the majority children, but about twelve or fifteen grown ones. Praise the Lord for one of His sweet surprises. The "Jerry Osborn" brought about seventy-five from Catlettsburg. It was delightful to see so many familiar faces in the audience. Many came in vehicles. We had rough boards laid across trestles for a platform, and erected in different places morning and afternoon to suit the shade. Twelve confessions at night; two of them the "boss" workmen of the rolling-mill and nail factory. Praise the Lord!

May 17. Fourteen confessions; a blessed season of refreshing.

May 18. Services to-day full of blessed interest. Nine confessions at 3 P.M., and forty-two at night. Sam Ireland and Prof. Wylie came. Mr. Russel, superintendent of the "upper furnace," said to Mr. Hampton as he came out of church, "The tide swept up

to my feet to-night. I think it will sweep me away to-morrow night. Everybody seems mellow, and barriers broken down.

May 19. Walked with Brother McGhee and Dr. Dibble. The latter asked so many intelligent questions that I had to tell him what the Lord had taught me about the Great Tribulation, or leave him puzzled. Nine confessions this morning. Just one hundred and fifty-three now—the number of "great fishes" in the unbroken net of John 21. PRAISE THE LORD! Willie returned this morning with Al Savage. He brings the news that all the lawsuits between the converts had been compromised, and when it was announced in open court a hearty "Praise the Lord!" went up. The papers were filed away by the clerk, indorsed "Praise the Lord!" Oh, how good is the dear Lord! A glorious meeting at night, and twenty-eight confessions, one of them a well-known sceptic. The work among infidels is amazing.

May 20. . . . These brethren are hungry Bible students, and it was not long before they ran upon the "Great Tribulation," the only clue to apparent contradiction in Scripture. So I told them what the Lord had taught me. The Lord will bless it to them, I am sure. Twenty confessions—Col. Putnam's father-in-law among the number, his hair snow-white, his first confession. Praise the Lord!

May 21. Fourteen confessions.

May 22. For the day forty confessions, including Superintendent Russel, of the Norton Iron Works, Mr. Singer, Capt. Davis, Mr. Huston, and others whom I did not know. Preached on the twenty-third Psalm. Two hundred and sixty-four in all. I trust the dear Lord for five hundred in Ashland.

Sunday, May 23. Meetings in the Park. Morning, twenty-nine confessions. Afternoon service, about fifteen hundred present; thirty-three confessions; half children. The day continued lovely throughout, and the word of the Lord had "free course and was glorified." The "Osborn" went to Catlettsburg between services for a second load. The Lord has done wonders for Boyd County. At night a crowning blessing. The Lord chose Bethesda (John 5), and gave the power. Thirty-three confessions, nearly all adult men. A remarkable harvest on that account. I accepted it as a sweet reward (in part) for

the unfeigned joy over the children this afternoon, when Satan sorely tempted to say "only children." But I did *not*, recoiling in horror from the hateful and subtile temptation.

May 25. (The evangelist is consulted by a Presbyterian elder, whose church connection is bondage at this moment of revival; counsels him to bear all for Jesus' sake.) Five confessions. Judge Ireland drove me out to the Bellefont Furnace. Little Donald went with us. Sweet little fellow! I had much ado to keep the sun out of his face and him in the buggy. He puts one in mind of Paul Dombey all the time. Yesterday he caught me looking fixedly, and he said softly, "Are you thinking of Jesus?" I answered "Yes." "*All* right," he responded in his childishly solemn way. I think he is going to heaven young. He sits in his nurse's arms, and looks at me all through the sermon in such a solemn and attentive way—it is wonderful in so small a child. Yesterday, as in an impassioned way I clasped my hands and said, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he clasped his hands and said right after me in a wonderful imitation, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" The dear child seems much attached to me, and loves to come to my room. He says, "Brother Barnes made me love Jesus."

May 26. At night ten confessions.

May 27. Walked with Brother McGhee to the spring; returning we looked in at the worship in the Catholic church, candles lighted, gorgeous vestments, Latin prayers, . . . but doubtless sweet children of the Lord doing it. Perhaps I shall meet the poor priest in heaven, and talk of the folly we both have been guilty of on earth. "Like as a father pitieth, so the Lord." Afternoon service better attended than usual. Preached a Praise the Lord sermon from 2 Chr. 20, and nearly all promised to praise Him with the mouth in the future. PRAISE THE LORD! At night house full and ten confessions. Ireland Hampton came after his long fight.

May 28. Walked with the Judge to the Norton Iron Works, and went over the nail factory. Met many of the converts. A telegram from Judge Stewart about 5 o'clock, announcing the surrender of three hundred Regulators and the names of all the rest given up, and "Praise the Lord" appended to the telegram. Glorious good

news for many anxious hearts. Twenty-nine confessions at night. Old Mr. Joe Burdett came at last.

May 29. The services of this rainy day were "special." In the afternoon for the children. Twenty-four confessed. At night another crowded house, and more than half the congregation "young men," for whom the service was especially intended. Sixteen fine young fellows, most of them from the Iron Works, came forward. Praise the Lord! Mr. John Russel's only remaining son came up. It was a soul-inspiring sight to see these sixteen stalwart fellows sitting at Jesus' feet. My heart is full of gratitude to the Lord for all.

Sunday, *May* 30. The Park service out of the question on account of the rain, but there comes a proposition from the friends to have the afternoon service at the "Norton Iron Works." The superintendent proposes to put fifteen hundred nail kegs for seats. Six P.M., the day has been too rainy for the proposed services, so we kept to the church. Preached on the New Creation as taught in the Old, Gen. 1. Seven confessions in the morning, and five in the afternoon. Praise the Lord for some "hard cases" among them! Trust for the five hundred to be made up to-night by the dear Lord. He will do it for His loving servants, I am sure, if it is best for them. And so it turned out, of course, for the dear Master gave "exceeding abundantly." Sixty-five confessions, seventy-seven the day's harvest. A closing kiss of love from Jesus' lips. Five hundred and thirty-seven in all. Total, nine hundred and twenty-six, Boyd County.

GREENUP, GREENUP COUNTY.

May 31, 1880. Found Brother and Sister Robb at the wharf-boat, and the three young ministers of the place, all on hand to help us up hill with out little parcels. It was a pleasant welcome, and a delightful promise of a good meeting. PRAISE THE LORD! We held services in the Court-House. Greenup is a quiet village of nine hundred population.

June 1. Quite a stone wall between preacher and people yet, which we are trusting to the dear Lord to break down in due time. Praise

the dear Lord for the trials of faith in the beginnings of meetings, keeping us humble and leaning our whole weight on Jesus.

June 2. The word began to take effect. No confessions. Preached on the parable of Luke 15—Good Shepherd, Good woman, and Good Father.

June 3. At night one confession—dear Mrs. Norton, who came down on the "Fannie Dugan" this evening with her mother. PRAISE THE LORD! If I had a choice of the first fruits I could not have asked a soul to begin with in Eastern Kentucky, for whom I felt more interest than this dear sister. How lovingly my dear Master meets the heart's desires.

June 4. A walk of six miles at least, partly in the hot sun—too much. The Lord gave strength because He knew there was nothing wilful in the exhaustion entailed by my unexpected walk, and I was wonderfully upheld, physically, mentally, and spiritually. One confession at night and three on the following day.

Sunday, June 6. (Excursions in by rail and boat from Grayson and Catlettsburg. Four confessions.) The dear "Regulars" from Catlettsburg and Ashland, with their bright forgiven faces and their hearty "Praise the Lord," were like a flood of sunshine let into a dark room. The Lord knows how to comfort them that are cast down. Sister Young sent me a "Home Missionary" contribution yesterday, and a very sweet letter, telling how much her home circle had been blessed by the incoming of Jesus. Oh, praise the Lord for all these sweet cups of refreshment by the way.

June 7. The first week closes with nine confessions—the smallest week's work for many a week, as far as seen results go; but I feel sure the Lord is doing a blessed work among souls which will come out gloriously "in due season, if we faint not."

June 8. The ice was broken by the Lord's right hand of power at the night service. The Master gave a sweet afternoon meeting in unfolding Ruth, chapters 3 and 4; at night, in bodily weakness, but "strong in the Lord," the message was given from Ex. 12—the Blood. Twenty-four confessions. Oh, praise the Lord for His faithful love.

June 9. The tremendous thunder and lightning did great good to

the miasmatic air, and I am confident that the Lord will restore me without the necessity of a "rest;" hope I will not need that until He takes me to my dear *home* rest. Seven confessions.

June 10. Walked with Brother Homer, of the M. E. Church South. What a joy to have the preachers treat us kindly. Nine confessions at night—most of them grown men from the laboring classes. Six confessions the following two days.

Sunday, June 13. The "Fleetwing" came down with about one hundred, and the excursion from Grayson well filled. Court-House too small by half. Two confessions in the morning, four at 3 P.M., and seventeen at night.

June 14. The people came from the country freely; quite a procession of two horse farm wagons filled with men, women, and children passes our door every evening half an hour before church time. There were seventeen confessions at night, making one hundred and one in all. At ninety-nine there was a halt, and Marie sang "There were ninety and nine," and a fine young man came. Little Willie Pinkerton made the one hundred and first.

June 15. A very interesting letter from Mrs. Paynter, giving an account of Brother Paynter's success in England and Scotland. Praise the Lord! I am so glad this dear persecuted servant of the Lord is being vindicated by his loving Master, and that the Lord has put him into a position where his enemies have to "look up," not "down," to find him. Threatening weather. Two confessions.

June 16. At night eighteen confessions; renewed evidences that the *old* Christians are being warmed up. I believe there would be a glorious meeting in Greenup yet, if all the variances were but once made up. "The bones are very dry," but there is some "shaking" among them. Praise the Lord!

June 17. A delightful visit from an Ashland delegation. At night a glorious blessing from the Lord. Twenty-six confessions. Judge Reid and others well known.

June 18. River booming. Mr. and Mrs. John Hampton, with "baby," came down to stay over till Saturday. A sweet response of the saints at afternoon meeting. At night sixteen confessions.

June 19. At night seventeen confessions. A good many came,

who have been halting and holding back. The Lord gave power to the word. Meeting held on till 10 again. Thus the Lord teaches his children faith and patience. I feel every evening, when they come, one at a time, for hours, the Lord has His children in school, teaching them invaluable lessons of *how to trust*.

June 20. The Lord gave a glorious harvest of souls to-day, the last of the meeting. Praise His dear name! The "Fleetwing" brought about one hundred souls from Catlettsburg and Ashland. The Court-House jammed at all three services. Fourteen confessions in the morning, thirty-five in the afternoon, fifty-nine at night, making one hundred and eight for the day's blessed harvest. A parting kiss of my dear Lord's lips, and a sweet token of His purpose to keep the best for the last always. Oh, how good! About a dozen colored people among the confessors at night. Nine confessed in the body of the house by rising after regular invitations were over. Praise the Lord for Greenup!

GRAYSON, CARTER COUNTY.

June 21, 1880. Another pack up, another journey, another halt, and oh, joy of joys! every step nearer to our dear home where Jesus is. Brother Grahn, of the *Independent*, rode over with us. A squad of kind friends walked up to Riverton and saw us off. . . . A nice lot of young men at the table, whom, I doubt not, the Lord has sent us to be a blessing to. At 8 o'clock we were in the M. Ch. S. building, and met a houseful. The Lord led me to give a little talk from "Full of Grace and Truth," and He gave sweet liberty in stating my position and purpose in coming to Grayson. I could feel instantly that the congregation were *en rapport*. Marie was tired, but sang "In the Spirit." I believe the dear Master will give an abundant blessing here.

June 22. The Court-House, on the highest point in town, overlooks one of the loveliest landscapes the eye could wish to rest upon. The jail is new and immense, almost like a hotel, as if anticipating no end of crime. Marie, dear child, is "fixing up" her little things to look "home like" in her room, and is as busy as a bee. The Lord bless my darling. She is "just lovely" in her uncomplaining adapt-

ability to all sorts of shifting circumstances. Praise the Lord for making us both what we are! Surely it is "by grace" alone, for there is nothing of *nature* in it. Preached on the ever fresh subject of the "Fatherhood of God." It grows on me every time I touch it. At night a crowded house, and many at the windows outside. Preached on Luke 15. Two confessions—a fine-looking young man and his sister. Precious "first fruits" of the golden harvest for Jesus in Carter.

June 23. I have stepped out of the way a little to read Owen Meredith's "Lucile." Sad and yet true. Alas! that only on withered, broken, stattered, human hopes can the Lord get His due. Poor human souls! that must be utterly crushed before they turn to the Lord. Thrice blessed Jesus, my own dear Saviour, Thou wilt not *break* the *bruised* reed, nor *quench* the smoking flax. There is but one good—that is God. . . . How well the Lord knew all, when He said to us poor strugglers through life,—"Forgetting the things behind." As there were a number of young men out in the afternoon I preached a sermon for the unconverted on "Receiving Him." None confessed, but the word went home I knew. At night house crowded. Four confessions. A splendid mail at 11 A.M. Marie and I received half a dozen a piece. The Lord knows when to send us comforting mails. "All these shall be added," when once Jesus and His glory are made "*first.*"

June 24. I have just read "The Last Week" of Frances Ridley Havergal's life. Oh, how exquisite the close of that lovely life! How sweet was Jesus' love to her in her final agonies; how dear art Thou, O *my* Jesus! I quite long to depart and be with *Him* and all whom His grace has gathered. It will be glorious, that heavenly reunion. Come, dear Jesus, come. She was not quite forty-three years old—died June, 1879. Night meeting broken up in disorder by a heavy storm. "Satan hindered" a little, but Jesus, our Captain, will prevail. The two following days seventeen confessions.

Sunday, *June* 27. Our morning meeting in "the grove"—a front yard kindly offered for the purpose; fine oak trees give a shade like an umbrella. The trains come shrieking in, crowded—perhaps five

hundred people between them. Food was provided by the citizens for all who accepted. Preached on "Jesus our Shepherd" in the morning with full liberty. One confession. Praise the Lord! The clouds were threatening, but faith held them at bay, laying hold on the Lord. But soon after dismissal one of the heaviest rain-storms I have seen for a long time poured down. The people crowded into the church as they best could in the afternoon; hundreds went away. Many stood under umbrellas at the windows in a pouring rain until the sermon was over. Umbrellas were handed out from those within. I guaranteed their return, and at the close an old lady said hers was lost. I gave her mine instead, but hers was afterward found, and she sent mine back. Fourteen confessions. At night house full and fifteen confessions.

June 28. Had a pleasant walk with John Hampton down the railroad this morning after breakfast. He grows in grace so rapidly, and is such a childlike believer, that it is a delight to talk with him. He and Mr. Lea have been used of the Lord to revolutionize my ministry. Praise the Lord! The days' harvest sixteen. At the night two of them very old men. One of them, whom I had noticed on the street several times, and always drunk, came forward while Marie was singing the invitation hymn, and tried to place a small piece of money in my hand. I wouldn't take it, but begged him to come to Jesus at once and be saved. Poor fellow! his infernal master had treated him badly. He was coatless, his dirty shirt torn and bloody, where he seemed to have "cut himself" by falling against some sharp substance; his face almost purple with drink. "I can't stand up to it," he said despairingly. "Jesus will make you to stand," I answered; and then the poor old battered victim of Satan came forward. Dear Jesus, put this "lamb" in thy *bosom*. No other place will do for *him*. I believe Thou wilt do it. PRAISE THE LORD!

June 29. In the afternoon thirty-two children confessed; at night thirteen confessions. Our poor old brother, who confessed the night before, present, looking a little better, but still awfully "battered" by Satan. He came forward again, and I gave him a word of encouragement, but did not take his confession again. Poor old

fellow ! he handed me an apple as he was going out. I trust the Good Shepherd with His "lamb." No greater "stretch" of grace to take *him* than any of us. How silly and shallow our thoughts of grace are, at best !

June 30. Afternoon, one confession. At night house full as usual, and a glorious meeting. Thirty-three confessions.

July 1. Among the nineteen at night a very old man named Womack, who was brought up the railroad on a handcar from his home, three miles out of town. He is blind.

July 2. Marie and I went up to see a Mrs. Watson, who has been in bed for nine years, and whose husband confessed last night. She had expressed a desire to do so too. We had singing and prayer, and she heartily confessed Jesus. Seven for the day. Did a little too much rebuking because the people were disposed to sit in singing. Still learning. Praise the Lord for patient teaching !

July 3. . . . I more and more see that failure comes in from not recognizing "God in everything." That chapter in Sister "H. W. S.'" "Secret of a Happy Life" is a grand one, second only to the chapter on the will. And the blessed battle-cry, "Praise the Lord !" is the recognition of "God in everything." Still learning every day. The lessons come up in such varied forms though that nothing but a "single eye" and a *simple* faith will bear one through. Nine confessions.

July 4. The trains brought in about five hundred persons. Forty-two souls the day's harvest. One young girl confessed at the bedside of Sister Watson, where we had the organ stopped on the way to the church, and sang three hymns for her. The night meeting remarkable as showing the meaning of "in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not"—coming one by one and at last freely.

July 5. (A drunkard, who had ineffectually attempted to reform, rides fifteen miles to the meeting.) He asked if I knew a way to be saved. I told him confidently, "Yes, an infallible one, if he would only walk in it;" then went over the "gospel." He said "It is very plain and simple, and I will try it." There were only two confessions at night, and his the only one in the afternoon ; but I feel more than satisfied with the day's wages (John 4 ; Luke 15).

July 6. The Lord seemed to turn our hearts toward Geigersville, and I concluded to go *via* Ashland. Marie executed a "fairy dance" when she heard that. Sweet closing meeting. Trusted for twenty-one to make up two hundred and fifty. The Lord gave twenty-four at night, making up the vastly more significant two hundred and fifty-three ("one hundred and fifty-three great fishes," John 21). PRAISE, PRAISE THE LORD FOREVER.

July 7. A crowded house at Ashland, just like a continuance of the *old meeting*. Six confessions. Our reception a perfect ovation. I prize it because it is to the Lord. A rain-storm, but Brother John hooked up "Waxy," and saw us down to the depot "dry shod."

GEIGERSVILLE, CARTER COUNTY.

July 8, 1880. A crowded house greeted us at the night meeting. Eight confessions as first fruits of the blessed harvest we trust our Jesus to get in this valley. Such masses of men and women to be saved! The sight of such a solid phalanx of souls, now in darkness, aroused all the love of Jesus in me. Oh, for a "tongue of fire" to speak "the word" to them! I have never been in a coal-mining town before, and it looks strange to see the crowds of men filing past my door in the morning with their rough mining suits and close-fitting skull caps, ornamented in front with a little tin lamp like a diminutive coffee-pot. These men, clean and well dressed at night, cannot be recognized as the same persons, as they sit quietly listening to preaching. . . . Another letter from Sister Lida Houk, of Dayton, full of interest, but she is in perplexity on many points and asks advice. Lovely saint of the Lord she is. . . . Excellent order all the time—a thing seldom known at preaching, they tell me. . . . Young and old in the startled stage. When that passes I trust the Lord they may come like "clouds and doves to their windows." About twelve or fifteen saints responded to a call to "bury the hatchet" in the church war that has split this like every other village I have seen. At night twelve confessions—great strong miners for the most part. . . . We had a meeting in the coal mine, by invitation. Went in on the train; cars loaded with begrimed colliers, who had knocked off work; twenty or thirty visitors, ten or

twelve ladies. The train did not seem to be "going to meeting," for men and boys went into the tunnel howling like so many "boys on a lark." We in the rear car were quietly praying and trusting. Arrived at "Bunting's Switch" we "tumbled out." This is a point where the passway is about twenty feet wide. Many sat still in the cars, and the rest stood still on both sides of the train. The little organ was unboxed, and then set on top of its own encasement. I also stood on it. Close work, but we got along nicely. The Lord gave liberty of utterance, and when the invitation was given two confessed Jesus. One is a "boss" in the switch track laying department. The other was a collier—black with coal dust—with his miner's lamp in front of his cap. I certainly would never know him again if washed up. It was a strange scene. "Preaching to the spirits in prison" is the only Scripture I can think of that describes it. It was one of the most delightful services of my life. I have preached Jesus on the rolling ocean, on the snow-bound cars on a Western prairie, but this for the first time in the bowels of the earth. It filled me with holy awe to do it—peculiar and *sui generis*. Praise the Lord for the privilege! I proposed to come again, and every hand was raised to invite us back. We trust the dear Lord that abundant harvest will follow these "first fruits." An impressive sight it was to see two hundred men, most of them with lamps in their caps, listening with perfect decorum to gospel preaching. I never preached to a more orderly congregation. . . . The excursion train from Ashland brought forty or fifty people, who were rather taken aback to find that they had to go one and a half miles underground to hear a sermon. Most of them faced the music though, and we had a heavy train going into the tunnel. We were quite touched to find the miners had fixed a platform and seats from rough plank at Bunting's Switch, and we had a much more comfortable place than the day before. Eight confessions. Praise the Lord! At night the Lord gave a sweet meeting at the church, and twelve more confessed Jesus Lord. . . . At night a full house and a blessed meeting. I was *charged* with a message on the discouragements heaped upon poor women who expressed a wish to return to the path of virtue by the unsympathizing women in the

church, and preached on the woman of Samaria. The Lord gave liberty of utterance and fervor in delivering it. I felt every word I spoke, and did not spare. The Lord blessed the message, I am sure, for it was His. Praise the Lord for giving boldness in declaring the truth ! There were twenty-four confessions. . . . Visited a boy who had been crushed in the coal-bank by the falling of a portion of the roof—sat half an hour. He was hungry for the bread of life and readily confessed Jesus. Three women—one his mother —trusted Jesus for backsliding. A blessed little harvest in that poor hut. Oh, that the people had some one to preach the *gospel* to them—not lay "burdens heavy to be borne" on their already overburdened lives. At night a blessed closing service and nineteen confessions—eleven of them after we supposed the meeting over. . . . Mr. Lee sent a message from the "Star Coal Mines" that he wanted me to dedicate a chapel, to be named "Barnes Chapel." I declined the honor, but asked to have the naming of it, and suggested "Praise the Lord Chapel." At 10.30 o'clock we had delightful services in the little building, and twenty-four confessions —most of them children—at the close. The Lord thus "dedicated" the building. We shall not soon forget the happy occasion. Stopped over at Ashland for the night ; a glorious meeting and nine confessions. Praise the Lord ! Remained a second night. Ten confessions. (Whole number of converts two hundred and five.)

MARTINSBURG, ELLIOTT COUNTY.

July 22, 1880. The road from Grayson to Martinsburg is one of increasing beauty until it culminates, the last five miles, in something as lovely as I ever saw—such wealth and delicacy of ferns, such groves of cucumber trees, such abundance of hollies. The road rough in places. The Lord brought the dear little organ (His organ) safely through. I think it sounds clearer of note than ever. It is a long thirty miles, and a long day's journey. There are only about twenty houses in the burg ; the situation beautiful. Thirty or forty present at the first meeting. People staring and wondering at the strange sound of a simple gospel. It *is* wonderful. . . . Yet conviction is written upon all faces. Praise the Lord for liberty of utterance,

and giving me the hearts of the people. . . . In the house most of the day reading "My Desire," by Miss Sarah Warner. She knows the pure gospel, as does Anna W. Praise the Lord for one pure stream like this where so many defiled ones are pouring their hideous torrents of filth on this generation of readers. . . . We left the little burg with a part of our hearts behind. We became tenderly attached to many for whom we prayed and labored.

(The Martinsburg meeting was attended with the same features as described in the preceding passages of the diary. The apprehension as to the "Regulators" interfered with the attendance from the country at night. The interest grew to the last, and the three times repeated "Praise the Lord" at the close was vigorous and heartfelt. Confessions three hundred and forty-four.)

MOREHEAD, ROWAN COUNTY.

August 10, 1880. . . . Old Mr. Tabor, the aged Universalist, who rode with me most of the way from "Hogtown" when we came from Martinsburg, confessed. He is nearly eighty years old. The first man to come was Johnson, the county clerk, a joyous surprise. His daughter's coming in the afternoon had much influence over him doubtless. . . .

August 13. Marie's birthday. Praise the Lord for my darling! . . . What *did* dear Paul mean when he said, "Christ sent me not to baptize, *but* to preach the gospel"? Did he repudiate the ordinance (in "his gospel") as it was "performed," because it meant nothing? Baptism means *total consecration—deadness* to earth —*burial* to it—rising in a new *creation.* If not that, it is meaningless; and who is thus baptized? What did Paul communicate "*privately* to them that were of reputation, lest by any means he should labor in vain"? Lord, teach me. It certainly was connected with ordinances. But I am afraid of wading beyond my depth, and put the whole into dear Jesus' hands. . . . But at night seven confessed; two of our host's children, Madison and his sister Nannie, both grown. Only the hired girl remains now, and I trust she may come before the meeting closes. I am so glad this house-

hold is blessed. Praise the Lord! (Total number of confessions, one hundred and twenty-two.)

OWINGSVILLE, BATH COUNTY.

August 23, 1880. (The entrance to "dear old Owingsville," where at a previous meeting the evangelist had so endeared himself and his Master, was an ovation, the streets being dotted with groups as on an election or court day. There were bright faces and hearty greetings. The Methodist church was opened to him, and there were as many inside as out listening to him as he preached, stopping over on his way to Mount Sterling. The following day he went to Wyoming, and was heard by a crowded audience in a new church, who welcomed him joyfully. At night again the Owingsville church was too small for the people. There were eight confessions.)

MOUNT STERLING, MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

August 25, 1880. *Anniversary of deliverance.* This is the anniversary of my deliverance from bondage. My whole soul says, Praise the Lord! . . . A friend from Campton told me that his brother refused to go and hear me because he had heard that I *demanded pay in advance* before I would preach to the people. What an audacious liar Satan is! . . . Preached last night on the "Prodigal," with full liberty, and the Lord gave me nearness to himself, and, of course, to the people. . . .

August 28. 1880. Miss Mollie Desha went home to-day. One as "earnest of the coming harvest."

August 29. This is the first Sunday since we have been in this blessed work that we have *failed to reap a harvest of souls*, but I never felt more sure of a "good meeting" than in Mount Sterling.

August 30. Judge Reid in regular attendance, and dear Brother Blevins rides twelve miles every night to come. I am sure the Lord has a mighty blessing for Mount Sterling, and we "wait" for it. "Behold the husbandman hath long patience." Shall we have less? Praise the Lord!

September 1. Dear old Brother Dearing in town. Long talk over

silly reports. Received a bundle of *Our Rest* from Brother Bush Milton. Had a feast reading them, and my faith in the speedy coming of my dear Jesus refreshed.

September 5. Splendid congregations, but a wall of ice between preacher and people. Lord, break it down, and save these lost people, though it should require an earthquake to "prepare the way of the Lord."

September 7. A sweet gleam of light in both services—*one confession in each.* I am learning now what in the rush of hundreds to Jesus I had unconsciously forgotten—the worth of *one.*

September 8. Made an appointment for one day more.

September 9. Brother Bosworth came up to see me in the afternoon to tell me what the Lord was doing among the people, and ask me to "hold on." We had prayer together, agreeing to trust for a work of power, at night especially. At night house crowded, seven confessions.

September 10. Two confessions morning. Three at night.

September 11. (Large congregations; one at night.) Gave my "fancy coins" to the washerwoman for a week's work. Saved my dear Breathitt dollar. During the day the gentlemen sent Marie $71.50. By which I clearly saw it was not the will of the Lord that I should keep coins lying idle in my trunk that would buy bread for a poor woman and children. All right. When I saw that, I was very glad to part with them. The Mexican dollar (the only gift received there) from Cockrill, of Breathitt, shall go too, if the Lord wills. Sometimes I am tempted by the devil to think the power of the Lord has departed from me, and I, like Samson of old, don't know it. But no! I am sure I am all and altogether HIS—HIS ONLY! So I sit down before the mystery, saying, PRAISE THE LORD!

Sunday, September 12. We trusted for a blessed harvest day, and were not disappointed. At the children's meeting, 3 P.M., twenty-nine confessed Jesus. The Lord gave full liberty. The whole service was deeply impressive, and I could see signs of a "break-down." At night it came, and twenty-four confessed the dear Lord. One mother came forward and embraced her boy on the front seat. The Lord made it a scene of blessing all around. One young man

wanted to be immersed right away, but Brother Tibbs was away, and he had to wait.

September 13. One in afternoon, ten at night, Joe Forman, the driver to Breathitt, among them. Baptisms at night.

September 14. At night three confessions, Mr. and Mrs. Graves, a noble-looking couple, and a dear little girl. Both sermons to-day were hard to bear, but I trust the Lord for the fruit in due season. It is like marching up to a cannon's mouth to attack the false modesty of earth, which holds its own so desperately.

September 15. PRAISE THE LORD FOR ONE.

September 16. At the afternoon meeting, when I proposed a life of "no compromise," and to pledge the LORD to follow Him fully, there was only a moderate response. At night one little girl came forward first, and then after her confession was taken, and I was about to dismiss, one more verse of a hymn was sung, and seven more came—six girls and one young man.

September 18. In the afternoon a fine proportion of Christians came forward to say "Thy kingdom come." At night seven confessions, among them an old lady of seventy.

Sunday, September 19. At children's meeting, plenty of children, but only five came, and they were nearly grown. It cut me down worse than anything since this trying meeting began. The "little children" went back on my Saviour. Oh, it was a terrible ordeal! The first experience of the kind we have known. At night the church completely filled. The Lord gave utterance, and thirty-five confessed, old "Uncle" Billy Ragan and old Mr. Young leading the way. The children seemed remorseful for the afternoon work and made up for it at night. Two colored people in the gallery confessed, the first from that quarter.

September 20. At night fourteen souls "changed front." It was touching to see old "Uncle" Billy Ragan, himself only twenty-four hours old, welcoming the young converts, as if he had been a veteran church-member. A young woman of seventeen or eighteen seized my hand after the meeting, and asked me if I was going to Manchester soon. I found that we were expected to stay at her father's house when we went; that she herself was not a Christian; that

she was going off on the five o'clock train ; and that she wanted to confess Jesus. So I called in half a dozen people lingering around the organ on the platform as witnesses, and took her confession. I hope the dear soul "went on her way rejoicing." Two colored people in gallery.

September 21. Four confessions at night.

September 22. Brother James Hood's son confessed, the only one. I am so glad he came. Praise the Lord !

September 23. (Received a visit on the apostolic order from two brother preachers, "like cold water to a thirsty man." No confessions.)

September 24. Brother Powers took Marie and me to see his wife and their two weeks old twins. Lovely little darlings they are. His place looked painfully like the Pink Cottage. *Six* acres, white Honduras turkeys, Alderney cows and calves, "Houdan" and "Plymouth Rock" fowls, fruit and a garden. Dear brother ! I hope he will not get ensnared by all these. After this he drove us to Mr. Hutchinson's—Dr. White's old mother's. This dear old saint is past eighty, drawn up with rheumatism, helpless, but bright and cheerful, and full of Jesus' love. What a bright crown awaits the patient sufferer ! Crowded at night, three confessions in afternoon and twenty-seven at night, the Lord thus, as usual, giving a harvest at parting. PRAISE THE LORD !

September 25. Crowds of loving friends saw us off. We left Mount Sterling with more tokens of tender love and sorrow at parting than at any place since we have been pilgrims. (Total converts at this meeting, two hundred.)

WINCHESTER, CLARK COUNTY.

September 25, 1880. (At house of Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland.) Mrs. Sutherland has one of the loveliest faces I ever saw. Large congregation.

September 26. Brother Stackhouse, pastor of the Baptist Church, and Brother Nelson, of the Reformers, very cordial.

September 27. Court day in Winchester, and the streets crowded with stock of various sorts. Pavements as thickly thronged as

Broadway, New York. A perfect Babel with the various auctioneers, shouting themselves hoarse, the cattle lowing, horning, hoofing, crowding each other ; the drivers yelling to keep each herd distinct ; the various bargainers, buyers, and sellers gesticulating, arguing, protesting ; loafers strolling up and down eating peanuts, apples, pawpaws, and enjoying the sights and sounds. Hogarth alone is master of such a scene. At 3 P.M. a house packed with *men*, curious, wondering, very attentive. Preached gospel on "Zaccheus." No confessions to-day, but blessed seed sown in many hearts, that is bound to come up *some time*. (The *Sun* newspaper retracts its former attitude of half opposition.) Some of the "hard cases" we hear as being touched. PRAISE THE LORD !

September 29. Several hungry souls in our boarding-house, beginning with our lovely hostess. Had a half-hour's talk about the "life more abundantly" to-day in the parlor. ("103d Psalm" in afternoon, "Good Samaritan" at night.)

September 30. At last one confession, a sweet young girl of eighteen or nineteen, a sweet break in the painful monotony of refusal to confess His dear name.

October 1. One young lady confessed Jesus at night.

October 2. (Service changed to 2 o'clock in order to accommodate people from the country.) One young man. But the interest is deepening.

October 3. (Densely packed audience at night.) Harvest, four in the morning—two ladies and two gentlemen. At the children's meeting twenty-five. At night a "water haul" of the gospel net. The comforts and lovely surroundings of this Blue Grass country poor compensation for the loss of the grand harvests of the mountains.

October 4. At night two souls saved—a fine young man and our friend, Miss Sally Sutherland, Marie's Winchester "sweetheart."

October 5. (Five confessions. Here, as often, a broken-hearted woman confides to Him the burden of her life.)

October 6. (Another case.) The Lord gave me a sweet word of gospel for the stricken hearts. Two confessions.

October 7. (No confessions.) I trust the Lord for victory.

October 8. At night the Lord led me to preach on "Jesus Wept," with as much freedom as I ever enjoyed in presenting that favorite theme. Five noble young men came forward, all "in a bunch," one of them brother to Tom Stuart, of the *Democrat*. Satan is stirring up his agents, too, I find—all sorts of reports in circulation.

October 9. Eight confessions.

Sunday, October 10. (At the three services, confessed one, children thirty-five ; at night eighteen, seven white, eleven colored.)

October 11. One confession.

October 12. At the close of a discourse on "Thy Kingdom Come," on a call for Christians, nearly the whole house rose, but the preachers remained sitting. Stackhouse and Rash in full view ; Clay edged toward the door and vanished. Two confessions.

October 13. Mr. Kelly Barnes, from Mt. Sterling, came down purposely to confess. Three confessions, one a most "unlikely" subject according to man's judgment. Another preacher "skips out," conveniently seated by the door, on a call for Christians.

October 14. Two confessions. (Marie is at Col. Moore's. The evangelist follows his heart thither in his daily walks.)

October 15. Dear old Gen. Blackwell came forward in the afternoon meeting, very much affected. Col. Moore helped him forward, and is the blessed instrument of his conversion. At night dear Tom Stuart came.

October 16. Night before last I read Miss Mary McAfee's account of her miraculous cure in her own handwriting. Praise the blessed Father that He is exalting his Son in these latter days and vindicating His claims as the one who "healeth all our diseases," as well as "forgiveth all our iniquities."

October 17. Last night Mrs. Blackwell came to me deeply affected, to thank me for what *I* had done for the General. I said, "Praise the Lord, sister!" Eighteen confessions. In the afternoon service for the colored people, and the house was jammed with them ; forty or fifty whites in the pulpit and on the outskirts. (Three confessions among the blacks. They held protracted meetings the year round.)

October 18. One young man at night. (A theatrical troupe sets up

a very noisy opposition with a hired negro band. Did not pay expenses. "They are game, however, and will keep on another night.")

October 19. At night three confessions, one hundred and fifty in all. Our poor theatrical troupe is in the sheriff's hands, sold out to pay expenses. I am sorry for them, but glad for the Lord's victory. Another troupe comes Wednesday, the "Wallace-Villa" Combination. The Lord rout them!

October 20. Called with Marie to see a dear young girl dying with consumption. She confessed the Saviour. Her brother, eighteen, had confessed at the church a few days ago. The father, an unconverted man, who sat by the bedside, was deeply affected by his daughter's confession. (Called on a lady who had lost her boy. The question was, Shall the wound be healed up by *time*—as that of every "sinner" is—or should *Jesus* heal?) The "Wallace-Villa" theatrical combination set in early with a great crash, and kept it up at intervals during the day.

October 21. (Only a narrow space, twenty feet, between the theatrical hall and the church.) The band annoyed us a little by striking up with hideous clatter during the opening exercises, sometimes almost drowning our voices. The two theatrical companies will not forget Winchester nor the Lord's meeting here. To empty the benches of the theatre in such a place as Winchester is a glorious victory for our Jesus. Six confessions at night.

October 22. (Marie visits a sick home in order to bring in to the evangelist some hope of a conversion of its head.)

October 23. (Receives telegrams and letters from points in the Blue Grass. He replied, "We go to Powell.") I am sorry to disappoint any one, but the mountains have the first claim. They are "poor" (Luke 4 : 18). Seven confessions at night.

Sunday, October 24. (Two confessions : morning, children's meeting; 3 P.M., a crush; thirteen.) At night I never saw as tight a jam, except at Peasticks, in Bath. I had only a place to stand quite still to preach. I tried getting them to stand up and confess the Lord. Two boys responded. Then asked them to come forward, and "in some way or other" twenty-three squeezed through the crowd

first and last. It was a precious meeting, and I PRAISE THE LORD! [Total, two hundred and three confessions.]

STANTON, POWELL COUNTY.

October 25. Exactly one year ago to-day we started from Frenchburg, Menifee County, on our first mountain tour. By a sweet leading of the dear Lord's hand, we are sent out on the "second missionary journey" with this "undesigned coincidence" of dates, as far as we knew it. But the Lord did, and lovingly arranged our start to suit. (Col. Moore accompanies the trunks in a two-horse ambulance, in order to drive back the buggy he procured for the evangelist and Marie). The day was lovely. Leaves turning into purple, scarlet and gold. I had a grand talk with my little girl, whom I had hardly seen except at meetings for weeks. It was court day in Winchester, and such droves of stock in Main Street, we had to take back streets in order to get through and out of town. We left with tender hearts. No place in Kentucky have we been treated with more uniform kindness than in Winchester. The dear Lord bless its good people. He will reward them for their hospitality to His poor children. Praise the Lord for sending us there.

October 26. (Small congregation; had to kindle a fire after arrival at the church.) The dear people we have come to benefit seemed impressed favorably. At night, through darkness that might be felt, came half a houseful or more. My lantern dimly revealed a long row of horses hitched to the "post and railing," telling us that quite a fragment of the congregation was from the country. No one came, serious and thoughtful faces though. One of the first persons I met yesterday was young Johnson Sheffield, our youthful sexton at Campton. He does not seem a bit grown, but as irrepressible as ever. He carries the mail between this and C. He nodded cheerily from the top of his mail-bags as he rode out of town this morning.

October 27. Morning lowering and gloomy, but the Col. "took the road," and we are again alone as to human companionship, but not *lonely* a bit. The good brother took with him a list of our little "wants," with a promise of a return next Monday or Tuesday,

bearing the various pareels to us. How good of the Lord to give us loving friends wherever we go. Stanton is a very "brief" village, fifteen or twenty houses only. (An excellent meeting-house, "the best seen in the mountains by long odds." The course of Red River was diverted from the site of the town by beaver dams.) Some pretty mountains across the river, about one and a half miles from the village, which I hope to seale.

October 28. Went to sleep with the rain for my lullaby.

October 29. (Two confessions, "first-fruits, Praise the Lord!")

October 30. (A week's downpour of rain; undisturbed quiet. "Marie especially needed it.") How good in our dear Keeper, Saviour, Lover, Friend, All-in-all! We love Him *because He first loves us.* Last night the ladies and some of the men were driven out of town by the news the postman brought that the river was getting *very* deep for fording, but some remained who had to ford the river and ride ten miles after service. Three confessions. The mud was so deep that Marie wore my old stoga boots to church, and slipped her shoes on after getting into the pulpit. It tickled her greatly.

Sunday, October 31. I was amused last night at Marie's wish to test the boots by getting into the deepest mud and splashing through all the puddles she could get into. At first she could hardly be persuaded to try them *at all.* After getting a taste of turning boy, she became one out and out. I had to check her pranks. (House full at the three serviees; three confessed in the morning, seven at night. "The devil's architecture" in the church pulpit between the doors.) Marie and I are greatly interested in our Nannie, the daughter of our landlady, but she has not yielded yet. But she *will.* (Speaking of a brother pastor, the owner of a home, like Pink Cottage, who sought his counsel, the evangelist says "*Perfect* consecration is needed.") I can never praise the dear Lord enough for taking my feet out of the "horrible pit and the miry clay," and setting me on *firm ground* and "establishing my goings." I shudder when I look back and see at how many places, after my consecration, Satan could easily have turned my feet out of the way, had not our dear Jesus foiled him and upheld me. PRAISE HIS DEAR NAME FOREVER. "Submission" to the "righteousness of God" is the

whole secret of life—all along the line. Surrender is victory, and *ceaseless* surrender brings *ceaseless* victory. (This condition of life never ceases.) Faith is not a spasm, but a life ; not once for all, but "every day and every hour."

November 1. Court day. Perfect weather ; hoar-frost. The course of the river could be traced by a line of dense fog, looking like a "crooked serpent" of malaria, winding its folds for miles around the hapless dwellers beneath. (Marie hungry to get hold of the leaves of scarlet and gold, and he to stroll on the mountains.) Last week's harvest of fifteen souls seemed to be "light wages" for the mountains, but Jesus has taught us, what even John the Baptist inculcated, Luke 3 : 14, to be "content with our wages." "Praise the Lord!" is to be written on everything "now, henceforth and forever." Has not the dear Lord of the vineyard said, "Whatsoever is right I will repay you"? River still unfordable. Brother Grinstead, from Irvine, over to-day. He is our dear Lexington brother, who was in a butcher's shop when we were there, but soon after started out in the power of the "life more abundantly" to slay with the "sword of the Spirit," and the Lord gave abundant success. He reported more souls saved at the conference than any other minister in it. He is full of faith and zeal ; trusts the Lord for a support, and *gets it of course.* It did me good to see his face again.

November 2. Election day. Hancock and Garfield totally eclipse Jesus Christ to-day. Who of them all, in and out of the church, care whether Jesus or the devil sits on the world's throne, in this surging combat among politicians to seat a Democrat or a Republican on the chair of state at Washington? No disorders in Stanton, except at night some pistol-firing—harmless, and for the noise. Three confessions at night, all young men as before, a marked feature.

November 3. The dear Lord gave me back, while dressing this morning, another hard-to-be-understood Scripture with the tangle all taken out of it. I could only say, Praise the Lord, again and again. It is the verse in Luke 22 : 36. I now see as clearly as I can see anything that Jesus is only "making as though He would go farther," as on another occasion, just to try the faith of His poor, stupid disciples. As He had said, I am going away now, and you must take a

little care of yourselves. Oh, how His heart of love longed for faith's recognition, as it was always doing, and is yet doing. And no response from a single one of those, and these stupid, unbelieving hearts. Oh, He "came to be thoroughly tried," as one has said, and never more keenly tried than by the stupidity of His loved ones. All that even Peter, the bold confessor, once could say was, "Lord, here are two swords." It is enough, says disappointed love. His heart was bleeding. His soul in tears. Oh, why did not John say then, "Lord, we will not buy swords, nor exhibit any sign of distrust. We will bear our whole weight on *Thee* implicitly, when absent from sight, as we have done in thy visible presence. Lord, we ask no other portion than to trust Thee." I am inclined to think Garfield is elected simply on the ground that I believe we are Manasseh of the "lost tribes," and the Bible says we are a "NATION"—though not so great as Ephraim or England. One confession in afternoon, sixteen at night: Bro. Blackburn, our Nannie Schultz, our neighbor over the way, with a swarm of little children to support, who had declared that he would rather go to hell than join any of the churches, and others of note.

November 4. At night twenty-five came. Preached on our dear Lord's coming again to "receive His own." Our "Willie" came. Only little "Ivy" remains outside now. I wonder the dear child don't come. Some hidden cause that I cannot fathom. The child has a sweet, pensive face that greatly attracts me. She looks something like Lote's children.

November 5. Another day of blessing, and it came in such a way that I must notice it particularly. At the afternoon meeting staggered in a young man, like many others, a good fellow, and very popular when sober, but very desperate when in liquor. He behaved badly, clambering over the backs of benches, and talking to girls. The Lord kept me from saying anything to anger him, and he went out as I began to preach. No confessions, owing, doubtless, largely to this interruption. At night the first man I saw sitting near the pulpit and the front door was this young man with his face crimson with drink, but quiet. Bro. Azbill was trying to keep him still, and once came and asked me what to do. I said, "Trust the

Lord." The Lord gave liberty in preaching on "Jesus Wept." During the sermon Bro. Azbill and the young man went out. They returned, and no great disturbance, but a good deal of looking and wondering. When the invitation was given none came. We sang through a long hymn, and then "took it to the Lord in prayer." At the close of the second hymn came this young man. He walked steadily and firmly forward. Two others *immediately* followed, one of them his cousin, whom I have been looking for and hoping would confess, for several days; then one or two at a time, until twenty-one souls came to confess the Lord. Not one of them would have come, as far as we can see, had not this poor, erring man taken the start. Clark Ganett, Nannie's sweetheart, came among the rest. It was a glorious meeting. PRAISE THE LORD!

November 6. [Clouds black and angry, squalls of wind driving the rain into his apartment through every crack. Hears of wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Owsley, of Chicago, and Col. Moore "storm-stayed" at Howard's Creek, fourteen miles away. "Trusts" for them. He battles through wind and mud, and finds the church full. "One soul confessed."]

Sunday, November 7. With what unmingled joy I turn to the "highways and hedges," and go on my mountain way with gladness and assurance.

November 8. (A day of cloudless splendor.) "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." (Rebukes those who sleep in church or nod over the Bible.) If we sleep only then, we deserve the fate of the young man who "fell down from the third loft, while Paul was long preaching, and was taken up dead." (The expected travellers arrive with others, "a little used up, but jolly and glad." Eight confessions in morning, seven in afternoon, twenty-one at night.) It was a great joy to have the dear, familiar faces of our friends from Chicago in the congregation.

November 8. At night sixteen confessions—one hundred and thirty-five in all. Old Mr. Combs, of the Upper Tavern, came very near a movement, but didn't make it.

November 9. A day of pleasant fellowship with our dear friends. We are more than ever taken with our dear Winchester visitors.

The sweet sisters, Mamie and Frenchie Bright, and their lovely cousin, Eva French, have won all our hearts. They return to-morrow. Col. Moore is the same lovely, unselfish Christian we have long known him to be. Five confessions at night. Old Bro. Combs was the first one to come.

November 10. (Speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Owsley.) Their whole conversation and thoughts seemed to turn upon things touching the King and the Kingdom. (Speaking of riches.) I feel sure the Lord will take our bodies where our hearts are. If in heaven (Colossians 3 : 12), then He will take us there ; if on earth, He will leave us here till we do get heavenly hearts through great tribulation. Fifteen confessions.

November 11. I learn that a good brother is offended somewhat at the sharp remarks made about the sleepy Christians, but as I made them without malice and for the Lord's glory, I will trust the Lord to bless and overrule. I dare not heal his heart by an apology, for I am sure the remarks were all needed. The wounds made by the Spirit's sword are all blessed wounds. But I am sorry my brother is grieved. Yet I trust it will only be for a needed time, and the peaceable "fruits of righteousness will come from it." Seven confessions at night after long waiting ; two colored, the first of those who have come.

November 12. In the afternoon three, the first an old Mrs. Hall, one of those excellent women who have long been converted without belonging to a church, but whose every word and action lovingly "confess Jesus Lord." Her coming, under Sister Owsley's instrumentality, brought her son. At night came our village shoemaker, in whom I was deeply interested, and several "hold-backs" for whom we have trusted ; one colored man, our cook, Aunt Amanda's husband.

November 13. (Snow.) This begins to look like "the mountains" in earnest, as we knew them years ago. The associations connected with "bad weather" are so blessed, that to my eyes the snow storm is a harbinger of spiritual blessings untold—(congregations better, the inclement weather releasing the men from the cornfields. At night twenty-two souls, five of them blacks).

Sunday, November 14. The hills covered with a light snow looked like a fairy mountain range in the setting sun. (Three services, confessions ten, four, and thirty-eight.)

November 15. (Nearly the whole town gathers to see them off; the evangelist mounted on a handsome horse, which proves to be a colt with a propensity to buck and frisk.) Sister Owsley had not been on horseback since she was fourteen years old; eight in the cavalcade; lunched on the mountain-side; reached Irvine, the ladies wearied, at 4 P.M.; went to meeting at 6:30 P.M. A cur dog, which had followed us from Stanton, I gave to a poor fellow by the name of Sparks, who promptly named him "Barnes," and led him off. As he was going home, a mile up the river, the dog caught a "possum," and Sparks brought it back to me to ask me if I wanted it. I told him to eat it for me himself. He seemed very proud of his gift, and promised to attend the meetings regularly. [Total confessions two hundred and fifty-five.]

IRVINE.

November 16, 1880. People a little stiff, but the Lord will limber them up, we trust. A fine lot of boys sitting on the front seat.

November 17. Last night after service, a little fellow, about three years—or perhaps four—old, came up to shake hands with me, and when I asked him his name, he replied: "I'm named Judge Elliott, and I am going to come and hear you all the time." It was very amusing, as if he had gravely considered the matter, and had made up his mind that it would not be a waste of his valuable time to attend the meetings. Got into the Court House for the night service. I played sexton myself, bought coal and candles, and had everything right for the first service, and at its close told the people they must take it up for the rest of the time. No confessions, but evident interest.

November 18. It was difficult to keep warm in the big court room, but the congregation huddled around the stoves, and they were kept "cherry-red." Marie at the organ was in the chilliest spot. She suffered bravely, and made no sign, as usual. Dear child! the Lord will pay it all back with interest to her. A good investment. A blessed beginning at the night service. Twelve children came. The

first was Park Gardner, a noble boy—very bright and handsome. Little Joe G. also came soon after. Park threw his arms around me after meeting, and said, "Now I am atop of the devil—ain't I, Brother Barnes?" It was touching to see that bright boyish face thus lit up.

November 19. At the night's service the Lord's love drew twelve more children—lads and girls—from eight to twelve years. I am so glad the first-fruits of the meeting are from the children. One of the boys, when I took his confession and told him he was now a child of God, said, "Praise the Lord!" All the children that came last night look so happy this morning wherever you meet them. The Lord is lovingly breaking the ice in Irvine.

November 20. (Congregations larger.) At the afternoon service we had quite a scene when the invitation was given. A Mr. ——, a rough-looking, unkempt specimen, came promptly forward, and soon began to exhort others to come also, in a most stentorian way. His heavy voice quite drowned mine and Marie's; but it was honest and earnest, and I did not try to check him. Then a poor old fellow, evidently the worse for liquor, came forward. I knew that the Lord would bring good out of it, so rejoiced unfeignedly. Bro. —— was not exactly true to the gospel in his exhortation, for he kept continually repeating, "If the Spirit of God moves you to come, come! and if the spirit of the devil tells you to stay, stay!" I suppose he has been raised a Hard-shell Baptist. (At night thirteen. This meeting was followed, before the congregation left the house, by the reconciliation of a lady with her stepmother-in-law, with whom she had not spoken for years. "PRAISE THE LORD!")

November 21. At the morning service Mr. Lilly came—the only confessor—but he was a "great fish." John 21 : 11. (Room filled with smoke, chimney filled with soot and leaking; "pleasant to bear for Jesus' sake." Two young ladies confessed.) Thirteen confessions at night. Our young Mr. Smith, the lawyer, came at last. All of the Judge's family "in the ark" now. I rejoiced with the dear old man. He was overflowing.

November 22. I will set down here, before I forget, a couple of bright analogies suggested by Marie yesterday and to-day. The first was

the significance of Alla-din in the legend of the "wonderful lamp." It means "faith in God," and Marie remarked, when I told her its signification: "No wonder he got anything he called for—that is what 'faith in God' always gets." I had never noticed the beautiful connection before, though fully aware of the translation of the name. Then when we were talking of "finishing our work," and getting home, how sweet it would be, she quoted from Charles Reade's "Hard Cash," where, as David Dodd and his companions were making their escape from the lunatic asylum, the former says: "Heave ahead, shipmate, I smell blue water." It was said without levity, and struck me as a very appropriate figure of our Christian race escaping from the awful world, "lying in the wicked one." (Meetings well attended, intensely cold, horses always hitched day and night to the court-yard fence, people from the far country coming.) There were four confessions at the night service—all persons past the middle-age, and all confessing for the first time. Preached on the second coming of the Lord—a subject the dear Master never fails to honor with the manifest tokens of His favor. Sometimes the results are sweeping, as at Stanton, where there was a rush for the front seat, such as followed no other sermon preached during the meeting. PRAISE THE LORD! It shows that the testimony as to the speedy coming is TRUE.

November 23. (Four confessions at night.) Preached on Saul's conversion, and the people listened with fixed attention. I have never had more liberty in preaching on the subject. The Lord filled it with light for me, especially in tracing the reason of Saul's hatred for Jesus, and showing how any man is *just like the God he worships.* The stream rises not above its source.

November 24. At the afternoon service, Mr. Williams, the circuit clerk, confessed the Lord, to the great joy of all. When he at last yielded, he came weeping and praising the Lord "with a loud voice." (At night intensely dark, many from the country. Two confessions.)

November 25. Thanksgiving Day. (The evangelist rather prefers to be thankful three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. One confession at night.)

November 26. (At night three confessions. Many new faces.) Praise the Lord for sending "fresh grist to the mill."

November 27. Another dismal, sombre, dripping day. At night the first nearly full house we have yet had. The people in the mountains don't care for mud and rain and darkness. Intense cold is the only thing that "gets away" with them. (Fourteen at night, every one a male.) I felt when I began to preach there would be an ingathering. This feeling of exultant faith is never disappointed, though often blessing comes without it.

Sunday, November 28. (At night five confessions.) A little child of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Park taught her mother a lesson yesterday. She is a mere "tot"—not over three years old—and her mother said to her, "Baby, don't do that. Mamma won't love you if you do it." The "baby" responded, "Now, mamma, Brother Barnes said you would love me if I *was* naughty; and you know he said God loved naughty children too." "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," the Lord is teaching the old ones. Such a deluge of drummers and other travellers came in about nightfall, chiefly from Beattyville. Such mud-splattered men and teams I have rarely seen. One man, who had a tip over, was plastered from head to foot; buggy cushions like a cake of wet mud; horses smoking as if on fire, and smouldering.

November 29. Morning, one lady; at night eleven confessions, one a colored boy.

November 30. Ten confessions. Mrs. Butterworth came. Dr. and Mrs. Embry followed their little girl. "Judge Elliott Riddle" and Eddie Jacobs; two diminutive tots of three or four years also came.

December 1. Marie and I went at 10 o'clock to see Miss Nannie Lilly, who is going into consumption. Found the dear girl quite ready to confess her Saviour, which she did after a few minutes' conversation. I never felt more blessedly what a joy a free, unfettered gospel was—"good news" to be had just when and where we need it. (Two confessions at services.)

December 2. (Col. Moore arrives from Winchester with loving messages and gifts. One little girl confesses.)

December 3. (Many flatboats loaded with coal passing down the

river.) It has been a spendid tide, that will float a good deal of money back into the mountains. I hope it will put the dear people in a frame of mind favorable for hearing the gospel. (Congregations smaller than usual at such a stage of the meeting.) Poor souls who object or stay away! How I am sorry for them! We trust the Lord that Sunday at least will be a good harvest-day yet. Marie and I called to see our dear consumptive again. Found her bright and happy. Dear Saviour Jesus! how precious art thou to the sick and helpless!

December 4. (Friends over from Stanton.) Bro. Blackburn says that there is an agreement among the best men in Stanton, that if *any one* comes along and begins to abuse or speak against the gospel that has done them so much good, they will rise right in meeting and ask them to stop it.

December 5. At night a glorious meeting—a parting kiss from our dear Bridegroom's lips. Forty confessed. "Exceeding abundantly." Nearly everybody came. "Oh, for a well-tuned harp" to praise Him as is meet!

December 6. (Four mulatto servants at the hotel came to the evangelist's room to "jine him," as they expressed it.) The people crowded the parlor of the Shepherd House and the sidewalk to see us off. We had prayer together before mounting. Then we went away with a perfect chorus of blessings and good wishes. All very sweet, and so like our dear Master in sending his servants on their journey. (Lunched on horseback; reached Beattyville after dark; the scenery along the Kentucky River very picturesque over the "Winding Stairs" Mountain.)

BEATTYVILLE, KENTUCKY.

December 7, 1880. (The team "stalled" in the mud on the road, and the organ does not arrive; a "spike," as the mountain people call a team of three, two mules and a horse, sent back for it; used Judge Mahan's organ, "but there is none like our little Mason & Hamlin—'there is none like that,' as David said of Goliath's sword.") People looked cold, wondering, and suspicious, as usual. Happy in the thought of how soon grace would change all that.

December 8. The little organ arrives in perfect tune, the voyage

shaking all the dust out of the reeds, and giving it the perfect clearness that is usually impaired after sitting in a dusty court-house for a fortnight. Praise the Lord for taking perfect care of it. He only does it. Brother Lockwood came to see me this morning. He reminds me of Sankey very much, a strikingly good-looking man. Two confessions at night.

December 10. (The evangelist mounts the hill back of Judge Mahan's house, marked in the map given with each place in the diary, and enjoys a "scene of fairyland," the trees heavy with the night's frost, and the sun just rising. An increased congregation at night, ten confessions. Beattyville, owing to its position at the three forks of the Kentucky River, is the scene of much dissipation among the rafters and others. A drunken man came among the first, and the lesson was taught that "Jesus is looking for poor sinners just as they are." After the close of this meeting, the raftsmen returning from Frankfort, Louisville, and such points, brought back "Gospel Songs" with them, and it was not uncommon to hear them sung on the floating craft.) "John Willie," the youngest son and child of our hostess, came. Marie has a youthful protégé in the person of Willie Hill. His mother is sister to Miss Kate Cockrill and Horace. The little fellow is a spoiled only child, and "runs loose" in town. He has the material for a fine man in him or a very bad one. He is precociously bright for five years; always ready with an answer, and reminds me in his restless ways of Morrison Breckenridge. I asked him how old he was. "Lift me and see," was the answer. Yesterday the poor little fellow was trying to wash the coal smut off his little black paws in a tub of ice and water—most ice—because he didn't want Marie to see him with such dirty hands. She took him in and gave him a comfortable "scrub" in our bowl, and got his face clean enough to kiss. He is a terrible little ruffian, but one can do anything with him by loving him. The five rum-holes got a full "replenish" of whiskey by Barton's hack Wednesday. The devil is posted, heavily entrenched in these five Malakoff bastions, but Jesus is stronger than the "strong" man, and will rout him before Christmas.

December 11. (Many in town to do their Saturday trading. Five

confessions. Refers to Judge Mahan as one of the finest specimens of physical manhood he ever saw, reminding him of Pat Joyes.)

December 12. "John Willie" came in before breakfast and said, "I thought I would come in and sweep up for you"—and proceeded rather awkwardly to brush up the hearth. Bless the dear boy! he wants to show his good-will the best he can. Marie's young savage is in process of training. He is pliable to her touch just now, but only to her; as rude almost as ever to me and to others. "Brownlow" and "Walker" [the children of Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, of the hotel, brothers of "John Willie" and "Georgia," Mrs. Kelley] both at meeting last night. Brownlow is a great street fighter, "John Willie" confided to me. A house painter, Shanks by name, is the Achilles of these street rows, goes around with pistols and bowie-knives, and is a terror; a fine-looking fellow, very like our Dud. Five confessions in the morning. Willie Hill, Marie's protégé, came, as did his grandma Hill. I am so glad the Lord has brought these questions up and settled them thus early in the meetings. A drunken man has been received just as if he had been sober; very small children have been taken in His arms and blessed as in the olden time, giving opportunities to expound the Scriptures touching these things, as they came. The night meeting was almost rendered profitless by a circumstance that occurred soon after I began to preach. There came pistol firing in rapid succession—seven or eight explosions. Many rushed out, and I could only ask the people to keep still until some one returned and reported. After a few minutes a young man came in and said nothing had happened, and I went on, but amid restlessness, confusion, and much whispering. There was such general commotion that the entire impressiveness of the closing services was lost. One little girl came. Praise the Lord! After the meeting closed, we learned that Brownlow Jamieson had been shot in the arm by Shanks. All the firing by Shanks. The first shot struck Brownlow near the elbow, ranging toward the hand, and lodged near the wrist-bone. Shanks made his way over to Proctor, where he boards.

December 13. (The evangelist gives some account of the origin and circumstances of the difficulty; afternoon service was rendered impossible on account of the trial and the excitement.) Shanks

walked up and down the streets apparently unguarded, went from bar-room to bar-room, and toward evening went across the river, greatly to our relief. He is a splendid-looking young man, by far the finest presence of any one in the village. The five groggeries in the place pay an aggregate license, of six hundred and twenty-five dollars, and all make money. At the night service a fair attendance and four confessions. (A mother follows her little tot of a daughter.)

December 14. (Shanks is bound over for trial at three hundred dollars and released.) He came to church last night all right. We are trusting all parties will be converted, and the dreadful affair will go no further. Jesus is "stronger" than the "strong" one! We went across the river to visit Brother Lockwood and family this morning, all of us accompanied by Lilly Mahan and Mrs. Kelley. We ferried at the upper ferry—"Jacky" Bowling, the young oarsman, putting us deftly across in a "joeboat." It requires a little knowledge and skill to get across the "meeting of the waters" of the North and South forks. Jacky pulled us over gratis. (Brother Lockwood is in charge of the Episcopal mission church at this point. A large building, formerly an hotel, has been converted for him into a residence, chapel, and school-house, very convenient and roomy, with verandas, and well situated. Mr. Lockwood is much beloved in Beattyville and Proctor, and has not allowed the revival of interest in religion aroused by Brother Barnes to be fruitless. His church is full of vitality.) It is beautiful to see this refined family living in this secluded spot for Jesus' sake. Shanks came to meeting last night and again to-night. We trust the Lord to win him for himself. Seven confessions at the night service. Meet my friend Alcorn, the mail rider from Irvine, nearly every day. He was one of the many who declared *he* was not going up, and that he wished Barnes wouldn't keep the Irvine people up so late at night, that he couldn't get his mail early enough in the morning.

December 16. Our old dog Towser howls every time he hears the church bells rung, and has been keeping it up now for about ten years. He reminds me of my old religion that used to "ache" me so in its "*duties.*" I sympathize with Towser's distress, for I have "been over the road." So many Towser Christians there are now.

Thank the dear Lord that I am not one now, and that I can truthfully say "Troja *fuit*" of that dismal seventh of Romans life. The interest is deepening. I can feel it in the atmosphere. I have never seen people come away from meeting more quietly than these have done from the very beginning. Shanks sat inside the bar this afternoon, and so did Brownlow with his wounded arm in a sling. Dear Lord, cure this blood feud with the blood of Him who died for both these blood-guilty young men.

December 17. After the afternoon service had a chance to speak to Mr. Shanks on the street, and did it. He is a magnificent man. I have rarely seen a nobler specimen of superb manhood. I do want to see him saved, and I believe the Lord will do it. A glorious meeting at night. Judge Mahan, wife, and two children led the way. Praise the Lord!

December 18. (At night three confessions. Reflects that "a bevy of young ladies and gentlemen" is still untouched, and that the Jamiesons are still out.) The Shanks and Brownlow trouble seems bubbling again. But we trust.

Sunday, December 19. Three confessions in the morning, six in the afternoon, and sixteen at night. A blessed harvest—twenty-five for this terrible place. Sister Jamieson came to-night, followed by her husband. PRAISE THE LORD!

December 20. (Confessions, eight. Some of the Stanton friends fall before the Beattyville whiskey dens, and one of them flies back home ashamed to confront Brother Barnes. "Poor fellow," speaking of another one, "I believe he will be the better for this sad slip, and that Satan will be foiled.")

December 21. Had a long talk with Shanks after the afternoon meeting (who gave the evangelist a full history of the long-standing quarrel between Brownlow and himself). Eight confessions at night.

December 22. At night six more lamps quite illuminated the court-house; five confessions and a sweet meeting. A man came who had hauled his logs to build a distillery, and said, "I will build a barn out of them!" Praise the Lord! John Patrick from Breathitt came in before night. He looks well and comes to stay. Brother Collier

walked fifteen miles to return to the meeting ; said he could not stay at home. The Lord told him to come.

December 23. Girls busy making cedar letters to dress the Court-house for the coming Christmas. Our Winchester box arrived by hack, but we are not to open it until Christmas. One dear old blind man confessed the Lord at the afternoon service, and six others at night, including the old man's wife. Praise the Lord ! I have two blooming styes on my left eye, for which praise the Lord too. An inroad into the phalanx of young men last night.

December 24. The girls have made a very nice PRAISE THE LORD in cedar and holly above the pulpit, and this with some festoons and crowns of evergreen looks quite Christmasy. Thirteen confessions to-day. Our dear ferry boy, Jacky Bowling, came among the rest. PRAISE THE LORD ! The total reaches one hundred and forty-one ; steady work and encouraging, but slow, and it may be the dear Master's will to detain here until New Year's and after. I would be glad to stay all winter to redeem this whiskey-cursed town.

December 25. I went with John Patrick over the river to worship at Brother Lockwood's chapel. Broke bread with the brethren of that establishment. Nine confessions at night. Brownlow Jamieson came. A glorious break in the solid phalanx of young folks.

Sunday, December 26. No confessions in the morning, but twenty-three in the afternoon, and twenty-seven at night. A blessed harvest. It quite reminded us of last winter, and the blessed ingatherings there used to be. The dear Lord gave me nearly all I asked for and trusted for to-day. Shanks did not come ; my only disappointment. Total two hundred. At the one hundred and ninety-ninth we sang the " Ninety and Nine," as we always do, when we know it. The lacking one came when it seemed that not another one would come, a distinct answer to prayer and trust " without fainting."

December 27. (Court day, " Satan raged." There was much drinking, and a fresh trouble between Shanks and the Jamiesons seemed to be inevitable.) Dear Jesus, come quickly ! Oh, how all creation groans to be delivered from the bondage of corruption ! Confessions, four.

December 28. (Confessions, five. A backslidden Baptist preacher and distiller, brought back to his religious conscience by Brother Barnes, reports that since then he turned a wedding into a meeting and converted all present—thirteen.)

December 29. The court-room, hired all day and up to the very moment of night service for an auction, was dirty and fireless; no coal either; Mr. Shanks brought a kegful, but the fires kindled so slowly and everybody seemed so miserable, that I thought the Lord would have me dismiss the congregation.

December 30. Again much drinking in the town. Nannie Lilly died day before yesterday, and was buried yesterday at Irvine. Dear child, her last words requested her brother Will to pray for her, which he did publicly. Sweet child! at rest in Jesus. How glad are we that the Lord used us to bring the gospel to her!

December 31. Confession, one. Jacky Bowling gave Marie a screw-driver made by himself and father. His devotion is quite touching. He called before night meeting and had a chat.

January 1, 1881. The extreme cold has been a hindrance all the week. Two confessions at night.

Sunday, January 2. (Closing day, four in the morning, one in the afternoon, thirty-seven at night; bringing many lingerers; total for the meeting, two hundred and fifty-seven.)

January 3. We left Beattyville about half-past ten o'clock. A large crowd assembled about the hotel in a disconsolate sort of way to see us off. Our horses came at last from the shop, where the smith had been "roughing" them for the slippery journey. Forded the river without difficulty. Brother Lockwood gave us a very delicious dinner served up in real "Yankee" style, on old china and silver, etc., which made us forget for a brief moment that we were in the mountains. Our cavalcade was ten in number—three Boonevilleites returning swelling the force. We had a charming ride over the snowy hills, the company happy and loquacious. Reached Booneville at four o'clock, and had meeting at night.

BOONEVILLE, OWSLEY COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

January 4, 1881. At Mr. Henry Hogg's.

January 5. (The young man who led the horses back to Beattyville was a bartender, but gave up his place and took up another business.) Two confessions at night.

January 6. Bought some linsey for the sick colored child at Beattyville, and while the girls and wife were sewing on the two dresses, I read aloud the beautiful and touching "Courtship of Miles Standish," by Longfellow. We all enjoyed it very much. Just before afternoon service two drummers came in from Beattyville bringing the news that Brownlow Jamieson had shot Shanks last night through the body. The mail brought letters that greatly modified the first report. (Georgia Kelley, the sister of Brownlow Jamieson, was then with the evangelist and Marie.) Congregations excellent and attentive. At night, after preaching on the Prodigal with full liberty, there were seventeen confessions, including Colonel Clarke, a number of children also. Some looked angry and some looked puzzled, but the most glad and satisfied.

January 7. (Four confessions in the afternoon, fourteen at night. The girls, Marie and Georgia Kelley, go to see the woman who has been selling illicit whiskey. She afterward confesses.)

January 8. At night twenty-six confessions—old Major Hampton, aged seventy, and others. Brother Ingram is full of the spirit, and did glorious service to-night. Brother Jett and Colonel Clarke, too, were very active in going around to friends and bringing them in. Brother Bowling walked over from Beattyville to-day.

Sunday, January 9. Seven in the morning, eleven in the afternoon, fifteen at night—"a very precious harvest of thirty-three souls."

January 10. (Afternoon nine confessions, at night forty-three. The town marshal, Billy Duff, shoots the jailer, Jack Combs, wounding him.) Martha Thomas started for home through the snow in spite of our protests. But she was bound to see "Felix."

January 11. Fourteen confessions in the afternoon, twenty at night.

January 12. In the afternoon two confessions, at night twenty-seven. A blessed day. Brother Ingram had been rather quenched

by some of the "disciples" telling him not to *go so much* to sinners; but the Lord showed him from a word about Paul being "let down in a basket" what he ought to do. "They shall not basket me," he said, and redoubled his activity. Brother Nathan Thomas, our sexton, is full of quaint humor. He thinks tobacco saved his life, and don't want to quit chewing and smoking. "So you differ from papa on one point," said Marie. "And *he* differs from *me* in one; so we are even," he answered instantly. "I have a good appetite," he said, "but I don't want to make a corn-crib of myself," is another of his quaint sayings.

January 13. In the afternoon fifteen confessions, at night twenty-nine.

January 14. (In the afternoon four, at night twenty-two.) Two old foes became the children of one Father.

January 15. (In the afternoon one, at night thirty-one.)

January 16. He is so thinly clad this cold weather the Lord put it into my heart to give him four dollars, with which he bought an overcoat. He is better to-day, and he confessed last night. Jacky Bowling, our Beattyville ferryman, came over yesterday evening, walking, as his father did. The dear boy seemed to be glad to be with us again. This has been a glorious harvest-day; ninety souls confessed the Lord. Nearly everybody in town came; only about six left (who are enumerated in the diary). In the morning twenty-seven, afternoon seventeen, at night forty-six. Brownlow came at night. PRAISE THE LORD! Billy Duff came in the morning). Altogether four hundred and three.

January 17. Monday is generally a day of reaction. The Lord gave us both (Marie and the evangelist) spiritual grace to resist this, as we found on comparing notes. Eighteen confessions in the afternoon, twenty-two at night.

January 18. The rain poured all day. The Lord won nine souls at each of the two meetings. (Had taken it for granted that Mr. Pritchard, of Barboursville, was a Christian.) He was a "big fish" just about to get away through pure carelessness. If he slips the net now it will not be the fisher's fault.

January 19. In the afternoon eight, at night six. Mr. Pritchard

came at night. In the afternoon a miss behaved very haughtily and obstinately, which I think is a pretty sure sign that she will come soon.

January 20. (Confessions, five. The sexton came at night.) He told me of an old Methodist brother across the river who refused to come and learn, saying, "I've got my *mess* sot; I ain't going to have my brains tore up." How common a case!

January 21. A delightful surprise in the small congregation in the afternoon—nine confessions. At night none but the crew of a salt boat from Goose Creek Salt Works were among the unconverted except —— and a negro man.

January 22. (John Patrick comes over from Breathitt; the Jamiesons and others from Beattyville; Jacky Bowling again walks all the way.) Twelve confessions. Sang "Ninety and Nine" when the number reached four hundred and ninety-nine, and two more came.

Sunday, January 23. Nearly all the lingerers came, nineteen in the morning, twenty-nine afternoon, twenty-three at night; seventy-one in all. The people gave three rousing shouts, when the meeting closed, of PRAISE THE LORD! I have never heard anything more vehement and hearty. Five hundred and seventy-four in all.

Monday. (On the road to McKee, twenty-four miles west of Booneville.) Our dear Beattyville friends rode with us three miles to an intersecting road, and then parted with kisses and praises, which are much better than tears. Mrs. Mahan, Georgia, and Brownlow came, Sister Jett and Wheeler with Uncle Billy Cole went the other way. A host gathered to send us off with hearty hand-shakes and "Praise the Lords!" The road was of great picturesque beauty, especially on "Big" and "Little Sturgeon," the former of which we forded again and again as we rode up its course. Now and then we rode along ridges of superb pines, some of them three to four feet in diameter, hundreds of acres deadened in places, for no reason apparently. (Road frozen.) Wife quite used up by the ride, and almost sick before she rallied. At Mr. Hays' hotel; lots of children, eight, of all sizes, keep things pretty lively. A baby, too, which we hope will fill up the vacant place our little "Carrie" (Hogg) of Booneville has made. It will be hard to find another like her

though. Our wagon did not get in to-night, and as we only arrived at sunset, no service. The Lord said "rest awhile" very plainly.

MCKEE, JACKSON COUNTY.

January 25, 1831. (McKee exists only as a kind of central point in the county, ten or fifteen houses. Went to McKee uninvited. Forty-five in attendance first night.) I paid a young man $1 to spread the news of the meeting in the Pond Creek neighborhood, ten miles away—a long distance to look for one's congregation.

Wednesday. At the 2 P.M. meeting the four grates in the court-room were all lighted and all in turn belching fire and smoke, as the capricious wind came pouring down the chimney. It furnished me a text and an opportunity to emphasize the blessedness of "praising the Lord" at all times. Twenty or thirty people present. After the meeting the dear boys climbed the mountain and gathered their pockets full of the red berries of the mountain tea (wintergreen), and it was a sight to behold the little fellows marching sturdily in, without an invitation, depositing the contents of their pockets on the table, in turn, before Marie, as if she were an enshrined Madonna and they her worshippers, bearing offerings and gifts. We compensated them without wounding pride, by asking them to go to the store and buy *us* a quarter's worth of apples. One fine young man confessed the Lord—the village doctor, Horne. I noticed his impressed air and frequent signs of approval during service. He did not lose a moment, but came on the first invitation.

Thursday. Climbed the noble mountain in front of our hotel before breakfast, and enjoyed the beautiful sunrise, standing on top of a huge rock that covers the summit. The prospect so very enchanting I persuaded wife and Marie to take the trip after breakfast.

Friday. Reading aloud to Jane and Marie from "Tom Brown at Oxford" after breakfast. We have a very quiet purely family party for the first time in our wanderings. No acquaintances made yet, and no friends from other places visiting McKee. Thirty miles from anywhere is the isolated feature of this place. I have to think of my Jesus stopping at the wellside for *one* soul, and comforting *one* poor sinning woman in the temple, and going to Gadara for *one* poor de-

moniac, before I can be content in this out-of-the-way hamlet preaching to half a hundred souls with little promise of an increase. Two confessions at night.

Saturday. Three confessions at the night service, the sheriff, his wife and sister.

Sunday, January 30. (Enjoys communion with his family.) This "rest in a desert place" of His own providing, and very welcome. Two in the morning, two in the afternoon, six at night. Praise the Lord for breaking the crust. I believe everybody will yield at last, but "everybody" in this scattered "neck of the woods" can hardly exceed one hundred. That will be a glorious victory for Jesus though, and an imperishable nucleus for blessing.

Monday. Three confessions at the night service. (Is pleased that Brother Azbill, a preacher present, did not "back his ears" at what he heard.)

Tuesday. At the night service there was a genuine "give way," and the Lord gained fifteen precious souls. PRAISE THE LORD! Frank, Maggie, and Lucy, from our house, came. How little we know! I learned from Frank's coming to go more exactly according to the Lord's rule, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for *thou* knowest not which shall prosper, this or that." From Frank's sullen, obstinate look we thought he would be hard to win. Our gentle friend, Isaac, holds out against all entreaties, and Frank the sullen is safely folded. The jail has no occupant happily. The usual tilt of the roof, and logs displaced at the top of the horrid "pen," tells where the former occupants got out with the assistance of outside friends. These terrible torture-traps are as insecure as they are diabolically contrived to make miserable.

Wednesday. Four in the afternoon; eight at night. One young man answered me pertly, "I want a change before I go." I told him he could only get that by coming.

Thursday. Three in the afternoon; five at night. Our "Ikey" came at last, with Mr. Markham and a young woman who have both been shaking their heads sturdily for several days. Lawyer Culten and wife attend, but his influence is against the meeting. We trust for his conversion.

Friday. Three in the afternoon; seventeen at night. Nearly every one came. Miss Maggie Hamilton came—so stout of will—the dear soul, who drew such a long breath during one of the first sermons, as I described a passionate woman kicking the cooking-stove when she had burned her finger. I afterward learned that only that morning she had *kicked hers down.* Mrs. McGuire and husband, and Mrs. Culten and, some time after, her husband, seventy-four in all.

Saturday. Marie and wife went visiting and returned in raptures over the "dear people" of McKee, especially my "long-breath" friend, Miss Maggie Hamilton. They bring various items of interest. Mr. Culten and wife were turned from their opposition by a conversation between their little children—overheard. One said, "Why didn't you go last night?" "I would," the other answered, "but I didn't like to go with papa staying behind." Another: Willie Clark, who has not yet confessed, was asked by a favorite little nephew, "Uncle Will, would you trust Him to-night if you were me?" Three in the afternoon; two at night. The dear brethren from Booneville, Clarke and Hogg came to see us. About sixty joined the Methodist Church North at Booneville.

Sunday, February 6, 1881. In the morning two; afternoon, two; at night, thirteen. A blessed ingathering, filling our weary souls with joy—nearly a clean sweep of the lingerers. Willie Clark and his father came.

Monday. (A drunken man, arrested for disturbing the congregation, confesses; the evangelist hopes he was sincere.) Twenty-five confessions during the day—one hundred and twenty-one in all.

Tuesday. (The ride to Mount Vernon, thirty miles, was made for some hours in heavy rain. It is told of the evangelist that when Roundstone Creek was reached it was swollen and turbid; the guide, in doubt whether to try to ford or not, remonstrated with the evangelist. "The Lord will take care of me," replied the evangelist, as he pricked his horse with the spur and led the way over.)

MOUNT VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

February 9, 1881. Marie, exhausted by her ride, is unable to be at the service. Felt very one-sided without my "running mate." (At the beginning it was slow work at Mount Vernon. The attendance at the meetings was small and the confessions few. Speaking of a preacher of the Reform or Christian Church, who occupied, by previous engagement, the pulpit of the church for one evening, he writes): "Dear Brother Allen has a precious grasp on truth and is true to Jesus. He came to see us before he went away, and left his warmest good wishes and prayers for success. The Lord has given him a very clear insight into truth, and he is in full accord with what the dear Master has given me to preach as to the Lord, 'not imputing unto men their trespasses,' and he gave me the case of the governor pardoning a man not being able to raise the question of sin after the pardon is signed, sealed, and delivered to the culprit."

February 18. The work has been slower to start here than any place we have yet been, with perhaps the single exception of Mount Sterling. The Lord gives almost unusual liberty in preaching and praying, blessed be His dear name forever. How sweet the grace that does not allow Satan to worry me by coupling no confessions with sermons lacking in unction.

Saturday. Six precious souls confessed the Lord. What an unspeakable relief and joy to see them come! Dr. McKee, Professor Johnson, Mrs. McCall, and others. Praise the Lord! The first signs of a break in the ranks of opposition and indifference since we came.

Sunday, February 20. This the fourth anniversary since we began work "two and two." There have been twelve thousand nine hundred and sixty-one confessions. Discouraging results until night, when ten precious souls came to Jesus. It was a blessed relief. Oh, how hard they are in Mount Vernon!

Monday. Seven confessions. One man, as he came up, said, "I have served the devil forty-six years; that is long enough. He gives poor wages." The words were quietly but impressively spoken. The work is evidently deepening. Praise the Lord! I do trust for a mighty work of grace in old Rockcastle yet. The Lord seems to

turn us toward Crab Orchard while the break-up and thaws of spring last. It may be His will that we should keep near good roads until more settled weather. I trust Him to guide. Lord, Thou wilt not let Thy yielded servants blunder.

Tuesday. One confession in the afternoon and twelve at night.

Wednesday. Sister McAfee with us again, telling with every breath the loving-kindness of the Lord. Three confessions in the afternoon and eighteen at night, four Joplins (family of the hotel-keeper) among the latter, Mrs. J., Bennett, Miss Ella, and Bob. PRAISE THE LORD! A crowded house. The ice is breaking in every direction. Lord, drive the devil in confusion from Mount Vernon, and glorify Thy dear Son!

Thursday. Our dear good Colonel Moore received a great blessing yesterday afternoon from the Lord in connection with the discourse on "Thy kingdom come"—something like the fulness of blessing he has long sought, "and mourned because he found it not." Three confessions.

Friday. Brother Henderson accompanied me by previous agreement on a trip to our old home near Rock Spring Church that was. It is six miles away. Recognized the localities, though forty-eight or nine years have passed since I saw them. The house almost identically the same. The meadow in front with the noble spring under the rocky bank beyond it, where I used to be sent for innumerable "piggins" of water, the old orchard in the rear, now a ploughed field with a few patriarchal apple-trees still standing; the pear-tree and apple-tree in the front yard, planted doubtless by father's own hand, all looked familiar. Walked over to the spring and drank from it. Cut a stick from the plum grove near and then we remounted. The old church has vanished. Only the foundation site. Mr. Joplin Thompson owns it now. He has four cherry-cheeked children, as healthy a brood as I ever saw. He was very kind, left his plough and went with us. Even the old smoke-house, where our poor brindle mastiff "Vulcan" died in tortures with some strange disease, is standing as of yore. The corn-crib and stables alone have disappeared. The young Thompsons were all eating raw turnips but the youngest, with happy obliv-

iousness of colic. Praise the Lord for letting me see the old place. Exeellent congregations. Six confessions.

Saturday. A windy May day almost. So balmy that one could hardly keep from thinking of gardening. Praise the Lord I have no need to think of it now, for the "garden of the Lord" is mine, and I have only to admire and rejoice in His "pleasant plants" and the "vines of His planting." How strangely different this care-free life from the old hag-ridden torment of "Pink Cottage" memory. What a "boomerang" the devil threw when he tempted me to build on and improve that spot, and how it will make him gnash his teeth to see bodies he is torturing snatched from his power right on that spot where he has gloated over my misery. (The congregations now fill the house, many strangers coming. Fifteen confessions; ninety for the meeting so far.)

Sunday, February 27. Preached this morning on "Borne of Four." Marie gave me the text after I got into the pulpit. One confession. I think Sam Burdett and Mr. Reppert are both near the point of open confession. And several others. Trust for a blessed ingathering to-night. And the dear Lord gave it. Thirteen confessed, including Mr. Reppert, Burdett, Williams, Mullins, etc., etc., almost a clean sweep of the lawyers. Praise the Lord for this blessed haul of the gospel net. A fierce struggle with Satan and a glorious victory for our glorious CAPTAIN. Blessed Jesus, come quickly and reign over all the earth!

Monday. The treacherous winter is back upon us in howling fury. It looked at half-past ten o'clock that there would be not more than a dozen to preach to, but they kept straggling in until the house was more than half filled. Spoke on Joshua 1. There were five confessions. One old white-headed man for the first time. A sweet little meeting. Praise Him! In the afternoon a fair congregation and four confessions, three after I had risen to pronounce the benediction. This is the second time this has occurred at this meeting. Mr. Joplin Thompson, who lives at our old homestead, the first of the three.

Tuesday. Yesterday I preached for the first time outright this, viz., that the Lord don't *help* a man to *come* to Jesus, nor *help* him to *believe*, nor *help* him to do *anything* he *commands* him to do. I note

this transition point here because it is an illustration of many experiences since this wonderful life in Jesus began, in which every day the Lord has led me into "paths I know not," and in which He has taught me to cast off one by one, as I was "able to bear it," the teachings and convictions of a lifetime. What an almost unmitigated curse my theological training has been! I would have had an easier time if I had started as ignorant as Moody or Moorhouse of theology. Unlearning is the hardest of all. I taught as above yesterday because the conviction was so clear, and the contrary seemed so God-dishonoring, that I couldn't withhold it; yet I said it with a gulp of recoil and horror. And yet the words once boldly spoken for the Lord, how clear and beautiful the truth was, and the mountain vanished in an instant in the depths of the sea of God's love. A most blessed closing meeting, with twenty-nine confessions. The first man who came was Owens (noted for his desperate encounters), then nearly all the lingerers, and half a dozen colored people. The meeting broke up with three rousing "Praise the Lords" from the entire congregation, most inspiriting indeed to hear. And thus closed the Rockcastle meeting, which for "coldness of collar" at first and warmth at last we have not seen equalled anywhere.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

March 2, 1881. A number of friends came to see us off. All are warm enough now. Praise the Lord for the change. At the Harris House. After dinner one of the first persons I met was ——, a little drunk, but able to keep straight. He took me all over town, and introduced me right and left. One confession.

Thursday. A visit in the morning from Dr. Doors, an old friend of father's. Indeed, I find many of his old friends and acquaintances here, as I might have expected.

Friday. There are five saloons in full blast in Crab Orchard. Oh, how it sickens my heart to think of the misery and sin represented by five dramshops in full blast! Praise the Lord for the Gospel to counteract them. Lord give utterance, that I may be true to Thee and thy cross. The dear Master gave me full liberty to-night in

stating the gospel position—as to the raising of the Son question and not the Sin question. The large congregation listened attentively. One confession. There may be need of patient waiting, but the dear Lord tells me He has "much people" in this village.

Saturday. The young men, some of them unconverted, put up a beautiful "Praise the Lord" in cedar letters over the pulpit yesterday. It was a very delicate little attention that we fully appreciated, and trust the Lord will bless them for it.

Sunday, March 6. Had a "children's meeting" in the afternoon —the first for a long time. After a patient waiting twenty-three came. At night the Lord gave liberty in preaching on the "Grace of God," Titus 2 : 11, 12, 13—a favorite theme. Fourteen confessions.

Tuesday. Brother Tyree and Dr. Doors called after breakfast. We had a long conference. They pressed difficulties, until I told them what the Lord had taught me about the "great tribulation" as the key to many difficulties. Two confessions in the afternoon, eighteen at night. Jas. Lawless, my old comrade in Mexico, came to-night.

Wednesday. Two confessions in the afternoon, fifteen at night. I took the baby up and kissed him, and Satan threw another "boomerang."

Thursday. Sisters Sauffley and cousin Emma Rochester came over from Stanford in a buggy drawn by "Old Button," the redoubtable, who still survives. Spears Fisher called, my dear old friend of many years. He holds on to the "beginning of his confidence." At night a glorious harvest of twenty-six souls, including Messrs. Kennedy, Dilion, Will Saunders, etc. Saw Dud Holmes after meeting, and he told me he was coming. Praise the Lord. Wife trusted the dear Lord for her cough, and found almost instant relief. Advised cousin E. to trust Jesus for hers. She promised to do so.

Friday. Seventeen confessions at night. A blessed ingathering. One of the Farrises came. They are the race-horse men of Crab Orchard. The gamblers of the village, I am told, have nearly all confessed the Lord. Dud Holmes at meeting last night dressed in

his work clothes. He did not come. How mightily the dear Lord has wrought in this village!

Saturday. There were seven confessions at night, and among them dear Dud Holmes. Praise the Lord. Everybody seemed glad to see him come, and many pressed around him to congratulate.

Sunday, March 13. One, nine, and nineteen at the three services.

Monday. "Went out after" some (mentioning names) in the congregation at night. None came, but the movement was of the Lord, I am sure.

Tuesday. Dr. Carpenter called in his buggy, and drove me out to old Mr. Umber's, two miles in the country, to see the old lady, who is down with pneumonia. I prayed with the family, which was about all I could do, and am persuaded that "the Lord will raise her up." Three confessions.

Wednesday. Thirty confessions at night, the closing service including our hostess, Mrs. Harris, and her son Asher. The meeting closed with three rousing "Praise the Lords." It was good to hear, especially the ringing voices of the children. Three colored women and one colored baby came, the latter so *wee* I was almost afraid to ask her. But she answered beautifully, reproving feeble faith. Two hundred and thirteen in all.

Thursday. It was a blessed two weeks, and I don't know any place more transfigured than Crab Orchard. (The evangelist goes for one night to his old home, Stanford, and finds it so "improved in two years as hardly to be recognizable." Through the mud, the darkness, and the drizzling rain, a great gathering of his loving townsmen came to hear him at the Opera House.)

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

March 18, 1881. At Stanford, wife, Marie, Sallie, and I went over to the Pink Cottage; got a few pictures and other things and came back to town. There was not a pang of regret in turning my back forever on the Pink Cottage and all in it. Praise His dear Name, I count it "all joy." Saw "Uncle Harvey" Hansford on his sick-bed, and prayed with him. He is to be operated on soon, and greatly

feared the result. Aunt Katie called for me. The dear old soul was full. She is very poor, but I verily believe is a dear child of God. Marie gave her one dollar, and I another, at which she was greatly delighted. Mr. Miller and Mrs. Mollie Kinnaird met us at the Lancaster Depot with a carriage. Comfortably quartered at the Lancaster Hotel. Praise the Lord for loving provision. The Court House audience room is large, and was almost full at night. No *ice* wall to break down here.

Saturday. (A Methodist brother calls to show that the "Book of Discipline" is in accord with the teaching of the evangelist.) Alexander Denny was present in the afternoon, and old George Denny. Very gratifying, considering what churchmen they are. Old friends greet us very kindly, and if one could trust appearances there is every prospect of a glorious meeting. But we do *not* trust appearances, but only our "living God." *He* will do it.

Sunday, March 20. It blew fiercely at night. The Court House was crowded at the morning service. I was so hoarse I could hardly speak, but the Lord carried me through. At the children's meeting, at 3 P.M., forty-seven children confessed the Lord. It was a blessed meeting, and the dear Saviour won a victory over many hearts, I am persuaded. The countenances of the people were a curious study—joy in some, tears in others, contempt in a few, anger in a few, but the prevailing expression one of dazed amazement. Praise the dear Lord for getting a glorious victory. At night the house was crowded again, and the Lord gave liberty and a *clear voice* to preach on the "Brazen Serpent." One confession—a nice-looking boy of thirteen or fourteen, I judged. Praise the Lord! I called the attention of the congregation to the Lord's cure of my hoarseness.

Monday. (Freezing, and skiffs of snow. The eaves of the Court House is a refuge place for innumerable martins.) The martins a little reassured, and chirping faintly as they sit in front of the box basking in the unwonted sunlight. Five confessions—one grown man, and the first adult who has yet confessed the Lord. One thing astonishes me. Although we were one hundred days in Stanford and ninety-nine in Danville, the gospel seems as strange to these people as if they had never heard it before. But I must not forget that the sharply

defined "God *never* raises the question of sin with a sinner" gospel is comparatively new to us even who preach and sing it.

Tuesday. Trying to snow all day. Martins not visible, poor things! Whether sticking close to their box, or gone back south to tell the main body of emigrants not to venture north yet on peril of their lives, deponent saith not. Visited by Brothers Ricketts and Spillman. Brother Ricketts is hungry for the "higher life." Two confessions in the afternoon and six at night—all adults. Sixty-one to date. How good is the Lord. The *Courier-Journal* publishes my first letter about the "Faith Cure" and pronounces me a lunatic. Praise the Lord!

Wednesday. Went to see Sister Burdett—Sam's mother—who is supposed to be incurably diseased with cancer. The dear Lord gave me a word for her, and she seemed to be a little encouraged before we left. How sweet and simple is the blessed promise! The dear Lord is teaching me to preach boldly on the healing of the body as well as the soul. Two confessions at night. Congregation larger than ever. *Walls* all broken down.

Thursday. Three confessions, one of Sister Ann Hopper's daughter.

Friday. Afternoon went around to where the old school-house stood. An ice-house is over the tan-vat, where we children used to watch a mysterious bullfrog who possessed a mysterious fascination for us all. Forty-four confessions during the day, one colored.

Saturday. (A brother confesses to lack of moral courage in not coming forward for backsliding.) Oh, how miserable we make ourselves when we allow Satan to make us cowardly! (Preaches the funeral of Mr. Frisbie.) So I preached Jesus a Saviour and a Restorer. Prayed at the cemetery. Many old friends keep coming in from all around. Jack in the afternoon and Della at night (Loten's children). The girls (Marie and Georgia) "chaffed" Jack unmercifully.

Sunday, March 27. The great court-room was too small to hold the people. Eight confessions at the morning service. Numbers from Crab Orchard, Danville, and other places. At the children's meeting forty children confessed, and three grown persons. One of the latter, a Mr. Hutchison, conductor on a freight-train, who confessed

after the close of the meeting. He starts for Florida to-morrow, not to return. The Lord caught him on the wing. He confessed before a few friends, whom I called to witness it. At night many went away who could not be seated. Seven confessions.

Monday. Sister Kinnaird told me of a talk between Shirley and Gracie. Shirley's father asked him what he got by going up to the front seat, and he answered promptly, "Mr. Barnes said Jesus wrote my name in the Lamb's Book of Life." Gracie came home crying because hers had *not been written there too.* A glorious harvest day. Forty-seven confessions, a number on a call for backsliders. Went to see old "Aunt Eliza," a colored woman who confessed Jesus. Colonel Faulkner introduced himself after afternoon service. He is *all right.*

Tuesday. Three confessions afternoon, and fifty-two at night, chiefly backsliders of the secret sort. Bob Kinnaird came at night. A glorious "break down," which will make its mark in conversions. John Gill has been *true* since he confessed at Danville.

Wednesday. Snowing all day in furious gusts. March and December in league, bearing down on astonished mortals. Strange indeed for March 30. The martins thought so. Not a twitter from them all day. Sister Gracie, Laight Monroe and wife were "blown in" by the gale as afternoon storm began, and blown out after it was over. One at afternoon, nineteen at night. Many were specially blessed by the afternoon discourse ("Brazen Sea"), and rejoiced in the relief afforded on many texts of Scripture before "dark and hard to be understood. For which I heartily praise the Lord. This is the most *unanimous* meeting we have enjoyed since we were sent out. Truly it is a "good and pleasant thing for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Thursday. House full, though a wild, dark, blustering night; twenty-three confessions. After dismission a poor fellow wanted to know whether the Lord would take a gambler and a drunkard. I assured him He would, and the poor creature readily and gladly confessed his Saviour. Dear Jesus, uphold him by thy strong right hand. Two colored people to-night, one last night.

Friday. Six at the afternoon meeting, fourteen at night. Brother

Kinnaird's last son came. He seemed overjoyed. We all rejoiced.

Saturday. Eight confessions afternoon, twenty-eight at night. Mr. Lackey came. At night Dr. Mays came, to the great joy of all. His wife was overjoyed. The Lord greatly blessed "Jesus Wept" to Brother Peeples. Every one unites in the sentiment that this is the most blessed work of grace they have ever witnessed.

Sunday, April 3. (Trusts the Lord to overrule the anger of a brother unintentionally offended.) Only six confessions at the crowded morning service. At two o'clock preached to the colored people. A full house, with the stand crowded with white people. Sixty-seven confessions. Praise the Lord! At night house packed to its utmost capacity. Thirty-seven confessions. The largest day harvest we have been blessed in gathering for our Master for a good while.

Monday. Thirteen at two services. Malcolm Gill and wife, a triumph of grace. Our big colored sexton came at night.

Tuesday. Had a long and interesting talk with several friends on the "Great Tribulation," and with Brother and Sister Ricketts on Baptism and its connection with the "Higher Life." They seemed greatly impressed. Indeed, in trying to explain Scripture to them the Lord as usual gave me new light on the whole subject. I now clearly see how, without touching the *mode*, the Scripture gives standing ground for all by satisfying the Reformers that it has *salvation* connected with it, and satisfying the others by not allowing it to save a sinner and interfering with the *Blood*. Praise the Lord for His blessed light! At afternoon service fourteen, at night thirty-three.

Wednesday. Twenty-nine confessions. John Huffman came in the afternoon. Poor fellow! he has been quite sick, and looks as if he were almost at death's door.

Thursday. Thirteen confessions. The Lord gave me a new light on the afternoon subject, "Thy Kingdom Come," showing that the lower Christian life is a limited monarchy, and the higher Christian life an absolute monarchy—corresponding with the duality so constantly presented in Scripture.

Friday. Fourteen confessions. Two more of the Ballou family, the last of them; the two Grant girls, and Miss Hopper—the last of Sister Ann's girls. Nearly everybody in town now safe. Praise the Lord!

Saturday. Thirteen confessions in the afternoon, thirty-five at night. Sister Ann Hopper's boy—the last child now gathered into the fold. "Pony" Beazely came at night. Had an interesting two hours' talk with Brother Ricketts, Peeples, and Sister Ricketts on the blessed "Book of the Revelation." What a joy to impart what the Lord has so freely given me, when others long for it!

Sunday, April 10. As "clear as a bell" when we lifted our curtains this morning. The martins were "chuckling" cheerfully—poor things!—and glad enough to see the glorious sunlight. Forty-four confessions in the morning, eighty at the afternoon meeting for the colored people, and one hundred and one at the night service. The day's harvest two hundred and twenty-five—the largest single day's ingathering we have yet witnessed. Grand total for the twenty-four days, eight hundred and ninety-four. How glorious! The best meeting so far that we have yet witnessed. Praise my dear Lord! Oh, how good He is! And how I adore Him in grateful love for using His poor weak children in such a work! Mr. Walter Sanders came up after long delay and holding back at Crab Orchard.

Monday. The success of this meeting is the Lord's *unanswerable* answer to all theoretical objections. Many came down to see us off. So closes the Lancaster visit, never to be forgotten while life lasts, and for which we will never cease to

PRAISE THE LORD!

RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY.

Monday, April 11. (After the first sermon the Methodist Church was found to be too small, and the Reformed Church was used.) A goodly number of friends came to shake hands. But there is no doubt of great opposition to the meeting in town. Never mind. The Lord will get all the more glory when it is broken down.

Tuesday. The usual variety of expressions on people's faces—astonishment, mirth, disgust, anger, perplexity—*just as they come prepared to listen.* The old, old story to which we have grown accustomed in so many places. The Lord will make all favorable before we leave. Praise His dear name! No invitations at either service.

Wednesday. Mr. Shanks was at church Monday night. He came down from Beattyville a few days ago. Whom should we meet—the first person at the depot—but "Jacky," our Beattyville ferryman. He came with Mr. Shanks. Yesterday met Jacky, who took me to the wheelwright shop where Mr. Shanks was. Poor Dave has his arm in a sling, completely paralyzed from the pistol shot. He is thin, but handsome as ever. Lost forty-three pounds with his three months' cooping up. We trust he will confess the Lord. Excellent congregations. The Lord gave Marie voice. Shanks was the very first confessor. Mrs. Devore, wife of the Irvine stage-driver, was the other.

Thursday. A great comfort to have Marie with me. The three services without her were a great trial to me. But I "leaned hard" on Jesus, and "all was right." Three confessions at night.

Friday. One confession at night.

Saturday. Last night a thrilling episode occurred. Brownlow Jamieson came to the meeting. Shanks there too. I wondered what the upshot would be, and could only trust the Lord. After the congregation had thinned the two dear fellows came up together arm in arm, and we had a good hand-shake, and almost a *cry* over it—for joy. Oh, sweet gospel of *peace!* One confession.

Sunday, April 17. Many went away who could not get seated. The dear Lord gave precious liberty in preaching in answer to prayer. In the morning five confessions; afternoon, children's meeting, forty; at night nineteen. Mr. Jo. Anderson at our boarding-house came. Our little "Robert," the "baby" of the family, led off at the children's meeting, and "Pearl," accompanied by several of the schoolgirls, came at night. Mr. Anderson's promising little boy, "Blythe," came with his father. John Patrick, John Woodcock, from Lancaster, Dr. Bennet, from Lexington, the Clay girls, etc., etc., there. A blessed meeting and harvest day! All full of joy and gladness.

Monday. Brother Cleland came up and gave me some more points on various subjects. He has a very clear mind. Five confessions at night—one of Capt. Roberts, conductor on the L. and N. train at this point. He made a noble confession.

Tuesday. Colonel Moore and our dear Winchester girls came a little after dinner in the well-known hack. Thirty-two, many of them for backsliding. The Lord gave me the "Brazen Sea" to preach about, but no offense seemed taken, though it cut pretty close to the line of the Reformed brethren. Brother Teller said he was so glad to see the people moved that he could stand it.

Wednesday. A sweet letter from dear Alice Barbee, telling me her present condition, child-like trust, and confident expectation of healing. Five confessions afternoon, seventeen at night. Many hungry ones—"weary, heavy-laden ones" all round. My heart goes out to these dear children of the Father, the victims of false teaching and Satan's sleepless malice. Lord, speak through me.

Thursday. Fourteen confessions at night, almost one by one. I don't know how often I prayed. A victory by our Jesus snatched from Satan exulting.

Friday. Visited three sick ones—two whites and one colored—all expecting to die. I spoke a word to encourage them to "live and declare the works of the Lord." The brightest of the three was the old colored woman, who promised to trust the Lord to make her well, in quite a cheery, encouraging way. Eleven at night. I trusted the Lord to make the whole number up to one hundred and fifty-four, as I was fifty-four years old to-day, and He did it, and one over.

Saturday. Last night was a hotly contested field between the "strong" one and the "stronger." Jesus gained the victory. A *birthday* gift, worth the world to me, as a token of love. Many hungry souls in this place. Praise the Lord for the sweet privilege of finding these dear sheep of the fold! Seventeen confessions. Brother Dennis *filled*—rejoicing that his sowing of years is being reaped.

Sunday, April 24. Crowds. Mr. Green Clay, the only remaining son of General Cassius Clay, came, one of three in the morning service. Twenty children confessed at the *very* sweet child's service.

Among those at night, one deaf-and-dumb brother, who confessed in his mute, touching way. It was very affecting.

Monday. Had a visit from the niece of my old sergeant, Kit Dejarnette, who seems very hungry for better things. Visits of a purely religious character more frequent than in any place we have yet been. A glorious meeting at night. Seven came up (three Walkers) before singing began—twenty-one whites and eight colored.

Tuesday. Last night's meeting the best yet. The town is thoroughly stirred. Praise the Lord! Visited Mr. and Mrs. Cotton. Both lying in the same bed dying of consumption, with the blind mother of Mr. Cotton suffering from acute neuralgia. I was so moved by the sight of these dear young people thus about to be cut off in the midst of their days that I determined henceforth in the name of the Lord to "obey the gospel" and fully carry out my commission, not only to preach the gospel but "heal the sick," as the Lord gave power and occasion. The dear Master has been turning my heart in this direction for some time, and in simple reliance on Him alone, I will do "what in me lies" to rescue the victims of Satan from his awful clutches. Dear Lord, thou knowest I desire thy glory alone in this. If not, prevent it. If for thy glory, prosper it. One confession afternoon, seven at night—two colored.

Wednesday. A wonderful day. Anointed four persons with oil in the name of the Lord, praying over them according to James 5 : 14, 15. The Lord gave great peace and joy in doing it. PRAISE HIS DEAR NAME FOREVER! The first was an old lady, Mrs. Boggs, of sixty-seven, with consumption and chronic rheumatism; the second, Mrs. Derringer, at the toll-gate, consumption, age thirty; the others were our two dear consumptives over the ice-house. All four eschewed medicine; gave the lives the Lord gave them back to Him, and trusted Jesus *wholly*. At night, after preaching, told the people frankly what I had done, and told them how the Lord had led me. The Lord gave utterance, and the people seemed impressed.

Thursday. The Lord gave me a sweet Scripture to carry me through the day. "And they said among themselves, Who will roll away the stone? And behold, the stone *was* rolled away, for it was

very great" (Mark 16 : 5). I had just been thinking of going to anoint a Mrs. Guest, who is dying of *pneumonia*. How good is the Lord with ever a word suited to our wants *exactly*. Anointed the wife of my old Mexican comrade, "Billy" Guest, in the name of the Lord. He gave me full courage and faith, and I believe He will heal. Seven confessions at night.

Friday. The Lord gave this Scripture after opening several times and not finding, "And the Lord wrought *special miracles* by the *hand of Paul*" (Acts 19 : 11). This brought very comforting and sustaining thoughts. Read Dr. Cullis's "Sixteenth Report" a while, and in fellowship with his struggles of faith against difficulties, lost sight of my own little burden of doubts. Praise the Lord for His faithfulness! Visited and anointed in the Lord's name my old colored patient "Aunt Caroline" and old Mrs. Gay. I trust Jesus fully for both. It is sweet to *trust* the Lord *fully*. In the afternoon anointed Sister Estill in the name of Jesus. She has epilepsy, and only yesterday was smitten in church. A blessed meeting at night. Four old men confessed. Fifteen in all.

Saturday. Miss Florence Hood came after breakfast to be anointed for *deafness*. I anointed her after prayer, with full faith in the power of *that blessed name*. Praise the Lord! Soon after went to see a Mr. Horton, and anointed him in the name of the Lord. His disease is consumption. His faith seemed simple. Returning, called on old Sister Boyd, aged eighty, and anointed her also. She had just secured a bottle of medicine from a friend, but ordered it back to the drug store, and takes Jesus only. In the afternoon anointed Miss Pigg, who called with her sister, Mrs. Boggs, to be anointed for the cure of goitre. Her faith seems very simple. Six confessions at night.

Sunday, May 1. Twelve confessions in the morning. At the service for the colored people at 2.30 P.M., twenty-four confessions. Anointed two dear sisters for their maladies, and we had a blessed time committing it all to the dear Lord. A glorious closing meeting at night. I trusted for forty-eight, double the afternoon, and He lovingly gave sixty whites and one colored. De Vore, our old stage driver to Irvine, came; two of Colonel Curtis Burnam's sons, several

very old men, one literally "pulled out" of Satan's clutches. Three hundred and eighty in all.

Monday. Left Richmond with tender regrets, yet glad to leave for dear Jesus' sake. Many dear friends went to the depot to see us off. Brother Dennis rode five or six miles to have more conversation. He is fully consecrated to the blessed work. He has been *hearty* in helping. May the dear Lord bless him for it. At Stanford visited the Faith Cure as soon as we dined. Anointed eleven precious invalids in the name of the Lord. Preached to a full Court House at night. Two confessions, one old man with cancer. Prayed for him.

Tuesday. I omitted taking oil with me last night, and lost a golden opportunity of testifying before the whole congregation in the scriptural anointing. I will not be caught napping by Satan again, by the Lord's sweet grace. Some of those anointed at the cure yesterday were full of faith. Sister Julia Buckner—one of them —is especially a hopeful one. My poor little Sister Alice not so much so. Came to Livingston after dinner. Dear friends gathered at Crab Orchard and Mt. Vernon despite the weather. Preached at Livingston last night to a houseful.

Wednesday. Judge Randall sent his son Charley with saddle-horses for three of us. Marie trusted for her throat, and sang nicely. I trusted for a message, and the dear Lord gave me *just* the right one. We are in the only church here in the town. It holds about two hundred comfortably.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

May 5, 1881. Brother Scholl, of the Reformed Church, called on me after breakfast. He said he was afraid to go to Hyden and Hazard—the people were so wild. He had been to the former once, and did not intend to venture again. One fine-looking young man at night.

Friday. Breakfast at dismal 5.30. Wrote seventeen letters. One confession at the afternoon service—old General Jackson, aged ninety-four. It was very touching indeed. The old man is bent

nearly double, but seems to have a good deal of life still left. At night three confessions—a crippled young man and two young ladies. Old Mr. Jackson for backsliding.

Saturday. The tender leafage of early spring more beautiful in many respects than the perfect foliage. For this is the promise of "more to follow," and that of decay only. Blessed Heaven, where the leaf never drops, nor perfectness deteriorates! Good village congregations, but small compared with the crowds we left in the Blue-Grass. Oh for faith and patience in fulfilling the blessed ministry to the poor and neglected! One confession at night. I think the crust is breaking somewhat. Some smile grimly.

Sunday, May 8. Nine children in the afternoon; at night, four, three adults and a little boy. The people still *stare* a good deal, and there are some sullen faces, but not many. Lord, give me wisdom as well as boldness in giving to "each his portion in *due season.*" What a wonderful sentence of directions in preaching the gospel!

Monday. Court day, but not many in town. Corn-planting is so threateningly in arrears that the men-folks have not leisure to loaf a day, which must be a great affliction to the average countryman, thus shorn of his inalienable rights. Three confessions.

Tuesday. Eighteen confessions, one very affecting—Judge Brown's daughter; quite a scene as he went forward and embraced her with emotion. Applied to Governor Blackburn for tents for the Lord's camp-meeting to be held July 20th, D. V.

Wednesday. My application to Governor Blackburn for tents came from a conversation of wife with Governor McCreary on the cars Saturday, in which he suggested it, and also guaranteed a "preaching tent" to hold 1000 people if needed. Praise the Lord for giving faith and hope this tangible shape! The "camp-meeting" seems more and more of the Lord. July 20th, our twenty-seventh wedding day, will be a good day to begin, and we can easily get them and give each a portion in due season in Clay, Leslie, Perry, and Letcher. Three at night.

Thursday. A sweet letter from wife inclosing one from "Sister Ida," a healed patient of the Lord at the Pink Cottage once, now

teaching school. Sister Julia Buckner went home "every whit whole." Oh how my heart rejoices at these cures through Jesus' power! One cure reported from Owingsville of a case prayed for and forgotten among the many.

Friday. Six confessions. Country people still busy.

Saturday. The day's harvest six. Wife and Georgia came in.

Sunday, May 15. The country people came, splendid congregations; a precious harvest of fifty-one souls in all for the day, giving joy to all. During the meeting about twelve colored persons have confessed. The first last night was a little boy of seven or eight years old. For a good while he sat alone, but at length he had company, and plenty of it.

Monday. To-day thirty-three confessions. I cannot see the letters as I trace them. All is a blur. I have no glasses. The dear Lord laid it on me to trust him for young eyes, and as a preliminary the spectacles were laid aside. Satan made many difficulties, *e.g.*, what would I do in reading the Scriptures to-night in church? How could I read letters or books? etc., etc. All of which faith answered. I went over the whole ground with the people at night. I thank the Lord for thus trying me. This scrawling page of writing is a symbolic page of wonder in my "life of trust."

Tuesday. Eyes scarcely opened this morning before Satan suggested endless difficulties in case the eyes should not get better. To all of which the Lord taught me to answer, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I will not meddle with my dear Physician in any way since committing my case wholly to his care. I only want Him glorified, and other souls encouraged to trust Him. I only ask Him to effect the cure in the way the most glorifying to Him. Nine confessions. Anointed George Dunlop, Marie and Willie for ailments, and then George anointed me in turn for dim vision. George read the Scriptures for me afternoon and night.

Wednesday. Eight confessions. Faith about the eyes not wavering, though sorely tempted at times.

Thursday. A letter from the adjutant-general refusing the application for tents. Praise the Lord! The Lord will run *His* camp-meeting without government assistance. I am glad now for the refusal.

Satan has tried me much about the eyes. But this text has been very precious to-day : "The Lord is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted (tried) above that you are able, but will with the temptation make a way for your escape, that you may be able to bear it." I am so glad for this trial because it "*girds*" me. I find I was a *little ungirt*.

Friday. Yesterday anointed my "baby" Georgia with oil, "praying over" her. She became immediately better. Her throat was so swollen she could scarcely swallow.

Saturday. The "trial of faith" is sharper every day, but the Lord gives such appropriate Scriptures that courage is renewed and steadfastness of purpose to "wait patiently on the Lord" is increased. This morning, in answer to a temptation of Satan to go back to glasses, the word instantly came, "Some fell upon stony ground, etc., these are they who . . . But by and by, when *tribulation ariseth because of the word*, are offended." So the heart recoiled at once. If I looked at the people or anything but Jesus I should fall ; but faith looks only to Him. Blessed Physician, I will trust Thee ever ! Jesus shall be all to me, though they continually say, "Where is thy God ?" I see I am going over the old road trodden by patriarchs and prophets before me. I see now that even after the first step into the Red Sea that cut them off from Egypt and Egypt from them, there remained the great wilderness with the very first experience, an utter lack of bread, and the second, an utter lack of water. In other words, they were cast *wholly* on the Lord to try them, and prove whether they would trust the Lord, and afterward in *failure* to find out their *own hearts*. Dear Lord, let me not fail so, that the rest of life shall be spent in the discovery of the evil of my own heart instead of fresh discoveries of Jesus, every day, which is life's true business. Answered many requests for prayer by letter. Oh, how the surging moan of humanity rises when there seems a hope of relief. I answered all encouragingly, if peradventure they may be led to lay hold of Jesus. Eleven confessions.

Sunday, May 22. Morning, twenty-one ; afternoon, twenty-four ; at night, eighteen—sixty-three. Total for the meeting, two hundred and thirty-seven. Was called in to pray over and anoint three

ladies—Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Freeman, and Mrs. Haekney—an unexpected call, but filled with rejoieing.

MANCHESTER, CLAY COUNTY.

Monday, May 23, 1881. Mamma, Georgia, Georgia Kelly, Mr. Herriek and I, with the driver in a large roekaway of aneient but eomfortable pattern ; guests of Judge Diekinson, the eounty elerk.

Tuesday. The young girl who eonfessed at Mt. Sterling is the daughter of our host. After breakfast had a eall from the jailer to visit his wife, who is quite ill. Prayed over and anointed her in the name of the Lord.

Wednesday. Eight eame. Mrs. Little, our Stephen Jett's sister, led up the first one, and again one at night.

Thursday. There are only three professing Christians, plenty of open sceptics. Three grogshops.

Friday. Climbed Lueas's Hill and had a glorious view of town and surroundings—one of the prettiest spots the sun shines on. Five confessions. Captain Holman in the afternoon. Captain Holman was troubled with Unitarian notions, that I hoped the Lord would settle when I preaehed on "Give me thy *heart*," and the Lord converted him before my sermon. Praise Him !

Saturday. (Speaking of a feud.) We trust the Lord to eure this awful quarrel by the eonversion of all parties. The dear Lord eertainly sent us here in exaetly the right time to be peaeemakers. I suppose there is a wheelbarrow-load of revolvers in the eourt-house at eaeh serviee. Seven at night.

Sunday, May 29. Morning. nine eonfessions ; afternoon, thirteen ; at night, thirty-one. Captain Byron eame, in whom I had taken an interest from hearing of him in London. Several Whites, of that large family, eame, Dr. Caldwell, and others, that gave great joy to all. I was touehed by the attitude of a young woman standing by and leaning her head against a man, who sat in one of the windows. Apparently she had asked him to eome, and he had refused, and there she stood, with no word, but only an attitude, elasping his hand, leaning on his shoulder.

Monday. Preached at night on "Strive to Enter." Eighteen confessions. Two in the afternoon. Jack Hacker, some of the Potters, Judge White, and others.

Tuesday. "Cherries are ripe" in our neighbor's garden in front of us, and the catbirds and robins know it well. Nine in the afternoon, fifteen at night. One dear "fallen" one came at night, who will, I believe, make a precious child of the Lord, as did such in the old time. Blessed compensation of grace for the scorn and hatred of earth. The mail-carrier from London brought me a gift hat. (The evangelist needed it.)

Wednesday. Thirteen in the afternoon, nine at night.

Thursday. Ten in all—two distillers.

Friday. A convert shuts up his groggery. Fifteen confessions.

Saturday. Seven confessions in afternoon, twenty-nine at night.

Sunday, June 5. The little court-room jammed to suffocation. Thirty-seven confessions, morning; one of the last to come forward, a gigantic man of six feet six inches at least. Babies in force, and made themselves heard. Was to preach afternoon to colored people, but congregation half and half; forty-two confessions, mainly colored people. At night, thirty-nine. For the day, one hundred and eighteen.

Tuesday. Wife, Marie, and Georgia go out to General Garrard's. The Lord gave me a season for meditation I so much needed. The results were visible in the services afternoon and night. How blessed and free are the words that spring to the lips after being alone with "Jesus only" for a time! Eighteen confessions. Almost all who came are saved. Men who do not want to confess the Lord do not come at all now.

Wednesday. Thirty-two confessions in the afternoon, fifty-seven at night, the closing service. Tacked up my motto, "Praise the Lord!" over the judge's stand. I think the people will not allow it to be removed.

Thursday. The rain poured last night. I was deeply affected to see the dear people from far in the country streaming in an hour before service. The house was packed. One woman we noticed, clad in thin garments, was soaked. Mrs. Gibson gave her a shawl to

throw over her shoulders. She sat the meeting out. A good many babies out also. I wonder they can live through it. One woman came yesterday afternoon. She and her baby were dripping with the rain. One of the ladies asked her if it wouldn't hurt the baby. She said, "I don't know ; it has never been *this* wet before." Surely the dear Lord, who cares for the "little ones," takes care of them. (The creek flushed and past fording. Compelled to remain in Manchester.) Six confessions at night.

Friday. I heard that the fellows who kicked up such a row in the jail, and disturbed the worship Monday night, were fined twenty dollars each for disturbance. I will try and get it remitted. Colonel Dils writes me about arrangements being made for keeping order in the way of police. I must put a stop to that, lest the Lord should be grieved with these weak attempts to help Him run these meetings. Four at night.

Saturday. Afternoon, eight ; at night, twenty. A victory wrung by our David out of the very "paw of the lion and the bear." Total, four hundred and seventy-six. My faith still holds out for six hundred.

Sunday, June 12. Warm and sultry. Great crowds. Many unable to get in, who sat in wagons, etc., outside. Morning, twenty ; afternoon, twenty-one ; night, forty-one ; total for the day, eighty-two. For the meeting, five hundred and fifty-eight.

Monday. (Starts, mounted on a hard-trotting horse, on the long ride to Hyden, Leslie County. Stays all night at a dilapidated cabin : six in one room.) There were half a dozen or more assembled at Mr. Caudle's to hear the organ, and Marie played and sang with a racking headache on her. We are getting into a region where an organ was never heard by very many.

HYDEN, LESLIE COUNTY.

June 15, 1881. On the river bank (Middle Fork) several boys were shooting at an old tin cup set up on a log, with iron-tipped arrows. I took a hand, and my old skill came into play, for I beat them all. They shoot fish with these formidable arrows. Our first services Monday night were to a lot of men, about thirty in number, with a very

few women, by the feeble light of a few candles. It was dismal to the last degree. But the Lord gave utterance. That night the roughs gave us a serenade in the shape of a discharge of pistol-shots for an hour or more. I went to sleep during the fusillade, so part of it was lost on me. Had a good congregation this afternoon. I asked them to make brackets for the wall, and all bring their lamps and candles, which, of course, they did not do ; our lamp and lantern being the solitary lights at the night service, even the remnants of last night's candles not being forthcoming.

Thursday. A parting devil's salute of half a dozen shots soon after we got home, and then welcome silence and a deep, sweet sleep. How lovely the hills around this place ! As I sat in the doorway this morning, looking at the sunlight glancing on the hill-sides, I thought I had never looked on anything more beautiful. The court-house properly seated would hold four hundred people, but there are only a few benches around the walls besides those inside the bar, seating not more than one hundred at the outside. The jail is the awful log-pen of the mountains. How sorry I was to hear the voices of prisoners coming as out of the bowels of the earth. Our host and wife are kind. Congregations better. Brackets and candles up to-night, and better light.

Friday. Our mail-carrier got drunk yesterday, and the mail only came in this morning. One at night.

Saturday. Dined on beans and raw onions, mixed half and half, and corn bread and water. At night the outline of the mountains is that of a bastion and curtain of a huge fortification thrown up by Titanic giants. Quite a large congregation in the afternoon. Afterward it seemed like hell broken loose in the little village. Men maddened with drink flourishing pistols, shooting right and left, and once as I was returning from a visit to the post-office a bullet seemed to whistle by me not six feet off. I am told they got drunk on "bitters," kept by all the storekeepers, in lieu of the illegal whiskey. The man who was killed one month ago was drunk on *cinnamon drops.* The service at night disturbed by men walking restlessly in and out, all fearing a row and prepared for it. Two women confessed in the afternoon.

Sunday, June 19. Four confessions at the morning service, our host one of them, and Mrs. Napier, our neighbor's wife across the way. A good deal of shooting during the day, but no serious disturbance.

Monday. Small congregations, thirty or thirty-five. At night one confession.

Tuesday. Our host's brother arrived to-day from Letcher. His sister is six feet six inches. His revolver was hanging as a holster pistol as he rode up. So they go in Leslie. The day we arrived a fine-looking young man rode into town with his navy buckled about his waist. He was one of the law-abiding ones; would not carry "concealed deadly weapons contrary to statute." Had a long talk with Brother Bagley; think he will be the man for this country, with his love and zeal. Congregations diminishing. Only about thirty present last night. The Lord gives quiet, restful faith about my eyes.

Wednesday. For the first time in our experience the people seem resolved not to come. Satan is at the bottom of it all.

Thursday. A mere handful of people at each service. Two confessions.

Friday. One confession.

Saturday. The walls fell to-day. Praise the Lord!—good congregations, six confessions afternoon, seven at night. This experience lately of waiting for souls is salutary. We had almost ceased to know what it is to rejoice over "one" except in theory.

Sunday, June 26. The people poured in by troops early in the day. Brother Bagley walked sixteen miles, to be here to-day, yesterday bringing his young wife and baby along on horseback. Thirteen confessions.

Monday. Everything seems to be falling through. A beautiful box of cakes and a ham from the dear Manchester folks.

Tuesday. If only they would come and hear the gospel.

Wednesday. At night the dear Lord gave a parting "kiss of the lips" in the best meeting of the series. Eight confessions, Link Napier, etc.

Wednesday. Off to Hazard. Good Brother Felix Bagley rode with us six and a half miles homeward. He went indeed a mile beyond

the point, at the mouth of Cut-Shin, where he turned up Bull Creek to his own little mountain home. He kissed mine, Jane's, and John Patrick's hands at parting—a "holy kiss," registered in heaven. He is wonderfully skilled in herbal lore, giving me the name of many a plant of wondrous efficacy for coughs, itch, snake-bites, and wasp-stings. He also cut me a switch from what he called "leather wood," of remarkable toughness. His prescription of "pennyroyal" ("fragrant with sweet pennyroyal" are these poor lands) for chiggers and sassafras oil for bedbugs, I think I will have occasion to try. No! I will trust the Lord for all these. Why not? if they belong to the "devil's works," as I am sure they do. (Drenched in a hard rain. Welcomed at Mr. Combs's. Went to bed merry as crickets.) The Lord sweetly kept us under the hollow of His dear hand through blazing lightning, terribly crashing thunder, driving rain, and beating gale of fierce wind. I could only praise the Lord right along, thinking that Satan knew there would be a good meeting in Hazard, and thus vented his fury.

HAZARD, PERRY COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Thursday, June 30, 1881. Our baggage not arriving at 2.30 o'clock P.M., we had services without any music beyond a faint attempt to sing "I need thee every hour," in which Marie seemed to lose what little voice she had, and I croaked like a frog; but the Lord, by thus teaching us to lean on Him alone, gave full liberty in an introductory talk. The Lord gave evident favor with the people. These are not at all like them of Hyden, but had a place prepared for us, and as good a reception as we have known in the mountains. The congregation this afternoon looked a welcome; no scowling nor hardness in any face. It inspired me at once. Had an excellent congregation at night, almost as full as at 2.30 o'clock, very attentive. Our wagon got in at 6 o'clock. The boys dashed into the river fearlessly and got across without wetting anything. The little organ all right, and everything uninjured, for which we praise the Lord! One confession at the night service.

July 1. Poor Hyden has the disgrace that attaches to no other

place we have yet been in, not even to feed us and send us to the next town. Here the people are entirely different. The merchants will not receive anything for what we buy. That is better treatment than we have received anywhere yet. The house was well lighted last night by the people who came. Good congregation at 2.30 o'clock and at night, but no confessions.

July 2. Mail came in to-day for the first time since our arrival. The congregations good both afternoon and night, and very attentive. No confessions, but I think some are very near the kingdom. At night we had a full view of the comet, or the "blazing star" as the people here graphically call it.

Sunday, July 3. Brother Standifer tells me that all the folks on Big Creek and west of Hazard are Reformers, and on the east are Baptists. In Letcher pretty much all Baptists. Here is a prospect for us. House about as full as it could hold, morning, afternoon, and night. Twelve confessions for the day. Praise the Lord!

July 4. The Glorious Fourth broke on Hazard and departed quietly. No sign of its being different from other days appeared. We spent it as we do other days, reading, sewing, talking in the morning, and preaching and singing afternoon and night to rather small congregations. The dear Master gave a welcome little harvest at night of five confessing souls.

July 5. Congregations a little on the increase, and five more confessions at night. Young Combs came, another from John's house. THE LORD BE PRAISED! This is about as quiet and orderly a place as we have yet found—no drinking visible, no swearing audible—so different from poor Hyden. To-day news came by a resident just from Frankfort of the assassination of the President. A few words among the men in an indifferent way, none that one could hear from the women; perhaps one half the town still ignorant of the fact, and none affected five pulse-beats by it. So much for an event that is, perhaps, convulsing the outside world, paralyzing business circles, and crowding the columns of a thousand newspapers. This seclusion has its advantages as well as disadvantages.

July 6. Brother Martin's wild twins were playing in a wagon Sunday afternoon, when we were rather startled by a seven- or eight-year-

older of them yelling out at the top of his voice, "Marie! Marie!" We asked him what he wanted. "Come here and kiss me." After this little disturbance was quelled with a hearty laugh, in a few minutes he again shouted, "Georgie! Georgie! Come here and kiss me!" This was his unsophisticated way of taking out his preference and admiration for the younger female members of the *troupe evangelique*. We have a pet in the shape of a sturdy urchin of four or five, by name Snooks Taylor. He goes back and forth many times each day, and every time we admire more his upright, sturdy gait, his chubby face and grand head surmounted by a crown of tangled flaxen curls. I think the Lord will get the father through this boy and our liking of him. The congregations are as good as could be expected with all busy in the corn-field. Next week most of the corn will be "laid by," and we may expect larger attendance. At night the court-room was nearly full, and eighteen confessions. Young Campbell, deputy postmaster, and a black-haired youth of eighteen or nineteen are our "bête noirs" of lingerers here.

July 7. Eleven confessions at night, forty-seven in all. Young Vermillion, Fitzpatrick, and May came forward. Praise the Lord!

July 8. Saw a young man walking by this morning with his head down and looking otherwise dejected. Poor fellow! I could read his thoughts. The devil was trying to weigh him down with the awful responsibility of his new confession. What an awfully solemn step, as the long-faced preachers and elders of my boyhood called it! As if a good square meal for a starving man were a solemn thing, or a free gift to a poor man a serious thing, or life from the dead a great responsibility. Dear Jesus, how thy sweet, easy, joyous salvation is tortured and disturbed and changed, until it only seems a "dernier resort" less horrible than hell. Give utterance ever to proclaim the "glad tidings of great joy to all people." The papers came in this afternoon with particulars of President Garfield's assassination, now known to us for the first time. It is terrible, but not mysterious. Garfield is a Christian, and has been a preacher. Lot in Sodom is the scriptural case that seems to fit his. This shot was fired by a crazy man, beyond all reasonable doubt. Thus all seems to point to Satan's having even the "power of death" over a

worldly saint—a very common case indeed. Lord, may I never look back a moment after putting my hand to the plough. I pity and pray for our President and family with all my heart, and admire him greatly, and can only see Arthur's succession to the vacant chair of state as a judgment of the many heavier to follow on this doomed land of "Manasseh" before the Coming by HIM who is to ascend the throne and rule in righteousness over a restored world. A blessed meeting to-night. Eleven confessions, our host coming; John Campbell also, after driving us half wild with waiting on him. Mr. John Combs also came. All of John Elliott's household now in.

July 9. The congregations were good Saturday ones, and, of course, unusually large. Two confessions at afternoon and five at night. The latter a victory for Jesus snatched out of the very jaws and paws of the "roaring lion." Praise His dear name forever!

Sunday, July 10. A precious harvest of sixty-one souls—twenty-five in the morning, thirteen at afternoon, and twenty-three at night. Mr. French, county attorney, came. Snooks' father, Mr. Taylor, came. The Lord keeps me in a wonderful way as to bodily health. It looks as if Satan were trying to kill me and Jesus was foiling him at every turn.

July 11. Two of the prisoners in jail, whom the jailer, under promise of good behavior, allowed to come to meeting, ran off; a third confessed the Lord. The horrid log pen is empty, and we are glad of it. Mr. Hurst, lawyer, convert of the Breathitt meeting, came in last night on his way home from Leslie court. He helped at night by persuading the county judge to confess. Thirteen came at night service.

July 12. The mail came in empty yesterday. No further tidings of the President. He may be dead and buried, but we know it not. The outside roar and rush of earth reaches not this secluded nook. There is compensation for every thing and place. This is ours just now—perfect calm. Good meetings and good congregations to-day. Sixteen confessions at 3 o'clock service, thirteen at night, one hundred and sixty-eight total. A young Campbellite preacher, with a good, intelligent face, came to the front at the afternoon service, and

remained deeply impressed for the night meeting. Praise the Lord ! Several preachers have confessed. I anointed a child for a cancerous sore on its hand this afternoon. Its adopted father promised to trust for it, but I hear went off to a country doctor with the little one after the anointing.

July 13. A good gathering of people and the fullest congregations we have yet had. The dear Master gave us His usual parting kiss. Thirteen at the afternoon service, and twenty-nine at night ; two hundred and ten in all. This Hazard meeting has been a very blessed one—a quiet, uniform, and uninterrupted gathering of souls. Praise the Lord !

July 14. The Lord gave us a splendid rain yesterday afternoon, clearing up before night. He knew we were going to Letcher, and sent it to cool the air and earth for us. We rose at half past three, breakfasted before four, and were off by quarter to six. Rode to Mr. Wash. Johnson's, on Carr's Fork. After resting and feeding our horses, we left his house at 3 o'clock, and came on seven miles farther to a Mr. Hill's, where we stopped for the night. They treated us very kindly, everything clean, and cooking good. We slept soundly the deep sleep of wearied travellers. Jane, Marie, Georgie, and I, with Mr. and Mrs. Hill, in the lower room ; John Elliott, with another guest and the two young men, sons of the family, rested in the loft. They reached it by standing on our beds and jumping through a trap-door. We all wanted Frank to be there, that we might witness his ascent in this trapeze act.

July 15. We finished our thirty-six miles by 10.30 o'clock, leaving Hill's at a quarter before eight. A good breakfast at 7 o'clock, elegant fried chicken and good biscuit (skillet baked), the first we have seen since Manchester. Our host only wished to take a little for the corn, that belonged to another. I gave him two dollars, one of which I constrained him to accept. The Lord stopped us there, I am sure. We all praise the Lord, who brought us so lovingly over such a stretch of road this awful July with so little discomfort. We saw and recognized His dear hand at every step so plainly. Praise His dear name forever ! There were a good many in town in the afternoon expecting a sermon, and I wouldn't disappoint, so I talked

half an hour at night to a house nearly full : preached with liberty. Organ did not arrive.

WHITESBURG, LETCHER COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Saturday, July 16, 1881. We are at the house of Mr. W. H. Nickels, and for such charming quarters we cease not to praise the Lord ! He has a fine brick house with four splendid rooms, with wing or ell, and verandas in the rear—a plan that has never yet been improved upon in house-building for substantial comfort. The town filled rapidly soon after breakfast, and the Lord plainly showed us that three services ought to be held. The court-house was uncomfortably full morning and afternoon. The organ and wagon arrived about 9 o'clock, all right. At night not so many present, but all very attentive. No confessions, but impressions.

Sunday, July 17. We are greatly taken with Whitesburg and the people. In no place have we been so cordially received and welcomed. Horses cared for, and we in sumptuous apartments, waited on as if we were friends. The people gathered early this morning, and the court-room was full long before the hour for service. No confessions at the morning service. In the afternoon one confession. A heavy rain came up soon after I began to preach, and some went out to unsaddle their horses. I paused and requested all who needed to do this together and at once ; and while they were out Marie sang a song. The dear Lord gave full liberty in preaching. At night the congregation had dwindled to the town attendance of fifty or sixty. One more confession.

July 18. It was rather a wild day, with a good deal of drinking and swearing. Satan seemed to muster his forces for a desperate struggle. The dear Lord gave as full liberty in preaching the good news as I ever remember to have enjoyed. The court-house was crowded. Two confessions in the morning, one in the afternoon, and seven at night. PRAISE THE DEAR LORD who gave the victory !

July 19. John and I took a long walk to the top of the mountain just across the river and fronting the town. I shall not repeat the experiment, for I got many chiggers on me, which are tormenting me from head to foot while I write, I think because I trusted the

pennyroyal to keep them off me instead of the Lord. It was not wilful, but a slip of forgetfulness, yet a door wide enough for Satan to enter a little bit. Now, instead of trying pennyroyal to get me rid of them, I will trust the Lord only. One confession at night—a young man for whom I have waited.

July 20. Congregations moderate, and one confession at each service. In the afternoon our host, W. H. Niekels, confessed for the first time, to our profound astonishment. We have been taking him for the only first-class Christian in Whitesburg, and here he confessed for the first time. So much for guessing. The chiggers gave exquisite torment. I shall never trust in pennyroyal again.

July 21. Satan tried to get me wavering on the eye question, but the dear Lord set me up more firmly than ever by the following incident: After afternoon service, Jesse Blair took me to a poor cripple, whom I had noticed in the back part of the house during the sermons. He wanted to be anointed for an incurable sore leg. He went on crutches. It was evidently a bad case, but the poor fellow was pretty bold, and not ashamed to say he would trust and confess his Saviour. So I prayed for and anointed him. Four confessions. The night a wet one; a mere handful of people.

July 22. Two of the young men who came last night were prisoners in the jail. Congregations small. Ten confessions at night, mostly children; the first decided movements among the little fellows. Praise the Lord of children!

July 23. Congregations good, with thirty-three confessions, a blessed harvest day.

Sunday, *July* 24. We have gotten into a little trouble by carelessly trying to help the dear Lord take care of His little organ. A key was silent, and yesterday Marie tried to remedy it. There was a good deal of taking out of keys, and dusting—result, two keys silent now, and one that won't be silent, but goes on in a bass wail through every song. So much for meddling with the dear Lord's work. We trust Him, when the lesson is learned, to set the little machine all right again. Mr. Hill, our host *en route* from Hazard, confessed yesterday. So the why of our being halted at his cabin came out. Praise the Lord! The town pretty full by 9 o'clock; court-house

with about as much as it could do to hold the people. Four confessions. In the afternoon, twelve confessions. The dear Lord cured the little organ this afternoon while we were at dinner; at least it was all right, as Marie with a happy smile informed me before she began to sing the first song. I gave thanks for it in the opening prayer, and then told the people all about it. They seemed impressed. I cannot write my own feelings of joy, thankfulness, and nearness to the Lord in this sweet manifestation of Himself. At night service the congregation was a slim one, with nineteen confessions. Praise the Lord!

July 25. No confessions to-day. Small congregations.

July 26. Two confessions to-day. Praise the Lord!

July 27. Satan is not a little busy with me, injecting doubts as to the right to trust for eyes. Faith still quenches all his fiery darts, although it sorely tries me to be thus inactive in these long summer days, without reading my beautiful edition of Young's Concordance, useless at the bottom of my trunk. My Revised New Testament I can only get at through others, and they have to leave their own employments in order to read to me. Better congregations than yesterday. A woman came for me to go down the river and anoint her daughter "grievously tormented." Oh, how I am reminded of the dear LORD'S life as I follow Him in this pathway of service, and HE is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. One confession at afternoon and eight at night. Another blessed harvest, with only a handful present. Praise the Lord!

July 28. Rode five miles down the North Fork to anoint a woman for whom her mother entreated yesterday. Young Jackson rode with me, and we easily found the place, and on entering the poor cabin, that had evidently been cleaned up extra nice for the occasion, we saw a poor, emaciated creature lying on a low bed, with one knee almost drawn to her chin, but a sweet, pretty face, beautiful in spite of her sad emaciation. She was quite ready to confess the Lord and also trust for a cure of her body. Another, with a cancer in her mouth as she supposed, also confessed Jesus and trusted for a cure. Anointed both. We reached town by 11 o'clock. Several strange faces at the afternoon meeting, but no confessions. At night

a handful of people and two confessions. One hundred and seventeen in all.

July 29. A better congregation than usual at the afternoon service, and two confessions. At night small congregation, and not one to call on the name of the Lord. Praise the Lord.

July 30. The people were gathered in numbers by 10 o'clock A.M., and a request came for three services. We gladly complied. Ten confessions in the morning and thirteen in the afternoon filled us with gratitude and joy. Praise the Lord. A better congregation at night than for a long while, and ten confessions.

Sunday, July 31. Morning congregation a jam; the largest audience yet assembled. Fourteen confessions. Afternoon, good audience, with fifteen confessions. At night a small congregation and three confessions.

Monday, August 1. Three services. The polls closed at 10 o'clock. Some of the adversaries got mad at this and scared them up by threats of indictment, so at the afternoon service they were kept open, but nobody voted. If they did, it was in a whisper. The polls were at an open window in the corner of the court-house. One confession at morning service, and four at night.

August 2. Court-house full at morning service. Five confessions. The afternoon meeting well attended. Nine confessions. At night small attendance, seven confessions.

August 3. Two services appointed for to-day at 10 and 2 o'clock, and departure of baggage as soon as possible. Very sweet meetings, especially the closing one. Two confessions for souls in the morning, and seventeen at the evening service. And so the Whitesburg meeting closed with two hundred and thirty-one confessions.

August 4. Our mount was excellent. Horses all strong and easy, saddles all comfortable too. Whitesburg bears off the palm for welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest. At quarter to 6 o'clock we got off for the mouth of Elk Horn. Just before dark we reached camp, and found Colonel Dils and Willie. Stretched our weary limbs on ticks filled with straw, and bolsters ditto, lumpy but delightful to us, so worn out with the thirty-five or forty miles of our longest journey in one day yet. Praise the Lord!

CAMP "PRAISE THE LORD," PIKE COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

August 5, 1881. We remained in camp arranging our hut. Plenty to do, everything in a most chaotic condition, the preaching-tent the only thing that looks neat and finished. It is a beauty—fifty by forty feet. The top is of blue and white striped canvas, walls eight feet, and white. The beds, "bunks," are a few inches off the ground in clap-board boxes filled with straw, and ticks, quilts, comforts, mattresses on top, as one has them. Praise the Lord!

August 6. Everything is so incomplete that our afternoon service was all that could be attempted the first day. About five hundred people present. John and I went with three others after a pole for our flag. By constant pressure on every one, succeeded in getting all nicely hoisted before service. The pole is about sixty-five feet long, flag red, with white "Praise the Lord!" on it. The climb up the mountains was fearful, but we were glad to make it for the dear Lord's sake. The people were very attentive, and the Lord gave full liberty in preaching on "Receiving Him"—evident impressions for good. Praise the Lord! Told the whole story, and announced the plan of campaign as against the works of the devil, in soul and body. Invitation began with this first service. No confession, but fixed attention. The usual accompaniments of camp-meetings already making their appearance.

Sunday, August 7. Our banner making a fine show above all the tree-tops. We trust the Lord to keep it untangled, as He got it up for us so nicely. Our first service to-day was well attended by about five or six hundred. One confession. None came forward on the call for bodies to be healed, but a man brought his little boy, very sick with some unknown disease, and I anointed him in the dear NAME. The child lay down and went to sleep almost immediately, and was much better when the man took him home, in the late afternoon. The second service was to be at 12 o'clock, or as soon after dinner as practicable. It was quite hot, and about the time the invitation was extended there came up an awful storm, as if the "prince of the power of the air" knew there would be loss in his following, and was determined to prevent it. Deluges of water came through

the badly-laid boards on our hut roofs. The great tent bagged in places, and collected pools of water. Marie played until the water was spouting all around from these swags in the canvas. We moved the organ down to the ground, and there she went on until she was on an island, and at last the water began to rise about the organ and her chair. Then we closed the services and took the rain. Praise the Lord! And still the floods poured, rendering an afternoon service impossible. Everything in our rooms soaked damp. A drowned-out camp is the most dismal sight one can imagine. The dripping trees, wet ground, damp clothing, soaked straw, slop—discomfort in every shape. Even our lovely banner drooped and clung to the flagstaff as if giving up all for lost. Some whose traps were hopelessly soaked scattered around to the farm-houses. We made a big fire and tried to dry out as best we could, taking bed-ticks over to the big tent. There we lay down, damp enough, trusting the Lord to keep us from colds and sickness.

August 8. Not a sneeze or a cough this morning. Praise the Lord for keeping us according to and exceeding our faith! Soon breakfast was eaten, and the sun came out to dry our beds and fill all hearts with cheer. Satan tries hard to break up the meeting. The most absurd as well as malignant reports are in the air, for which we only praise the Lord! The meetings were fairly attended to-day, considering the check put upon them by the storm, the false reports, and the high prices for board. The sick came in goodly numbers, seven at the morning service and five in the afternoon. Two confessions for backsliding. The little boy anointed yesterday is on the mend, his father says.

August 9. At the morning service ten came for healing of the body, most of them men. The thought crossed me that they might not be Christians, but I could not send them away before all the people, and yet it was contrary to my logic to anoint a sinner. In this strait the Lord led me by a way I knew not (as all along) into the light on the vexed question that perplexed me in Whitesburg, for in the afternoon several of these stalwart men who had been anointed for healing confessed Jesus for the first time. A lady, also anointed yesterday, and quite healed almost immediately, came forward to

confess Jesus as her Saviour. And so my logic went where it has often gone, and I follow where HE leads. God hath taught me not to call unclean what He has cleansed. I have no useless regrets about it, because I acted on the best light I had, though with some misgiving, in Whitesburg in two cases. If I had known then what I know now, I might have won the souls of both Wells and the two men with wens, if I had prayed over them and anointed for healing. Praise the Lord ; but this time because HE so lovingly bears with ignorance, and so thankful am I that HE has shown me the way out of darkness in this matter, and plainly shown that HE heals all that have need of healing, whether they have confessed HIM as Saviour or not. None can come to HIM thus for healing without believing on Him. Praise the Lord for light ! Fourteen confessions for the soul this afternoon ; twenty-five anointed in all. At night a very interesting meeting, nine confessions for soul, and four anointed.

Wednesday. Three confessions and ten anointings. A party of young folks, who started for a ramble to the "High Narrows," two miles off, went on to the "Towers" and could not make camp. Will, John, and four others went in search, and found them in a cabin five miles away. It was 12 o'clock before they got back, wet and weary, but we were all greatly relieved to find that they were all safe.

Thursday. Our Richmond party, seven in number, got in last night at dusk, followed by Sister Ecton and her two children by 10 o'clock, weary enough, but glad for rest. This morning a fine young man, about to leave, came to the tent to confess before he went away. Praise the Lord ! Three confessions and one anointing at morning service. Afternoon meeting, sixteen confessions, several of them previously anointed, burying my logic deeper in depths. Seven anointed at the same meeting. At night I began to preach on the "Second Advent," but the Lord gave me a sermon before I came to it ; four confessions and six anointings. Praise the Lord.

Friday. The excessive heat almost overcame me at 10 and 3 o'clock, but the Lord gave strength for two hours each time ; six confessions and twelve anointings at morning service. Afternoon, six confessions and seven anointings. At night, seventeen confessions and eight anointings.

Saturday. This was Marie's birthday and the first of the second week. We asked for a special blessing, and our dear Lord gave it. Morning service in intense heat, but glorious; nineteen confessions and fourteen anointings. Afternoon, ten confessions and ten anointings. At night service no confessions.

Sunday, August 14. The camp looked limp and dripping this morning, but all seemed cheerful and disposed to make the best of it. Yesterday evening's storm was not so heavy as that of the 7th, and we were all better prepared for it. Our shanties not water-tight, but the leaks so under control that our bedding and clothing did not get much wet. When the rain began all hands were standing on duty with pans and other antidotes waiting for the rain-spouts to make their appearance. Pretty soon "Here it is," "There it is," became general all along the line, and every one was busy. I thought not to have a night service, but the people gathered, and I gave them a talk as the dear Lord opened my mouth. The substance of what the Lord gave me was in the way of turning the eyes of the people away from me to the Lord. I know that this meeting will die the death, if all eyes are not turned on Jesus, so I gave them a little narrative of how the Lord had led me, acknowledging my blindness, and getting them to think little of the instrument and more of the Master. A glorious morning meeting, thirty-one confessions and nineteen anointed. Great joy in hearing of the case of Mr. Carr, a man almost deaf, whose hearing is entirely restored. In the afternoon, fourteen confessions and fifteen anointings. At night, twenty-two confessions and fourteen anointed.

Monday. It looked almost like a break-up after breakfast, but the Lord kept us in perfect peace about it, in the faith that it was His camp-meeting and He would duly care for it. Our little banner has been waving cheerfully all the morning, as if to say, "Look up, and keep praising." Two confessions and nine anointings. A very impressive thing happened as I was anointing. A little child, brought by its mother, seemingly afflicted with scrofula, began to scream violently, but ceased the moment I touched it, and there was not another sound from its lips until I was done. The Lord gave me special light and liberty in showing, from the Epistle to the Romans, on

"Christ our Law," how the blood was for a sinner's sins, and the water was for a saint's ways, and the oil for the healing of the body of saint and sinner. He leadeth me in this surely. The way is so plain and scriptural that a fool need not err. Afternoon service rather thinly attended; three confessions and four anointings. One man, who has been holding back for days, came this afternoon for healing. He will very likely come for his soul soon. So the dear Lord goes on to teach as I am able to bear it. At night, nine confessions and twelve anointings. Our merry darky, Charley, of the St. Charles Hotel, confessed.

Tuesday. Housekeeping in camp life is very simple. A little pitchforking of straw at odd times answers for sweeping. Front curtains tied up, and we are ready for visitors. Strict regulations touching watermelon rinds, etc., etc., which are carefully cast over a certain assigned bank, banish many flies and answer other sanitary purposes. A visit to the trot line gives a pleasant morning walk. Two confessions at morning service and two anointings, one of the former our Dr. Taylor, from Whitesburg, whom we did not get while there. At afternoon service, three confessions and one anointed. Marie preached Charles, of the St. Charles, a little sermon. At night, five anointed.

Wednesday. In the morning's sermon the dear Lord taught me an advanced lesson on the fourth day. I saw for the first time why "Abraham is the father of the faithful," instead of Noah or Adam, in whom was found much faith. The reason is in the fact that Abraham was the pilgrim (called Hebrew, *i.e.*, pilgrim in Gen. 14), a life guided by another and wholly guided by Him. This is beyond "light" ("first day") or fruitfulness ("second day"). It is not something wrought in me, but a person outside of me. The guided life implies a guide. We need only to know HIM. This is seeking things above, where Jesus sitteth on the right hand of God. Abraham therefore is the "father of the faithful and the friend of God." The new covenant is dated from him, etc., etc. The walk with God pleases God, and without that close walk it is impossible to please Him, though easy to be saved. The Lord gave me this and much more while preaching. At afternoon service, four confessions and

seven anointed. At night, seven confessions and four anointings.

Thursday. No confession at morning service. At afternoon services two confessions and four anointed. At night service, two little girls were anointed.

Friday. The camp looked almost destitute, and I began to despair this morning, and confessed it to the Lord as a sin, and He forgave as usual. Praise His dear name! The Lord, who comforteth them that are cast down, gave renewed courage after morning service. I am sorry that my discouraged looks were known. Eight confessions, six anointed at morning service. "Kitchen's Vermifuge" man left this morning. "Camp Praise the Lord" too healthy for him. Afternoon service fairly attended, and full liberty in preaching on "Cain and Abel." Three confessions and three anointed. At night service, two confessions and seven anointed.

Saturday. At morning service, six confessions and six anointed. I had neuralgic pains that yielded to faith to-day. Praise the Lord! John D. White and Miss Bessie came about the close of the service. Afternoon service about as large a weekly audience as we have had yet. Lots of new faces. Fourteen confessions and seventeen anointed. At this service a new revelation of the precious meaning of the word in James 5 : 14, 15. It occurred over the case of a man whom I asked to come and confess his Saviour, and who steadily refused. I felt instinctively that he had come for bodily healing, though looking healthy enough, and I asked him if it was so. He acknowledged his intention of doing so. I tried in vain to induce him to confess, for the soul first and then the body. He steadily and even doggedly declined. That "which is spiritual" is never "first," but that which is "natural." My first thought ("I hate thoughts," as David did, Psalm 19) was, How can I pray trustingly for this sordid creature? Then "that which is spiritual" came in, and I saw that Jesus rejected none who came to HIM in the New Testament, but supplied all need that was put in His hand, and I said, "Lord, if you will be good enough to do the healing, I can and will do the trusting." And so, when my man came (as sure enough he did), I prayed for him with rather a simpler faith than for any of

them, and I fully expect that he will not only be healed but confess Jesus as Saviour to-morrow. On this step in advance, taken by His dear grace, came, as so often does after self has been denied, fresh light on James 5 : 14, 15. The words "if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him," were spoken of a saint and not of a sinner. In the case of a saint the sickness is the result of sin, and the sickness cured implies the sin forgiven that caused it. Not so with the sinner. Many had bodies cured in the Saviour's day, who went to hell for unbelief, yet will Jesus bless a sinner or unbeliever (which is the Sunday-school definition of a sinner), as far as He is permitted to do it ; but a saved body does not imply a saved soul. Far from it. A body cured to-day may be followed by a soul damned to-morrow. I now see the reason for the insertion of the words in James 5 : 14, 15. Praise the Lord for all light on His precious word ! At night an excellent congregation again, and a good harvest ; eight confessions and seventeen anointed ; preached on "Bethesda." Saw the meaning of "Go, and sin no more, *lest a worse thing come upon thee.*" It has long looked ungracious to me, though I knew it was not, only I was ignorant. Now it is very plain. Praise the Lord ! It was spoken before the man had confessed Jesus as his healer. At first "*he wist not who he was ;*" but that was shameful. He ought to have known. Nothing can excuse such ingratitude. The result of the warning was that immediately he confessed his Saviour, and thus escaped "a worse thing." My trouble was that this looked like an ungracious threat, quite unlike my Jesus, and His "If you love me, keep my commandments." Now I see that it is only a solemn warning to an ungrateful recipient of favor, announcing an unfailing rule in the Lord's administration, viz. : That sin gives Satan a chance at even Christians, healed and saved ones, and puts them in a position where the Lord's power and love are powerless to rescue, however much He may wish to do so. Why "a worse thing" ? The "answer came quick and clear." Satan never loses an opportunity to torment a saint. "His own" he will let have any easy time (Psalm 62), in order to keep him quiet in his toils until he can ruin him soul and body forever. But a saint, whom he cannot destroy, but has power over when that saint sins, he never lets go, but torments to the

full length of his chain. Ingratitude is worse than any original sin for which sickness comes, and of course is the occasion of a "worse thing" when Satan returns "with seven others" to the empty, "swept and garnished house." Praise the Lord for unfolding this Scripture to me as HE did to-night in the course of speaking, leaning my whole weight on HIM. Heard from Hazard anointings. The child with gangrened finger well. The adopted father did not find Dr. Feltner, and only had a twenty-mile ride for nothing.

Sunday, August 21. Preached on "Give me thy Heart." At first it looked like blank defeat. Then our dear Jesus turned the tide of battle and swept the field. Twenty-four confessions and twenty-seven anointed. One striking and immediate answer to prayer. My heart was drawn out to pray for the boys, and I asked the Lord to fill the front row of chairs with boys. They had just been placed in order after the filling up of the back seat. No sooner was the invitation given than seven boys of about the same age came forward and filled them. It was so striking that all noticed it and glorified HIM. A gentleman from Grundy reports his wife greatly better since anointing. Old Mr. Carr in, and rejoicing in his restored hearing. Tells everybody about it. A glorious meeting in the afternoon; thirty-six confessions, and twenty-four anointed. At night, the closing meeting, a parting kiss from HIS dear lips, forty confessions and thirty-four anointed. Three hundred and fifty-eight confessions in all, and three hundred and fifty-six for healing.

PIKETON, PIKE COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Monday, August 22, 1881. The Lord showed us plainly that it was time to break up the camp and move to Piketon. At 8 o'clock, Marie, with the organ in Mr. Ferrel's spring wagon, and I on Dave Shanks' mare, started for Piketon. A watermelon refreshed our party before reaching town, and we rode in about 1 o'clock. Dined and supped at Brother Ferrel's. Whole party and baggage in before dark. Had a house full as it could well hold at night service. On the road down anointed a man going to Virginia. He was in tow of two young converts of the camp. A few miles farther on, called by

request on Mr. Polly, whose leg had been broken. He confessed Jesus, and also was anointed. This made the numbers three hundred and fifty-nine and three hundred and fifty-nine. Wonderful lesson to me in the Lord's dear well-known way. Preaching the kingdom and healing shall henceforth go "*pari passu*" in my ministry, by God's help. Praise the Lord for making all so plain. A dream of blessedness floats before me that will never be realized this side of the millennium. I see then the time when all ministers of the true gospel will know what I know now by the Lord's sweet grace. I see them coming into sanctified pulpits, full of the Spirit, speaking in the demonstration of that Spirit and in power every time. I see them calling for souls to come to Jesus and be saved, and multitudes obeying the call at every service. I see the call for all who suffer in body to come and be healed by this same Jesus. And crowds come and get relief. "The leaves of that tree of life shall be for the healing of the nations." Amen.

Tuesday. We are at our dear Colonel Dils's, in the old room, and feel quite at home. An old man, who had to go home and could not wait, anointed at Colonel Dils's house.

Thursday, August 25. *My Anniversary.* FIVE YEARS DELIVERED FROM THE REIGNING POWERS OF SIN. PRAISE THE LORD.

FIVE YEARS OF ALMOST UNINTERRUPTED "GROWTH IN GRACE." PRAISE THE LORD.

FIVE YEARS' CONSCIOUS WALK IN COMPANY WITH JESUS. PRAISE THE LORD.

FIVE YEARS OF WONDROUS FRUITFULNESS IN SERVICE. LARGELY OVER 16,000 SOULS ALREADY HARVESTED. PRAISE THE LORD.

FIVE YEARS OF JOY, PEACE, REST, BLESSED IN BASKET AND STORE, BLESSED IN MY FAMILY, BLESSED IN HEALTH UNBROKEN. PRAISE HIM.

Brother Mat Thornbury was in waiting at 8 o'clock, his mare "Dolly" in Colonel Dils's buggy, to take me four miles down the river to visit a sick brother, a Methodist preacher, who has been long grievously tormented. Satan tried to hinder, first by a discouraging threat of a thunder-storm. I once proposed to return after starting, but finding we were expected, hesitated no longer; second, a broken

bridge. We had to take the mare out and drag our buggy over by hand ; third, an awful rain and thunder-storm, from which we found shelter in a negro cabin near the broken bridge. At last we got there, and right glad and thankful was I that the dear Jesus conquered Satan in taking us there over all hindrances. The suffering brother and four others were anointed for healing. Brother Buckley had a hard spasm of pain just after anointing. I thought of the devil tearing his victims in olden times before leaving them, and also of the Scripture, "He hath great wrath because he knoweth he hath but a little time." Afternoon meeting, five confessions, and nine for healing ; at night, a glorious meeting in the tent ; twenty-six confessions and fourteen anointed. Praise the Lord !

Friday. It seemed at first as if the word had not taken effect, although out of bodily weakness the Lord made me strong. Yet I was sure the Lord would give us an anniversary harvest. At first faith only asked for an increase on the harvest of the day before, and after a patient waiting they came. It took fifteen to make it. Then faith grew bold, and asked that there might be double of the previous day. After "patient continuance in well-doing," they came. It took twenty-three to double, and the dear Lord gave twenty-six—three over—the exceeding abundantly we have so often known. PRAISE HIS DEAR NAME FOREVER ! Oh, this wonderful fact of all things, waiting upon FAITH IN GOD ! And how the lesson of growth in it is only an aggregation of small growths oft-repeated—Ezekiel's wheels within wheels. Friday and Saturday are technically known as mill-days in Piketon. A number of people were in town, and a petition for a morning service soon came. Of course we responded, and had a large congregation under the tent. Two confessions and twelve anointed. One little child with an awful swelling on its neck, bearing the lancet's mark, yet unrelieved and very angry. I held it up before the congregation and asked them whether they thought the good God did that. They seemed deeply impressed. In the afternoon there was a still larger gathering. It was very hot, but the attention as steady as ever. Twenty confessions and nineteen anointed. At night another good meeting ; sixteen confessions and seventeen anointed. Praise the Lord !

Saturday. A poor girl, with face and eyes almost eaten up with cancer, came for anointing last night. I laid hold of the great Physician's "Blue Ribbon" for her. I will attempt every case He sends. God is a-top of the devil in this life-and-death struggle, if only faith will give HIM a chance to work. Oh, how much nearer to Him I feel since HE has put me in this ministry of healing. How the heart goes out in pity to God's pity for the poor suffering ones! Every hot, or cold, or clammy hand that is put into mine appeals for relief so touchingly that I must needs trust the dear JESUS for them. And what is this trust? Oh, how simple and yet more simple it seems every day! Only to lay them in JESUS' arms. Only to pass them on to HIM. Only to leave them there, "safe in the arms of JESUS." No bearing burdens, no tossing on a sleepless bed in restlessness and agony of suspense. Oh, so different from that, praise the Lord! The Colonel and I took a long stroll up Grave Yard Hill and round by the mill road back to town. I am more attached to the dear old man every day. At morning service, twenty-one confessions and fifty-three anointed. Fearfully hot at afternoon service, tent crowded, and a glorious harvest; twenty-eight confessions and twenty-eight anointed. At night a tent full again, and a glorious harvest; thirty-three confessions and thirty-one anointed. Praise the Lord!

Sunday, August 28. The past week's harvest reminds us of the best times of a year and a half ago, when two hundred souls was the weekly average. Praise the Lord for reviving them again! We have a warm invitation from Prestonsburg and one from the Mouth of Mud, but the Lord seems to turn my mind to Harlan and "the regions beyond." I have put myself in HIS hands, and asked HIM not to let me blunder. I begin to lean toward the Blue Grass and a testimony for JESUS for the soul and body, but ask my dear Lord not to let me go before my faith, nor yet lag behind my conscience. Mr. Hargis, of Beattyville, who passed through that meeting unconfessed, came last night. He goes off this morning with Jacky and Allen. The Beattyville party off. Jacky, after telling us all "Good-by" with a choking voice, sidled back to Marie's room and put into her hand a piece of candy, with the words, "When shall we meet again?"

on it. His devotion is very touching. He looks much better than when he first came up. A glorious meeting in the morning. Tent crowded and very hot. Fifty confessions and thirty-nine anointed. Afternoon meeting glorious also; forty confessions and thirty-one anointed. Glorious meeting at night; sixty-two confessions and forty-five anointed.

Monday. One and fifty and three great fishes yesterday. How precious His mercies—only nine apart, the two blessed branches of this blessed ministry of saving and healing. How good in the Lord thus to order it for the weak faith of His tottering children until they do not need this help. Three hundred and fifty-six—larger than the largest weekly ingathering in the mountains, and two services yet to spare. PRAISE MY DEAR LORD FOR ALL! A precious morning meeting; thirty-nine confessions and forty-two anointed. A remarkable experience. I let the people sit down after about twenty-five had confessed, and was about to take the confessions, when some one within said, "You have stopped too soon, go on and get more." I at once told the people I had quit too soon, and resumed the invitation. Fourteen very valuable confessions followed, the cream of the congregation decidedly. I never had a stronger impression of a mistake. It was almost an audible voice. Praise the Lord, and again praise HIM for making the way so plain! What a joy to follow His sweet call! Very weak and exhausted after service, but the Lord braced me up very soon. "Out of weakness He maketh strong." Six o'clock P.M. Almost wonderful voice from heaven. This afternoon there were thirty-five confessions and twenty-two anointings. Just after meeting anointed a babe in the next dwelling to the church. I wanted them to bring it into the meeting-house to-night, but they begged, and I gladly consented, though very tired. That made twenty-three. Now for the wonder. This is the close of the first week, and there have been just four hundred confessions and four hundred anointed. A glorious night meeting; eighty-five confessions and forty anointed. Stifling hot; two hundred, perhaps, could not get into the house. PRAISE HIM!

Tuesday. Up at 6 o'clock this morning, feeling wonderfully fresh and bright. Anointed a little child after breakfast, whom his

mother brought round. All fresh and bright and joyous this morning. How good is our dear Lord, thus to "renew strength." We were off by a little after 9 o'clock. Numerous friends about Colonel Dils's residence and all along the street as we rode out of town, wafting farewells and loving words. A mile or two out of town a woman came out to the wagon, bringing her nine-day-old baby, which had never sucked, she said. It was a pitiful sight, this pale-faced mother and her wee baby. I prayed over it and anointed it in Jesus' name, and we rode off. A few miles further on a woman stopped us and asked to be anointed. And at Mrs. Williams', where we halted at noon, a young woman came for healing. We halted at a Mr. Wilcoxen's for the night, twenty-eight miles on our way.

Wednesday. We got a 6 o'clock start. Brother Wilcoxen did not charge us anything. By 12 o'clock we reached Pound Gap. A glorious view from the crest of the ridge into Virginia, and a still more lovely one into Kentucky, before arriving at the top. We lunched in the Gap without water, eating the remnants of our lump of ice instead, impartially divided. Cut my name on one of the rocks just in the Gap, not far from the stake that tells where the railroad proposes to cross. The road down the mountain on the Virginia side is simply awful. Worse than anything on the Cumberland cliffs in Clinton County. Half way down there is a little seep, which we cleaned out and called "Praise the Lord" spring, cutting that upon the head rock above it, and REST on the rock on which the drinker kneels. We "fixed" it prettily with moss and stones. Marie drove down, and did it to perfection. At the store at the foot of the mountain I anointed a man kneeling in the road, a group of men surrounding. A mile on we halted for the night at "Jim Robinson's," a Methodist preacher, farmer, miller, etc. Before going two hundred yards from the store a man came after us, very much out of breath with running, and asked if I would preach if a congregation came. I said, "Yes, of course," after a temptation of the devil to get off on the score of weariness. And happy were we that the Lord made it plain we ought to have services. About one hundred and fifty gathered by dusk. We lit a few of our Piketon purchase intended for Clover Lick, and had preaching and singing in the front porch.

Thirty-five confessed for the soul, and twenty-three anointings. The most glorious first meeting we have ever yet known. It was an occasion and scene never to be forgotten. PRAISE HIM!

Thursday, September 1. Anointed an Irishman two miles from Robinson's, who also confessed for his soul. Road very rough and rocky, and trying on spring and wheel. The team driven by Bentley nearly broken down, and his wagon with a weak wheel, but we went on, praising the Lord and trusting joyfully. We lunched within a half mile of the head of the Cumberland River, and on its here feeble waters. The "Black Mountains," as the people call the Cumberland range near here, are grand beyond description. Perhaps they are the highest mountains in Kentucky. We stopped for the night at Mr. Joe Day's.

Friday. We made about twenty-five miles yesterday, over a very rough road. Left Joe Day's at 7 o'clock, and again took a very rough road. Once we lost ourselves, the first and last time on this memorable journey, but got back right in half an hour. Arrived at Clover Lick, eleven miles from Joe Day's, about noon. A store and a mill make the place. The state of things soon became apparent. The miller responded to a few questions and retired to his mill, like a spider retreating to the centre of his web. At the store I found my Clover Lick correspondent, a quiet, blue-eyed young man with a hesitating manner and evidently loath to take any responsibility. The old miller peeped out of his mill door listening to the conference. It was too ludicrous. "Nobody ready," "We came sooner than expected," "Didn't know what could be done," etc., etc. So our correspondent and a large man to whom he hopelessly appealed at every step, and who persistently refused to share the responsibility so desperately pushed upon him by our meek, blue-eyed young man. The upshot of the interview was that we had better go down the river a half mile and "try" "Mr. Smith." Departed. One hundred yards a messenger followed on a horse, requesting us to halt until he himself went down to see Mr. Smith. So we halted and tried to get a shade, while I cut my name on a beech-tree in memory of the day. In three quarters of an hour our man returned and said Mr. Smith would not take us in—farm hands engaged, house full,

no place. The old story. "No room for HIM in the inn." Then we were advised to drive up Clover Fork to a Mr. Samson Branson's, to "try" him. We did so, passing the pretty lot and rickety old church of the Baptists on the way, a beautiful place for our tent, but no invitation to pitch it. Mr. Branson was not at home. His old father, a good old Methodist of eighty-nine years, very anxious for the meeting, had no "say so" in the matter—he was only "living" with his son. He took us each by the hand in a deprecatory way and said, "Don't blame me for this." It was very touching. A messenger sent on horseback returned in an hour with a flat refusal from Mr. Branson, and thus ended the long-looked-for Clover Lick camp-meeting, dead before it was born. We said Praise the Lord, and drove six and a half miles to "John L. Cornett's," who invited us to stay with him as we were going on. The Lord reward him for his kindness to us.

Saturday. Anointed an uncle of Mr. Cornett's and a young woman, both of whom came over before breakfast. Not far from Mt. Pleasant (four miles) an old man gave us a couple of muskmelons. We had a pleasant nooning, and our Mr. Smith's corn bread came in nicely. Eva's black cake biscuits and ham all splendid. We thought lovingly of her and blessed her. One mile from Mt. Pleasant we crossed Cumberland and went up Clover Fork to the town.

MT. PLEASANT, HARLAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

September 3, 1881. Praise the Lord for bringing us all safe this one hundred and twenty-five miles. Our reception at Mt. Pleasant was not very hearty, but after a little delay we got the promise of food at a Mr. Rice's. We are to sleep in the big tent. By 10 o'clock our boys had pitched the tent, and straw enough for bedding was hauled. We slept like tired travellers, in spite of cow-bells and of hogs, that seemed to surround the tent all night. We pitched in an open lot, and everything comes on it that likes. A nice spot, spring "handy" under the river bank. We tented on the edge.

Sunday, September 4. The first service was held in the Court House, with a good congregation. Six confessions, the first being George

Turner. At the afternoon service fourteen confessions, nearly all children. At night two more children confessed, a blessed first day's harvest, where all is so very strange.

Monday. It was court day, and the Court House was jammed. At 2 o'clock P.M., while we were in the second song, a cracking of timbers was followed by a ludierous but terrible stampede of flying and frightened men, women, and children, tumbling, scrambling, screaming, jumping from windows and doors. "Save who can," the order of going. The Lord gave us perfect calm and quiet in the midst, and we stood quite still. Adjourned to the tent, the people standing, but quiet. We had a blessed meeting, seven confessions. At afternoon meeting, two anointed. At night service, thirteen confessions and four anointings.

Tuesday. Very busy, and all hard at work fixing seats and getting our flag to flying. Afternoon service glorious; twenty-seven confessions and ten anointed. At night, eight confessions for souls. PRAISE THE LORD! The Lord gave special freedom at night, in preaching from the "Brazen Serpent." I do not know when I have had such a clear view of the subject. Everything as orderly and quiet as one could ask. A bolt of cotton has given us a room across the end of the tent ten feet by forty feet, subdivided in the centre for the boys to have one.

Wednesday. The meetings to-day well attended. The folks came two hours before the afternoon service; a blessed harvest, twenty-six confessions and eight anointings. At night, twenty confessions and seven anointings.

Thursday. The Lord has kept us under the shadow of the rock, so that health was never better. Precious meetings, not very large attendance; ten confessions and six anointings. At night, twenty-four confessions and seven anointings. Mr. Bailey, the infidel, came at night. He said, "I trust the Lord the best I can, but it is a bad best." I told him it was all the Lord asked of him.

Friday. A precious expression of the Lord's love to-day. I have not for many months thought of adding up the total of confessions, but this morning I was so impressed that I got out my old black memorandum book, and John and I sat down to the computation.

We found the total sixteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-nine. Praise the Lord! Trusted the Lord to make it seventeen thousand at the next service. He *did it*. Just twenty-one came, and seven anointed; total anointings, nine hundred and sixty-four. At night, rather slim attendance; two confessions and two anointed. Praise the Lord.

Saturday. There has been little opposition to the Lord's work in this place, a few have objected to the doctrine, and a few to the anointing. They "show us no little kindness." A brother brought us a magnificent watermelon a few days ago. It was deliciously refreshing in the burning heat. Three services to-day, as we saw lots of people pouring into town. The children bring pawpaws, apples, and peaches in small quantities. Service at ten o'clock; preached on "Good Samaritan;" nine confessions and four anointed. A man came to the tent after dinner and confessed Jesus for soul and body. Afternoon meeting, tent almost crowded. Twenty-five confessions and twelve anointed. At night a full congregation. The Lord gave clearness and power in preaching on the "Brazen Sea." I think they learned the difference and distinction between the BLOOD and water; nineteen confessions and four anointed.

Sunday, September 11. The fleas disturbed me in my slumbers last night; horses, cattle, and hogs, getting tangled at intervals in the tent-ropes, added their quota to disturbing causes. The ladies slept at the house again, and Will, Pat, and I had our magnificent straw couch all to ourselves. I made it up carefully myself, with a pitch-fork cut by Willie from the alder grove, and it was indeed an inviting couch—dry, plump, softly yielding to the body's pressure—but the unwonted flea rather spoiled it all. The people began to pour in before breakfast was over. The big tent was shelter from rain and the available gathering place, and was soon appropriated. At the morning service the tent was as full as it could hold, and the neighboring fences crowded, where a little shade could be obtained. A blessed two and a half hours' meeting, thirty-nine confessions and twenty-four anointings. In the afternoon, at first I thought the crowd would be slim, but the tent was full by the time I had got well under way. A blessed harvest, thirty-eight confessions and

twenty-one anointings. I have a sty, not painful, but a little too much of the devil's hateful presence to please me. I am sure the reason is in me and not in my dear Lord. This Harlan meeting is very wonderful, considering the newness of everything with the people. They take the gospel with wonderful promptitude. A brother brought his little boy to the tent to be anointed before service, which I did. The night congregation was a small one, yet the Lord gleaned eleven out of it, and five for healing.

Monday. A sty upon my right eye Sunday, and to-day complicated with the beginning of a severe cold, tried faith a good deal. I lay it all on Satan and his access through some *rent in the armor*. I think I know where the fault lies, and I have confessed it to Jesus, and look for complete restoration, soul and body. I am only too thankful that Satan has so few opportunities. He certainly takes advantage of every one that presents itself. "No quarter" is the word between him and me. I know whom I have believed and do believe. Praise His dear name forever! Slim attendance to-day; fifteen confessions and ten anointings at afternoon meeting. At night, fifteen confessions and five anointed.

Tuesday. The Lord "out of weakness made me strong" this afternoon; twelve confessions and nine anointed. At night, eight confessions and seven anointed.

Wednesday. Preached with much comfort in the afternoon on "Naaman;" sixteen confessions and three anointed. At night, five confessions and nine anointed.

Thursday. I learned last night the secret of apparent failures in bodily healing. It is just as in the soul—some are just saved from hell, some go on to one degree of advancement, and some to another. In the body some may be saved from death, who yet are not relieved from pain and suffering, and therefore they have received nothing, as the man saved from hell, yet not from temper or drunkenness, seems to have gotten nothing. It is plain now. I see that the analogy holds all along the line. I cannot tell how this clear teaching gave comfort, in view of so many apparent failures in those who trust the best they can. The degrees are as manifold as in the soul saving. I believe now the weakest faith saves from *death*, as the weak-

est of faith saves the soul from *perishing*. It explains so many difficulties that had perplexed, but not disheartened me. At afternoon service, nine confessions and fourteen anointed ; at night, two confessions and six anointings.

Friday. Quite a howling tempest in the night, as if Satan knew the Lord were going to get the six hundred souls in Harlan, and got in a rage about it. Georgie convalescent to-day. The poor child lost confidence in the heavenly Physician, took to camphor and laudanum for her tooth, and had an awful time of it for twenty-four hours. I don't think she will change doctors again in a hurry. Poor, foolish children we all, until a sad experience teaches us to trust. Afternoon service, seven confessions and nine anointings. At night, three confessions and six anointings.

Saturday. Very weak in body, but strong in the Lord and the power of His might. At morning service, thirty-eight confessions and eighteen anointed. At afternoon meeting, thirty-seven confessions and fourteen anointings. The night service countermanded on account of the rain, mud, and darkness. Praise the Lord !

Sunday, September 18. The tent leaked a little in the morning and a great deal in the afternoon ; babies damp, fretful, and uncomfortable. Soon the slush on one side of the tent was like a hog-pen. At the morning service, seventy-seven confessions and fifty-one anointings. Praise the Lord ! It was nearly 1 o'clock before the service closed. The afternoon service thinly attended, not a fourth of the morning congregation, but the "gleanings" were very precious ; twenty confessions and sixteen anointings. Total, five hundred and eighty-seven confessions and three hundred and four anointings. This makes Harlan the banner county of the mountains. I have never been so near going under as during the past few days, and faith hung on by the eyelids, but "Joseph's bow abode in strength, and his arms were strengthened by the mighty God of Jacob, though the archers shot at him and sorely wounded him." Praise the Lord ! Rice came at last, on the last call, almost a type of the saved by fire.

Monday. An unrestful night and horrid dreams. I am still on the devil's territory, and still he has access to me by day and night, but he may not get me under foot again. After dinner we left Mt.

Pleasant for Pineville. Dr. Harmon, who came in on the last quarter-stretch at the meeting, rode with us to a Mr. Skidmore's. There he stopped, and we didn't, although we would gladly have done so. We rode on two and a half miles, to old man Calloway's. We had pine-knot lights. He is an old North Carolinian, and used to them. The smoke of the knots very pleasant. A nice supper. Praise the Lord! He treated us well. Did not charge us anything. A glorious ride to Pineville from Mt. Pleasant.

PINEVILLE, BELL COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

September 20, 1881. We forded the river at Pineville, not very deep, but angry. Georgie made me hold her all the way over. Rode up to Mr. Bingham's. "Can we stop with you?" "I suppose so." Supper followed close on a 3 o'clock dinner. The boys and I went up the hillside to get a pole for the flag. We killed a copperhead before we got back with our pole. No services at night.

Wednesday. Last night we had sweet sleep on good beds. Praise the Lord! John and I took a walk to the ferry. The Court House is perched on a rocky knoll. A lively little place, lots of stores and shops. We had preaching and no singing at 10 o'clock and 2 P.M. The dear Lord gave full liberty on "John 1 : 12." The school-room pretty full both times.

Thursday. We had the little organ put in the Court House, which we find better adapted to our purpose than the school-room. It was well filled at both morning and afternoon services by a very attentive congregation. Two confessions for the healing of the body in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon—all far-gone cases apparently. Praise the Lord! None for the soul.

Friday. Excellent congregations, and in the morning service a very pleasant break in the ice; four confessions. Our tent came in before morning service was over, and the boys had it beautifully pitched before the day closed. For the first time it is on a level bit of ground and with everything fitting nicely. Our folks spent last night at Mrs. Gipson's delightfully.

Saturday. Full congregations gathered under the tent. At the

morning service, seven confessions ; afternoon, one confession. The Lord gave full freedom of utterance in pulling down Satan's "strongholds." I only wonder that the people bear as patiently as they do these attacks upon cherished, life-long convictions, and abandon them so quickly as they do. "Surely this is the finger of God" and nothing less.

Sunday, September 25. A full congregation. Sixteen confessions and two anointed at morning service. Afternoon, seven for soul and one for body. At night, eight for soul and two for body. John Elliott and Brother Lockwood for the body.

Monday. An old Baptist preacher anointed ; six confessions and four anointed. Afternoon service well attended ; twelve confessions and two anointings.

Tuesday. Two desperadoes went out of town and fired their pistols opposite the tent, and at first it was supposed they were firing into it. Examination did not reveal any signs, and we suppose it was only a bit of bravado against town authority. Six confessions and no anointings. At afternoon meeting, seventeen confessions and eighteen anointings.

Wednesday. Good congregations. Morning service, nine confessions and nine anointings. At afternoon service, nine confessions and eleven anointings. So the body is beginning to creep ahead of the soul.

Thursday. Fair congregations and full liberty of utterance, but the people are slow to confess. At morning service, two confessions and nine anointed. The afternoon better, nine confessions and thirteen anointings.

Friday. A lovely morning ; a typical autumn day. A walk beside the river after breakfast alone ; very sweet indeed. At morning service, a fair congregation. Eight confessions and six anointed. At afternoon service, only two confessions and two anointings.

Saturday. Yesterday, as I was preaching on "Mephibosheth" and speaking of the grandfulness in our Jesus that was so little used, and that many would live and die hag-ridden by their habits instead of getting rid of them, I said, "Some of you will, I expect, be laid in your coffins with a 'chaw' of tobacco in your mouth." Brother

Oliver, missionary Baptist preacher, on whom my eye happened to rest, but quite unintentionally at this point, shook his head very decidedly and at once ejected a large *quid* in sight of the whole congregation. It was such a positive comment on the power of the word, and yet withal so ludicrous, that it produced quite a sensation, and it was quite a while before the congregation got quiet again. This morning the dear brother looks as if he had lost his best friend. At morning service preached on the "Siege of Samaria;" twenty confessions and fifteen anointings. Afternoon, eight confessions and eight anointings.

Sunday, October 2. A crowded tent; at morning service, forty confessions and twenty-two anointings. Afternoon, twenty-nine confessions and twenty-one anointings. At night, six confessions and five anointed.

Monday. Another lovely day. Willie quite sick with his throat yet. It looks terrible; his faith rather shaken because it don't get well as soon as he expected after trusting. The Lord is teaching us to trust in the face of difficulties now. I think I can see in this a preparation for the work in the Blue Grass, where we may be called on to "fight wild beasts as at Ephesus." Excellent congregations; morning, nine confessions and thirteen anointings; in the afternoon, thirteen confessions and eleven anointed.

Tuesday. Last night, just over the fifteen hundred and fifty-five foot crag, rose the moon, three quarters full. Surely the loveliest moonrise I ever saw. I noticed in its place, I think, the glorification of this same grove by the rising sun, while the valley and hillsides were entombed in fog, giving it the appearance of a plantation in heaven. New beauties every day come out in this lovely mountain spot. This morning a party were on the same crag firing a number of pistol-shots that reverberated in a wonderful way. A letter from Tennessee from a poor afflicted saint. I wrote that my full belief in the reason of protracted suffering in Christians was their laying it all on God, and trying to be resigned because coming from Him. This only gives Satan a protracted chance to torment us more. How can the Lord heal while we thus dishonor Him? He can only pity us and make allowance for ignorance, and keep from death if per-

adventure we may "repent in dust and ashes," as did Job, *i.e.*, change our mind about GOD, and cease "charging HIM foolishly." This closing day of the Pineville meeting a memorable one. The congregation large despite the threatening weather; fifty-four for the soul and forty-eight for the body the day's harvest. Aggregate—soul, three hundred and two, and body, two hundred and twenty-nine. Three rousing Praise the Lords closed the services. It showered all day, but held up enough for the "troupe" to get to Mrs. Gipson's.

Wednesday. At Flat Lick, eight miles from Pineville, we were arrested by a toll-gate. Shades of McAdam! the old State Road is here, and an ancient man sat on a chair facing us as we rode up. I couldn't get into my head what he wanted until Tom had paid the toll and explained. It is some fossil arrangement to pay moss-grown claims, I believe. Reached Barboursville at 11 o'clock. After dinner "did" the town. The Court House Square chosen to pitch the tent, and the Court House to preach in till the tent gets up.

BARBOURSVILLE, KNOX COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

October 5, 1881. Trunks arrived before dark. Court-room nearly crowded by the first audience; four confessions and three anointings. An alarm of fire, just as I was calling for confessors, emptied the house like magic, but they came back after a little patient waiting, finding nothing but a burning brush-pile, and Satan was completely foiled.

Thursday. A lovely letter from Garrison day before yesterday. He is located in New Albany, "Ebenezer Church," undenominational and unsectarian. Dear brother! Barboursville has a handsome Court House and college, sidewalks of plank in fair order, and a stagger at street lamps, good stores in plenty, shops of nearly all kinds, four or five saloons, too, alas! which we trust our Jesus to cripple by converting their owners. Congregations good, afternoon and night. Quarterly court, and lots of people in town. No confessions for soul, and only one for body at night.

Friday. I was glad to notice the zeal of the boys yesterday in help-

ing to remove the seats from the Court House. They worked like beavers till all were in place. A goodly number of men also volunteered, but the great majority were ugly and disobliging. The devil made them so, and JESUS will destroy his works. That is my joy in looking forward. He and his works are all to go to their own places, to be "with Jesus where He is." Blessed destiny and place. The gentlemen got a very straight and tall pole, and our flag was flying by afternoon service. How cheery it looks! A sweet benediction fluttering overhead, bidding us fear not. I thought I knew a little of the power of a flag when I was a soldier in Mexico, but this banner fills me with a heavenly joy whenever I look at it. Praise the Lord!

Saturday. Good congregation at morning service; four confessions and four anointed. Wife, Willie, and Georgie got in about 1.30 o'clock, tired, but well. I believe Willie would have died under the doctors. Praise the Lord for healing him! A full tent at night, and a blessed harvest. Ten confessions and seventeen anointed. Quite a break-down, in spite of dog-fighting and short candles, both from Satan.

Sunday, October 9. Brother and Mrs. Hays and Jimmy Bingham came down yesterday from Pineville and gave glowing reports from that happy village. The dear converts had hoisted a large red and white flag, with PRAISE THE LORD on it, on the one thousand foot cliff, and were preparing another to run up on the ten hundred and fifty-five foot crag, on the right bank of the river, with the same lovely words. "The happiest town in Kentucky," Sister Hays calls it. What joyful tidings to us, one hundredfold repaying us for all. Noticed Colonel Dishman in one corner. He is an old "Mexicaner," and it appears his only joint in his harness. May the Lord find entrance somewhere! Two confessions for soul, seven for the body. At night, nineteen for soul, ten for body.

Monday. Fourteen for soul, six for body. I hear of a young lady cured of distressing nervousness from the moment of last night's anointing. The break-down is gradual, yet it will come, I feel sure.

Tuesday. Afternoon, two for soul, four for body; at night, twenty-four for soul, nine for the body, which swelled the total to seventy-

nine for soul and seventy-one for body—the soul for the first time ahead in the race.

Wednesday. One of the anointed was a boy apparently fourteen or fifteen years old, *deaf*, dumb, blind, paralyzed ; a desperate case indeed, but I put him in Jesus' hands the best. I know how. Brother Cook, Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church South, is here, and exercised over "faith cure." I pray he may be led to know his calling to heal as well as preach. Nine for soul, eleven for body.

Thursday. Seven for soul, eleven for body. The gospel will win its way yet, I am sure.

Friday. The afternoon service was like a battle-field with "garments rolled in blood." Satan raged. I never preached so rough a sermon since first coming out on this gospel campaign. It was "rebuking sharply," with a vengeance, certain iniquities. Afternoon, nine for soul, three for body ; at night the victory for our Captain was more marked ; seventeen for soul, eleven for body.

Saturday. Six for soul, five for body ; night, twenty-one for soul, eleven for body.

Sunday, October. . . . Poor fellow ! gone, as far as *crown*-wearing is concerned, I much fear. Hot and crowded in the tent, morning and afternoon. Seven for soul, eight for body. "Children's meeting," 2 P.M., a glorious one, the best we ever had. Ninety-nine confessions, twenty-four of them grown persons, and a general breakdown in every direction. PRAISE THE LORD ! At night a crowded tent and glorious harvest ; sixty-four for soul, thirty-two for body. In Barbóursville !

Monday. Quite a sensation produced by the character of the converts to-day. Thirty-three for soul, twenty-five for body.

Tuesday. Tent jammed with people. Morning, twenty-seven for soul, thirty-five for the body. The Lord gave me to see, in preaching on the Temple, for the first time, that the *stones laid* mean the *sinners* saved, each "whiter than snow, like polished marble." Second, the cedar carved in fruits and flowers, the Christian sanctified, "grace for grace," the lovely humanity of Jesus in him. Third, the fine gold over that, the *glorified body of Jesus* in the dear likeness of

whom we rise. When all is completed, GOD ENTERS—enters and possesses and dwells forever. An overwhelming crowd at night and an overwhelming meeting ; one hundred and one for the soul and sixty-one for the body, make in all four hundred and seventy-nine for the former, and two hundred and ninety for the latter. The three cheers were grand, and every barrier of reserve swept away.

WILLIAMSBURGH, WHITLEY COUNTY.

October 19, 1881. Twenty-four miles down the Cumberland from Barboursville. All gushing friendliness when parting came. Very pleasant ride. Twelve in cavalcade. Three anointed at one house, three miles from Barboursville, en route.

Thursday. (There was a very positive absence of cordiality in the reception at Williamsburgh.) Twenty or thirty people to the 2 o'clock service. They listened respectfully, but indifferently. The tent is in a lovely spot in one corner of the Court House Square. While we were putting it up, an old fellow, gray-haired and very red-faced, pretended to sneeze very loudly, following it with a prolonged whoop of a very derisive character. We all laughed heartily at the absurd creature, and hoped he would soon be converted. (Hopes to catch a number of the railroad hands working near the village.) I asked for volunteers to help us ditch the tent and bring a flag-pole and get straw for the floor to keep the ladies comfortable. Mr. Hill, a lawyer, helped some.

Friday. John Patrick, Will, and I went across the river on the mill-dam, and cut a flag-pole, a slim hickory, forty-five feet long. It was heavy to carry. We asked a wagoner to help us, but he refused. So we shouldered it, and staggered across the dam. Found afterward that they had sent for a pole, but when it came it was too large to raise.

Saturday. The boys and I took a trip to the steam saw-mill for some dressed poles, and fell into the hands of Mr. A. M. Green, who gave us what we wanted. Things are softening all around. By the kindness of Dr. Cox, who insisted on the change, a lot of drummers were turned out of the best room, and we got it. PRAISE THE LORD !

for the girls could hardly sleep last night for the drunken revelry in the room above. At night a colored man confessed for the soul.

Sunday, October 23. Three for soul, morning; one for soul, eleven for body, afternoon; three for soul, five for body, at night. We met our old acquaintances, Carrier and Bullock, preachers in the Methodist Church North and South. Both were anointed at night.

Monday. Seven for the soul, twelve for the body.

Tuesday. (All is courtesy now. The spirit of love has come over some of the offenders. The evangelist is sorry that he has murmured, even in talking with Marie.) So we confessed one to another and to Him, and He lovingly puts all away. I am sure we will not offend again in this way. Some ill-disposed person pulled up a few of the corner stakes of the tent and let a corner of it fall in—the first bit of meanness of this kind we have yet experienced. Four confessions for soul.

Wednesday. Three for soul.

Thursday. Three times some ill-natured creature has loosed the rope of our tent. The temper of these people is unmistakably ugly, and the worst of it is, like the people of Hyden, they will not come and hear. Our "Alexander the coppersmith" has done his evil work effectually. One very old woman anointed for healing in the afternoon, and six came for the soul at night. Took the tent down after dinner. Too cold for night services there, and in daytime the handful would hardly make a show in the vastness. No one offered to help, so John Patrick and Will did most of the work, and one or two converts of the meeting were called on when the striking took place.

Friday. Brother Gill called after breakfast, and gave a full account of the wonderful cure of his wife at Coffee's meeting-house, where her spinal curvature was instantly healed in answer to prayer, also a cancerous tumor on her breast. Afternoon, one confessed for soul, and six anointed. At night the school-house room full; twelve for the soul, one for the body. Oh, to see Jesus victorious in Whitley yet!

Saturday. (A great number of friends came to cheer the evangelist from Stanford, Barboursville, and London.) Colonel Vernon, Cam. Hays, Ed Chenault, and Jim Davis, and from Barboursville, Stuart

and Walter Douglas, Buel Pherigo, and Maggie Sewell, Dave Dishman, and Mr. Stewart. Six for soul, four for body.

Sunday, October 30. Thirty-eight for soul, twelve for body.

Monday. Nine for soul, four anointed. Our entertainers are gracious and attentive as can be. Behold what God hath wrought!

Tuesday. Morning, soul, one, body, one; at night, closing meeting, seventeen for soul, twelve for body. Total, one hundred and twenty and seventy-two.

SOMERSET, PULASKI COUNTY.

November 4, 1881. People and preachers at Somerset all favorable; entertainment the best; audience-room of the Court House large, seating five hundred; congregations large. One for soul, and three anointed; blessed "first fruits." I trust for five hundred here.

Saturday. One, three, as yesterday. Many old friends of father came to greet me for his sake.

Sunday, November 6. Sixty-nine children accepted Jesus. Praise the Lord! The house full at night, in spite of rain, reminded us of the blessed Lancaster meeting. The dear Lord gave liberty in preaching on the "Brazen Serpent," and fourteen confessed His dear Name, four for healing also. Five anointed in the morning.

Monday. Heard from Colonel Dils. A case of cancer and palsy cured at Piketon, and others benefited. Soul, four; body, fourteen.

Tuesday. Five confessions for the soul, twenty-eight for the body.

Wednesday. Ten for soul, thirteen for body.

Thursday. General joy that the ice seems broken. Forty-five souls and twenty-six bodies for Jesus to save and heal. He does it.

Friday. Professor Hays has a three-column article in the Danville *Advocate* against faith-cures. Morning, soul, five; body, four. At night, soul, twenty-one; body, eight.

Saturday. Brother Will Hays, Mr. and Mrs. Alcorn, Dick Warren and wife, in from Stanford. Our friends from Richmond came in for a long talk, and they are still gospel hungry. They have been growing steadily in grace since the Richmond meeting. Dear John Clark, the true man among the many untrue, came in this evening to

stay over Sunday. Morning, three for the soul. At night, thirty confessed Jesus as a Saviour and fourteen as a healer.

Sunday, November 13. (Morning, six for soul, three for body; afternoon, twenty-four children; at night, fifty for the soul, twenty-seven for body. Crowded houses.) I have never before been so wonderfully sustained in bodily weakness. Every fresh experience of His love only draws me nearer to Him.

Monday. Mrs. Frazer took me in her buggy to visit her brother near the depot, down with inflammatory rheumatism; anointed three persons there. Returning, found a poor woman from thirteen miles away, waiting to be healed. Again a colored man after dinner came to my room for the same purpose. Afternoon, ten anointed. Preached at night on the "Second Coming." Thirty-three came for the soul, sixteen for the body.

Tuesday. (Has not fully recovered his strength.) But the dear Lord will fix all that. Wrote to Monticello to get lodgings, and got a "gentle slap in the face" by a letter in to-day's mail crossing mine *en route*, announcing that lodgings had been procured. I will not meddle again with the Lord's work. The day—soul, thirty-nine; body, twenty-nine.

Wednesday. Anointed four ladies at one visit in Upper Stanford Street. The rheumatic patient of day before yesterday is walking about. An aged man, constant in attendance, anointed for his eyes, is rejoicing because they are so much better. To-day anointed a couple of colored men for rheumatism and convulsions. (Mr. Owens, a young lawyer, says he is wholly relieved of distressing nervousness —a complaint fatal to his father—for which he could find no medical relief.) Soul, fifty-one; body, twenty.

Thursday. (Morning, soul, three; body, thirteen. Afternoon, soul, forty-one; body, twenty-three. Interesting conversions; some anointed at their homes.)

Friday. A very remarkable feature of this meeting is the number of old men confessing. Morning, soul, six; body, six. Afternoon, soul, thirty; body, sixteen.

Saturday. Judge Kendrick came this afternoon with two others; three anointed. At night a houseful despite the darkness and bitter cold. Twenty-one confessions for the soul, among them Dr. Scott.

He and Judge Kendrick I have longed to see converted for twenty years. My whole soul rejoices at their salvation.

Sunday, November 20. A grand harvest for Jesus all day. Morning, thirty for soul, eighteen for body; afternoon, colored people, thirty-two for soul, thirty-three for body; but the crowning meeting was at night; a perfect jam and hardly room to move; one hundred and two for soul, forty-two for body. Somerset, perhaps, stands at the head of all for courteous, thoughtful hospitality. Three ringing cheers, that almost lifted the roof off, closed up.

Monday. Somerset perfect to the last. Crowds of loving friends to bid a tearful, yet joyful, farewell. A delightful drive to Monticello, which was reached at dusk.

MONTICELLO, WAYNE COUNTY.

November 22, 1881. Court in session, but all the lawyers and judge were at meeting afternoon and night.

Wednesday. The day we came to Montiecllo, for five miles out we met drunken men at intervals. One familiar fellow nodded to me and said, "How are you, Cap?" They passed whooping and cursing generally. Town was full of drunken men. Yesterday not so many people and less drinking, but still "bad enough." To-day plenty of red-eyed men, but little staggering. Mr. Gragg, our host, has a terrible black dog, which we all stand in dread of—a regular "bête noir." We have been assiduously feeding and petting him, and he will wag his tail for us all, but whether his favor will last remains to be seen. Six confessions at the afternoon service, blessed first-fruits. A drunkard came for healing. All seem shy on this point. Nath. Woodcock sat till after 12 o'clock, giving us a thrilling history of his life. A pitiful narrative of the hard life Satan leads his deluded followers. The Lord has made his weakest point the strongest. Praise Him for all! He is getting $3000 per annum, after begging in the days of dissipation for work just to pay board.

Thursday. Twelve confessions. No one anointed yet.

Friday. Dr. Bohon called. Our black dog bit him as he came into the yard, but no great harm done, as his lower teeth have been knocked out. We all dread and pet him at a great rate. He begins

to like us all, I think. The night serviee a notable one. Judge Owsley, Diek Warren, and Sauffley, with forty others, eonfessed the Lord. Joy in heaven and on earth. Their lovely Christian wives will rejoiee when they hear the good news. What a preaeher the Judge would make! Two eame for anointing.

Saturday. George Dunlop eame in last night with his two little boys, John and George. Almost frozen, but the Lord kept him from cold, although he took off his own shoes and overeoat to keep Johnny warm. Nine confessed, four anointed.

Sunday, November 27. Morning, four for soul, two for body. In the afternoon, house paeked again. No eonfessions. It did not distress, for I felt sure the Lord would make it up at night, and so He did. The house paeked again, and thirty-six eonfessions for soul and sixteen for body.

Monday. Soul, twenty-two, and body, ten.

Tuesday. Marie gets sueh lovely, simple letters from the ehildren in Somerset. The old saint anointed for her eyes, who was nearly blind, is seeing well. They tell of many well or improving. In anointing three this afternoon and eighteen at night, there were some dreadful eases. Oh, sin, sin! Fifteen confessions.

Wednesday. Fifty-five eonfessed, thirty-five anointed.

Thursday. A furious storm about midnight. "Nig," our fieree blaek dog, eowered and erouehed in the hall, from whieh we were afraid to try to dislodge him. A Brother Hiram Barnes ealled this morning—a good old soul—eounty pauper, but a true king's son. He eonfessed yesterday. Soul, thirty-two; body, twenty-five.

Friday. George Dunlop spent the forenoon with us, and we had mueh interesting eonversation about "faith-eure." There are many things we do not yet understand, but both are resolved to *trust* the Lord, *whatever turns up.* Afternoon, one for soul, seven for the body; at night, twenty-two eonfessions, thirty-three for healing.

Saturday. Sixty-four for soul, fifty-seven for the body.

Sunday. One hundred and eighty-two eonfessions, and one hundred and two for healing. A day of wonders never to be forgotten.

Monday. Wonderful plaee for gushing springs. There must be a great eavernous lake under the town. Afternoon, a erowded house; thirty-eight for soul, twenty-seven for the body. I told the people

about my sty and inability to heal it, and "gloried in the infirmity," according to 2 Cor. 12, "That the power of God to heal others might rest in me." Packed congregation at night; some went away; one hundred and eleven for soul and fifty-seven for body—making a total of six hundred and three for soul and four hundred for body. PRAISE THE LORD! This makes Wayne the banner county, exceeding even Harlan, and largely so, considering that we held three services day after day there, and perhaps six sermons more were preached. (Of the money given by the people here, the evangelist devoted more than half to charity, keeping a small sum "for Marie and self.")

JAMESTOWN, RUSSELL COUNTY.

December 6, 1881. I keep calling it irreverently "Jim" town, but its people are very particular about the James. Six confessions.

Thursday. A very interesting day in many respects. First, George Dunlop very sick with headache, which went away not in the order of nature, but cleared away by the prayer of faith and anointing; second, afterward he anointed me for a sty, which likewise vanished before our great Physician. We trusted for seven, and got double seven. Eleven also anointed for healing.

Friday. Eleven for soul, twelve for anointing; Colonel Wolford among the latter.

Saturday. Soul, ten; body, two.

Sunday, December 11. Soul, thirty; body, twelve. The following Sunday the Jamestown meeting closed with, in all, one hundred and ninety-two confessions and one hundred and sixty-two anointments. The good people were very generous. The little girls had a hard time getting away from Marie and Georgia, weeping bitterly. They gave two vases as keepsakes. Bless the dear children. We were passed toll free all along.

LIBERTY, CASEY COUNTY.

December 20, 1881. Sam Williams's trial going on. A sore throat, that has been gathering strength gradually for twenty-four hours, was so severe that I got Marie to anoint me. The dear child made a

sweet prayer, and got through as well as if she had been at it for years.

Friday. At night the first real break-down, when nine confessed for the soul, five for the body. Sam Williams aequitted Thursday night. He shouted "Praise the Lord!" when the verdict was read. An answering echo of the same blessed words went up from his friends. The Judge tried to get indignant and stop it, but perhaps felt like doing the same. It is "told on" Judge Owsley that he suppressed the outbreak, saying, "There shall be no 'Praise the Lord!' in this court!"

Christmas Day, Sunday. At children's meeting a clean sweep, thirty-five, among them one grown person; total for the day, seventy-nine. An old minister took me to see his consumptive (only) daughter after service. She looks as if she had faith to be healed. Received express packages and heaps of letters from all quarters. The children got into their elegant dresses, which fit like a glove, giving that deep delight which the Lord knows and don't frown at. "Can a maid forget her attire?" Glorious meetings to close with. Thirty-two confessed, fifty-eight were anointed at night. Total in Casey County, two hundred and sixteen for soul, one hundred and forty-nine for body.

January 1, 1882. A telegram from Louisville calls us there. So we praised the Lord and "gathered assuredly" the Lord would have us go there. Twenty thousand and ten over, in leaving the mountains.

LOUISVILLE, JEFFERSON COUNTY.

January 3, 1882. [The events which we have seen made George O. Barnes an object of general interest throughout the State. Mr. Y. E. Allison, one of the editors of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, had discovered the remarkable features of his career, and in an elaborate letter to this newspaper introduced him to the general public. It was commonly predicted that the evangelist could have no success in a city. It was certain that it was to him an altogether new experience, for he says: "The Lord gave Marie and me perfect composure in facing our first Louisville audience together. We leaned hard on HIM. He keeps us sweetly." His methods and his manners were matters

of common talk. The preachers were largely opposed to him, and men loudly and officiously proclaimed that he was simply an eccentric man with an accidental success. Rev. Dr. Weaver threw open to him the Chestnut Street Baptist Church, a somewhat small structure and remote from the central part of the city. The weather during the stay of the evangelist—six weeks—was in the main excessively wintry. The meetings were uniformly good, and the attendance soon outgrew the Chestnut Street Church. Library Hall was occupied every Sunday for three services, and was procured for two weeks, the last two weeks of the stay being at Judah Hall. The figures best show his labors in Louisville: two thousand four hundred and sixty-four confessions, and two thousand three hundred and forty-two anointments. His time was wholly occupied. He had at times to escape from visitors—paying no attention to private calls—but busied himself taking his customary exercises in responding to demands made upon him by bedridden invalids. He was asked to go as far from the city as Pee Wee Valley on one occasion, but in the nature of the case had to refuse. The sick came for miles to see him. Not a few he refused to anoint at their homes, insisting that they should acknowledge Christ as the Healer in public. The scenes at the Opera House were on some occasions thrilling. Persons were compelled to go an hour in advance in order to secure seats, and with fifteen hundred in the audience, as many more would be turned away from the doors.]

January 5. The *Courier-Journal* had a kind editorial, in its heathenish style of putting it, advising a fair hearing. One anointed in the afternoon, one at night. Two confessions for the soul at night. We trusted our dear Lord to signalize the third day of the meeting by a "first-fruits" of souls saved. He did it.

January 6. The pavements as smooth as glass. People affect the centre of the streets more than ever. (The evangelist is entertained by his old college chum, Pat Joyes.) Our stay at Pat's is very delightful. His is one of the most charming family circles I know. This has been a memorable day, especially in connection with the wonderful children's meeting in the afternoon. Two hundred and twenty-seven confessed the Saviour. Such a rush among the little fellows we have never seen. One little boy came to me in the aisle

while I was taking the confessions, and said, "Brother Barnes, may I stay with you." After the confessions had been taken, I took him up in my arms and held him there while I exhorted parents to trust this confession of their children as a true and acceptable one.

January 9. (Closed the first week with two hundred and fifty-one confessions, twenty-two anointed. "Best wages.")

January 14. Anointed a little girl for a partially paralyzed arm; parents brought her twelve miles.

January 17. Before the afternoon's discourse, denied the charge of saying "I swear" in any connection, and frankly told the people why I didn't ask ministers to help me in meetings.

January 18. I hear of saints built up on every hand. A sweet letter to Marie tells of a cure in Cincinnati by faith, of a lady who wrote to me while in the mountains.

January 19. Small harvest to the eye, but I know blessed seed were sown that will come up. Visited Sister ——, who is feasting on the truth and rejoicing in the conversion of her husband, who was a hard drinker.

January 20. (Small harvest day.) Well, I will trust and rejoice, and go on with more steadfast purpose, whatever comes. Practice what I preach. Refuse to have *faith* propped by feeling, and only rest on the word of the Lord.

January 21. Designed to speak on "Creation's Second Day," but beginning by an explanation of "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," at the request of many, the thoughts that came from the Lord grew into a sermon. At night, on an invitation being given, one lady came, then three others, and then a "dead lock." At this point Judge Underwood came forward with great dignity, and taking my hand turned to the congregation and said, "I have been a Christian many years, but I feel that this confession will do my soul good." This produced a profound sensation, and successive relays ran the number of confessions up to thirty-five.

Sunday, *January* 22. A lovely day, clear and crisp, and hard frozen ground under foot. The Lord's weather. Praise the dear Lord! Our old tried friend, Mr. Dorsey, the old "Golddust" trotting stock-raiser, confessed, and two others, a sweet-looking girl and a venerable old man.

January 23. One old colored woman came, after the congregation was nearly gone, for healing. Called the remainder to silence, and anointed her. At night one poor fellow, after the congregation was nearly gone, confessed, who said: "I want to lead a new life." Took his confession before the few dozens left.

January 24. Spent the morning visiting the siek—too sick to come to church—for I steadily refuse all cases of private anointing unless the patient is too sick to come to church.

January 25. A dear young man confessed as we were about to get into the street-cars after afternoon service. He came again at night and confessed before all. He was on his way from New Orleans to Indianapolis.

January 26. (Referring to an attack in the Louisville *Commercial* by a preacher.) The Lord gave me a word to answer at the afternoon service, not in controversy, but to lead simple souls out of the devil's trap this poor creature has set for them. Gave a special word to the drummers, who, like the scribes and Pharisees, helped others to get a Saviour whom they rejected.

January 27. One lady came and apologized for having opposed me at first. Said she was completely converted. Blessed letters also to same effect.

January 29. At children's meeting, ninety-nine confessed. Among them, five adult ladies—"elect precious," I am sure, from this child-like step at the start. I never knew it to fail of blessing. Preached on MANNA to the little fellows.

Monday. Felt languid in preaching. Perhaps because I selected a more familiar subject than the less familiar one first brought to mind. I don't quite know, but leave it *all* with Jesus.

January 31. The "faith-cure" is growing in favor daily. I doubt not many cures have been wrought, but I don't trace them or ask after them, leaving all with dear Jesus, and glad to do so.

February 2. Then called on a poor negro lad, Robert Lee Bain, pretty far gone in consumption. He seems to have faith to be healed. The deaf-and-dumb girl confessed for soul and body also. Also had a sharp experience of Satan's power, which set me to walking more softly and humbly. (Had been angered.)

February 3. Called to see Sister Rue, and anointed her for inflammatory rheumatism. The doctor called before I left. He looked at me rather grimly. One more anointed before service; he had to leave on the train.

February 4. Balmy day. Numerous calls kept me in-doors nearly all morning. At last broke away for a little fresh air and exercise. The Lord gave sweet liberty to preach on "Borne of Four." Brought out plainly and fully salvation for children and wives by faith of parents and husbands, etc.

Sunday, February 5. Ten or twelve grown persons confessed after the children were through, from the gallery or lower floor. Twenty anointed, who came forward without invitation. Willie anointed me for hoarseness, and I was greatly relieved.

Monday, February 6. Will and I went over to New Albany to see a woman with cancer. Found she had been anointed by Garrison and was leaning on him, and wanted to lean on me instead of Jesus. Did not anoint her again, but tried to turn her poor eyes on Jesus *only*. Prayed with her. A young man testified to-night to a blind eye caused by granulated lids perfectly restored to sight; anointed three weeks ago.

February 7. Visiting the sick all morning. I spoke a little too sharply to a woman who tried patience while I was seating the invalids, but put it into Jesus, my dear Advocate's hands, that Satan did not harm me. There is a rush of sick ones desiring Jesus' touch. We felt so much at home in the little church. My cheery little bronze angel looked very sweet perched upon his accustomed chandelier. The Lord bless dear Brother Weaver and his little flock. And He will, I am sure. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves again in the dear little church.

February 8. Brother Deering read me a paper on the last, or "Supper Call" of Luke 14, which greatly impressed me. He makes modern evangelism the "compel them to come" of the final invitation. Oh, that the blessed end might be near! Poor Earth! how thou dost groan to be delivered from the bondage that galls thee. Cases of wondrous cures multiply to the praise of our Lord's grace. The newspaper reports, since Monday, when Robertson's last report

on the "Queen of Sheba" came out, have been the most horrible hash of platitudes and blunder that one can conceive. (Submits to this cheerfully as "a thorn in his side.")

February 9. This is another of the devil's own days of gloom, rain, mud, and melancholy. A good day for suicide, as he would doubtless have it. One lady came, after the congregation, was dismissed, to confess. One of the loveliest little girls, in a big fashionable bonnet trimmed with fur, and dress edged with the same, looking like a sweet little mouse of a darling, came bravely forward by herself and made a pretty confession.

February 10. Out visiting early. Anointed five—1, blind; 2, neuralgia; 3, spinal disease; 4, paralysis; 5, lameness. Afternoon service long to be remembered. Sixty-four confessed for the soul, twenty-one of them from the gallery and the body of the congregation. Seventy-one came for healing.

February 11. Long journeys in the western part of the city, but very blessed—four anointed and one confession among the patients.

February 13. Yesterday morning a poor sick woman called before I was up, and waited till I dressed and came down, to pray for her and anoint. Anointed a lady from Cloverport, one hundred and ten miles down the river, going home this afternoon. Held the first meeting in Judah Hall (formerly a can-can theatre). Judah is PRAISE! It is Stuart Robinson's old church, and the first place I ever preached in in Louisville. I was the dear doctor's pet *protégé*. How wonderful the Lord should bring me back to this familiar spot, where the first-fruits of my ministry were gathered in 1858 or earlier! First meeting, twenty-four for soul, thirty-five, body. Twelve on front seat, and twelve from gallery and audience.

February 14. Callers before I could get out to my visitations, but I excused myself and went forth. Anointed five persons in different parts of the city; affected with divers diseases and torments. Dined at Pat's. It was Tom's twenty-fourth birthday. It is very pleasant to meet Pat's family circle. Every one seems so thoroughly at ease, and love reigns over all.

February 15. Satan's own weather again, pouring rain all day. Out on the Lord's rounds notwithstanding. The street-cars make

light work for weary legs. Visited Mrs. —— first. She thinks she has committed the unpardonable sin. I told her she had never been high enough up in the Christian life to fall so far, and advised her to be anointed for her bodily ailments. She did come at the afternoon meeting, and will be delivered soon, I believe, from her hallucination. Dr. Humphrey out this afternoon !

February 17. A visit. Found that she was a Catholic, and two of the sisterhood were with her, who protested a little at the prayer and anointing, but the woman wanted it, and they couldn't well interfere after that. Her daughter, a very interesting looking young woman, seemed doing her best to keep the poor rooms tidy. My heart bled for the poor creatures thus struggling against apparent want, and death driving hard after the poor mother.

February 18. Visited a colored family on Sixth and Broadway. Squalid wretchedness. Three anointed. Every sight of human misery only intensifies the cry, "Come, Lord Jesus !" Six anointed in all to-day in visitation.

Sunday, February 19. (Closing services, three in number.) Three hundred and fifty-nine the day's ingathering, and two hundred and twenty-one anointments. The house packed to its utmost capacity all day.

February 20. (The treatment of friends in parting was full of loving-kindness.) Had much conversation, going from Louisville to Bowling Green, with a noted gambler named Waddell. Found him a perfect gentleman, very approachable and frank, and as tender in heart as a woman. He killed a man in a gaming hell several years ago, and has since liberally supported the wife and children of the dead man. He told me that, save the kind ministrations of a Catholic priest, no minister of the gospel had approached him with a word for twenty years. He was deeply touched that I spoke kindly and freely to him, and introduced him to wife and children. Gave me a $50 bill and pressed his basket of lunch on us, and asked permission to let his daughter make a present to mine. Poor fellow ! my heart bled for him. He seemed so lonely and cast off.

BOWLING GREEN, WARREN COUNTY.—771 FOR THE SOUL, 421 FOR THE BODY.

February 21, 1882. Found carriage waiting. Clerical and other brethren welcomed us. Opening service at the Methodist Church, Brother Cottrill, pastor; about one hundred and fifty present. Invitation to use Baptist Church, and then we came to-day. Brother Hardwick, pastor. A broken pane of glass and its repair with my overcoat and Marie's cushion caused a little sensation, but it soon died away. Some sullen faces, but many pleasant ones. The Lord gave liberty. Pleasant interviews with Brothers Cottrill (a remarkable man) and Grider. Six ministers present last night. Brother Cottrill stands where I once stood and knew the place *so well;* have us down for "going for" abuses right and left. I trust the meeting will substitute Jesus for all that. At night many were standing in discomfort. Spoke on the first of John, "Receiving Him." One confession for the soul, three anointed. I am trusting for five hundred in Bowling Green. Praise Him!

February 22. This is the anniversary of our joint entrance into the blessed field to labor until Jesus comes. Aisles filled with chairs, and pulpit filled at night. So the blessed work has commenced.

February 23. (Walks to the boat-landing, one and a half miles.) One little girl brought her mother and sister by bravely leading off. Healing by the Lord through faith is not new here. Dr. and Mrs. Helm, healed at Pink Cottage, and others of "like precious faith" live here. Twenty-five licensed saloons in town—a fearful array against our Lord.

February 24. The excursion from Louisville has been given up, whereat I rejoice.

February 25. (Visits.) An old colored woman was the third, who seemed more trustful than any of them. Afternoon, one lady so happy she could not contain her joy, but broke out in joyful cries.

February 26. A day of visiting for Jesus. Services at Odeon Hall. One hundred and fifteen for soul, eight for body. Eighty confessed the child's Saviour. The "old folks" seemed evidently broken down by it. A diversion by Satan in a weeping child, who wanted

her little brother not to confess. Found out she was afraid *her mother would whip both of them.*

March 1. Visiting four patients, one an intensely interesting one, who had been to Pink Cottage and then went back to the doctors. She came back to Jesus and faith very sweetly and determinately.

March 2. Visited a poor woman six years an invalid. A little girl who confessed last night was sweeping the squalid room. "She has done my work for six years," the mother said. I gave the dear child a silver dollar. Cures multiply, but I want my faith to rest on the *word* of the *Lord*, and not on *success*. *That* only a cup of refreshment.

March 3. A soft, bright early spring day, with the birds singing, ladies out looking contemplatively at their gardens, farmers ploughing, and all alive with the new spring about to burst forth in beauty. (Visits.) An old colored woman first, then to Captain Robinson's, outside of the city in a cedar grove ; then in town, a poor disconsolate Mrs. ——— ; then a country sister, from fifteen miles away, at our hotel. Rather overdid my exercise to-day.

March 4. Long walks to anoint the sick. At one place three colored people, in a neat, clean room, so tidy and clean-swept. Aunt Polly Graham, daughter, and grandchild, were the party.

March 7. At night only men were invited. An impressive night. The house jammed to its utmost capacity with only men. A good meeting, beginning with an old drunken man coming forward, and two small boys. Faith staggered not, and Jesus conquered. Oh, Praise Him ! Sixty-one confessions, twenty-three anointed.

March 8. (Closing services.) Two confessions for the soul, our old tailor, McConnell, and a colored girl ; five anointed on visitation. Afternoon, forty-one for soul, forty-four for body ; at night, one hundred and ten for soul, thirty-one for body. Left Bowling Green at 6.30 A.M. ; rain pouring and almost a hurricane raging. Satan seemed, in spite, to be blowing us out of his stronghold, where in seventeen short days our Jesus had struck him so many deadly blows. Our Brothers Glass and Cox accompanied us to the depot, and were kindly assiduous to the moment of departure. (Three changes, Lebanon Junction, Danville Junction, and Lexington ; two hundred and thirteen miles to Paris.)

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY.—621 FOR SOUL, 156 FOR BODY.

March 9, 1882. The Lord made us fresh and strong for His sweet service, and we preached and sang to a crowded house at 7.30 P.M.

March 10. Delightfully lodged at the Bourbon House. Fresh flowers in vases and pots in all our rooms greeted our arrival—a delicate attention. Ministers, editors, and others lost no time in calling; Kelly Brent and wife and Mrs. Buckner *née* Miss Clay Wornell, converted while at school at the Dinwiddie meeting. Future meetings in the Court House; superb audience room.

March 11. An eventful day, and I feel to-night as if an Austerlitz had been fought—Craddock had issued a half-sheet with wood-cuts of Marie and me, and a pledge to join this afternoon. He nobly redeemed his pledge. Mr. —— bristled after sermon, and asked an unfair question, viz., "Would a man be saved, *whatever he did*, on the confession of Christ, even if he lied, stole, and drank after confession?" I expatiated on the point after night sermon. One confession at night.

Sunday, March 12. Yesterday "Austerlitz," to-day the "Bridge of Lodi." Satan intrenched here, and proposes to contest every inch of ground. In the morning congregation good, but not crowded. They gave good attention, and the Lord gave liberty and tenderness in speaking, but no one moved on either invitation. (Afternoon. At children's meeting slow response, but finally fifty-two came. The devil brought a drunken man in to disturb, but some men hustled him out, for which I was sorry. Nannie Johnston's four-year-old baby came, and I took her in my arms. Again Jesus took a little child and set it in our midst, and spoke most impressively through infant lips. "Babes and sucklings" to the front again. That baby preached a louder sermon than I could possibly utter to-day.

March 13. Slow to respond, but our Jesus will gain the victory at last.

March 14. In the Saturday's sermon on "Our Father," the dear Lord showed me like a flash of sunlight how "our," while it links us sweetly to the brethren and sisters of the family circle; also links us with Jesus, the "elder Brother," which I never saw before in this

Scripture, though I had heard it in "my Father and your Father." This has been a depressing day, but I have told my dear Lord, again and again, that I trust Him none the less. No confessions; two ladies converted.

March 15. Three well-known citizens confessed to-night.

March 16. A letter from a lady in Grand Rapids, Michigan, telling of a wonderful cure of cancer through prayer and anointing by Dr. Peek, of Boston. She asks advice as to what she can do to serve the Lord more effectively.

March 17. Numbers down from Cynthiana and Millersburg. Had an interesting interview with six gentlemen this morning, some of them "sinners."

March 18. For soul, thirteen; for body, three. There is a deep feeling throughout the community, and the precious Gospel is making headway in spite of *all*. The Lord only knows what it has to contend with.

Sunday, March 19. Mamie and Frenchie Bright came over with Colonel Moore from Winchester. Perhaps five hundred went away unable to find seats. Eighty-eight confessed the Saviour for the soul, one for body.

March 20. Pouring rain, and Stoner Creek booming over the dam. "Cleared before eleven," and I went with Charley Lair and Brother Nick Marsh for a ride to see the lovely lands of Bourbon, and a lovely county it is. Drove to Mr. Miller's, on the Maysville pike, and had a lovely view from the top of his house; offered a glass of wine, which I sipped a little for the sake of politeness, and left undrunk as a testimony that I liked it not.

March 21. Brother Thomas came at 8 o'clock promptly, to take us out to Cane Ridge, where I was glad to make a pilgrimage to the grave of Barton W. Stone. The great reformer's simple monument stands near the church, and under the shade of a handsome fir-tree. I honor this good man's memory, whose grave I once would have spit upon in my blind sectarian zeal and hatred of others. I praise the Lord for casting out this demon and teaching me the love of Jesus in its place.

March 22. We went out to the old Brutus Clay place, where now

his son Cassius lives. The log-cabin first erected in what was then a dense forest, and where old Brutus first lived, is still preserved in the yard.

March 23. Anointed a babe and grown woman at another house, also Lizzie Reid at home. The Judge (Reid) anointed publicly this afternoon. A blessed meeting at night, and twenty-one for Jesus.

March 24. My old friend Syd Clay confessed at night. The tide turns on the healing question to-day. Five this afternoon, fifteen at night. Praise the Lord, the people are waking up on the anointing question. Mr. Colard confessed and made friends with Major Stoner, who confessed last night on the spot. The dear Lord is having it His own way now. Oh, what joy! PRAISE HIM FOREVER!

March 25. Company all day. Much talk on last night's discourse, in which I let down the Gospel chain a link or two lower than ever before, catching one poor old sceptic of years and years' standing. But many thought it awful, though it caught the fish. At night, service for men exclusively; a packed house, and twenty-five confessions.

Sunday, March 26. We have noticed that Sunday evening is the worst service for ingathering in all the week, and do not yet divine the reason. This morning trusted the dear Lord for a "turn in the long lane," and eleven came in answer tto the prayer of faith. Children's meeting afternoon, glorious with seventy-six confessions. At night the jam was indescribable. "The Lord triumphed gloriously: the horse and rider He cast into the sea." Forty-six confessions. My old schoolmate, John Ray came; Ferguson and Berry Bedford, leading farmers, confessed; twelve anointed.

March 27. Anointed five sick at their homes. Twenty-seven for soul, sixteen for body.

March 28. Afternoon, twelve for soul, ten for body; at night, fifty-four confessed and eight were anointed.

March 29. Afternoon, house almost packed; twenty for soul, eleven for body; at night, eighty-five for soul, and nineteen for body. Three rousing cheers closed up this wonderful meeting.

March 30. A serenade at 1 o'clock this morning broke rest, so that I arose jaded a little. Spent the morning in visiting sick ones, col-

ored for the most part. Old sister Alexander, a niece of Jeff. Davis, the first one visited. She died hard, but finally yielded, and was anointed. Getting over to Ruckerville (colored), I could hardly tear myself away, again and again calls to come back following me.

CYNTHIANA, HARRISON COUNTY.—204 CONFESSED, 88 WERE ANOINTED.

March 31, 1882. The centre of that awful manufacture, whiskey. House packed at night, stage reserved for colored people. I was surprised by four people coming for anointment after afternoon service, one young man from Paris. I had not thought to invite for that, but the Lord taught me a lesson.

Sunday, April 2. I could feel very sensibly all day that there was deep-running opposition to what I said, but softening with each sermon.

April 4. An old man of eighty confessed for the first time. A little relaxation in tone, I think ; some are fervent friends, some lukewarm, and some viciously hostile. In all we simply trust Jesus.

April 5. One young woman in the afternoon, and four at night the soul-harvest. Only one anointed afternoon. A mountain of ice and flint to thaw and break yet. The jury on a murder case, headed by the sheriff, at the night service. They filed out solemnly and comically between invitations for soul and body. If it were not for the Lord on our side, we would be discouraged.

April 6. I have never felt more lonely or out of place in any place in Kentucky than in Cynthiana. Some of the dear people seem very kind and cordial too, but all is wrong without souls.

April 8. Slept till 9 o'clock this morning, and only wakened by a call from Dr. Johnson, who had promised to take me out to ride. I suppose my tired body must have needed the rest. This has been a day of gloom and conflict and discouragement. In the large afternoon meeting, not one confession for soul or body. But at night the tide turned, and "God, who comforteth them that are sent down," gave a blessed harvest of eleven for soul and three for body.

Sunday, April 9. The whole town has been a scene of confusion, and crowds going to and fro as to a circus. Beer and other liquors

drunk in almost endless profusion. A pitiful scene, to make angels weep. The place seems "drowned in destruction and perdition." An excursion train in from Lexington at 10.30. The crowd at night was fearful. The whole day trying. The morning service, the only one in which I had freedom, but no one came there. At the afternoon, children's meeting, thirty-three, and at night ten—both straitened services. Perhaps the Lord was more glorified in the sermons that pleased me less according to nature. Seven anointed at night. Disorder at night frightful. I had to stop once a prayer and reprove.

April 10. One for soul, a German woman with sweet little child, whose hand she placed in mine when she came up. At night, house full again; didn't get a subject until just before rising to speak. Then the Lord gave me the demoniac (Mark); full liberty in speaking; eleven confessed for the soul.

April 11. Turned away from an old woman who came to beg, because I did not like her ways. I will never do it again, by the Lord's grace. Sent money after her, but she had gone—a lost opportunity.

April 12. At night a packed house and a memorable meeting. It was a battle like Waterloo, with victory apparently on Satan's side, followed by a crushing defeat at last. Praise the Lord. Twenty-four for soul and twelve for body gave the best meeting yet. The Lord sent a hot word of rebuke for Christians.

April 13. In the afternoon two very old men and a colored girl came forward for soul, and ten for body; at night a blessed harvest of nineteen for soul and thirteen for healing.

April 14. (Closed the meetings; fourteen and twenty-five the day's harvest; telegraphs to Georgetown, and goes thither, stopping a few hours in Lexington, and speaks with delight of friends there.)

GEORGETOWN, SCOTT COUNTY.—385 CONFESSED, 181 ANOINTED.

Sunday, April 16, 1882. Refreshed with a sweet rest all night. Marie took breakfast in bed. The malarial symptoms of early spring are visiting her, but we trust the dear Lord to keep them off and foil our enemy in his attacks.

April 17. Returning from the walk, found poor old cousin Wade

—ragged, greasy, blind—but the whole man subdued and tendered by suffering. I prayed with him and anointed him for blindness, and paid his way to Danville, sending check for $50 to Mrs. Mainwaring for him—one half board, one half clothing. He seems disposed to settle in Danville. Splendid congregation to-day, and "first-fruits" among adults, four in the afternoon, five at night. A little boy anointed at night. Praise the Lord.

April 18. A lovely drive on the Frankfort and Payne's depot roads. "Sic transit" written all over the Blue-Grass country; more misery than in the poorest county in the mountains. Congregations good, but no confessions for anything, afternoon or night. Perhaps we have been entrapped by Satan into trusting too much in the cordial social reception given to us in Georgetown. Lord, if that be so, I return, and lean my whole weight on THEE *alone*.

April 19. Blustering day; kept in and wrote letters. No confessions, but, praise the Lord, we would not be discouraged.

April 21. Good congregations and sweet liberty in preaching; none for soul, and one old colored woman for body in the afternoon. At night, three for soul and four for body—a ray of light in the darkness.

April 22. Visited Governor Robinson, and found a stately old gentleman and a better Christian than is commonly thought. For my birthday there were eight confessions for soul and three for body, both resurrection numbers. Praise the Lord. I am fifty-five to-day, and altogether His, who has saved me by His precious BLOOD.

Sunday, *April* 23. A blessed day. Morning, five, and one anointed; afternoon, forty-one children; at night a glorious "break-down" for twenty-five souls and three anointed. Brother Nath. Woodcock was very busy "drumming" for souls, and some of his "hard" friends came at the night meeting. Gamblers, drinkers, etc., were among the confessors. A glorious day for Georgetown.

April 25. Began afternoon on "Our Kinsman Redeemer," Job 19, and got so fully into "God is love" that I did not begin on "Our Kinsman." The Lord was in the sermon, and eighteen confessed and nine anointed, the best afternoon meeting yet held. At night house crowded, and fourteen confessions for soul and eight

for body; a sweet meeting and sweet liberty in continuing our "Kinsman Redeemer."

April 25. Brother George Dunlop and wife came in this morning, to our joyful surprise. We enjoyed their company greatly, and George seemed refreshed by the gospel of grace. Twenty-three and ten.

April 27. A 'bus full of old friends over from Lexington to-day—Brother Milton, sisters Carty, Milton, Cochran, and Mays, etc. Seventeen confessions. A lot more of college boys.

April 29. Walked on the C. S. Railway to Mr. Wither's, sick; he confessed for soul, and also was anointed for healing; returning, anointed colored woman for chills. Sixteen confessions. Second week closes with two hundred and thirty-five for soul, eighty-five for body.

Sunday, April 30. I had a trying night. Satan put in a poisoned arrow in the shape of an awful cold. I think I know the reason—impatience with a colored woman about visiting her sick child. Forty-two and six.

May 3. (At the closing meeting at night, thirty-six confessed and twenty-one were anointed. This meeting was characterized by the conversion of aged and leading citizens. Closed with three rousing but orderly cheers of PRAISE THE LORD.)

May 4. Half a dozen came for anointing while we were packing.

VERSAILLES, WOODFORD COUNTY.—621 CONFESSIONS, 226 ANOINTED.

May 5, 1882. [In Versailles it was the same old history of a slow rising tide at first.]

May 7. At the children's meeting one hundred and ten came forward.

May 7. At night a great crowd. Preached with full liberty on Saul of Tarsus. One told me, as he came up, in my ear, "I am a farmer and have race-horses." "Jesus will take you, horses and all," I replied, and he came right along. I afterward told it to the congregation, and explained that getting salvation by faith had nothing to do with character, except to lay the foundation for it; Jesus had

paid for his horse-racing as well as all our meanness, and took us in as sinners, if only we were willing. I then told them of Tom Parsons' case. Many were impressed, some conquered, "and some doubted," and so it will be until the trump of doom.

May 8. No confessions. The poor woman anointed the day after we came was at service last night, "clothed, and in her right mind."

May 9. We were within doors most of the day, wife and girls reading aloud from "Adam Bede." At night a little break and relief from the terrible monotony of refusal. Two for soul and five for body.

May 13. A blessed harvest, for which praise the Lord ; fifteen for soul and four for body, afternoon, thirteen for soul and three for body at night, filled us with joy and courage. Near the close of the night service some wild fellows let off a bomb of some kind under the windows, which made a fearful report and frightened several ladies badly. One fainted, but the congregation stood firm, and no rush was made.

Sunday, *May* 14. Morning, four ; afternoon, forty-five (children). At night a great crowd, and it seemed impossible for any one to come forward, but nineteen did confess the precious name. During the day, twenty-eight for healing. Interest evidently deepening.

May 16. Gelon Root took me in his buggy to see the Harper and Alexander stables (Ten Broeck with an eye of the clear reddish-yellow which never goes blind). A look at His pretty creatures, at which I can look in company with Jesus and enjoy them fully.

May 17. Great afternoon congregation, six for soul and and five for body. A little colored girl anointed for consumption at the hotel. At night a glorious harvest after patient waiting, teaching that lesson so plainly again. It looked as if the meeting were *bound* to stop at eight, and only on a repetition of the last chorus the rush came—twenty in all for soul and six anointed. Subject, "Strive to enter."

May 18. Mr. Parrish drove me out to see his aunt, afflicted for twenty years with rheumatism. Anointed her and prayed. Afterward his uncle, Mr. Oldham, confessed Jesus as Saviour and Healer

both. Afternoon meeting very precious. "Creation" the theme. Seventeen confessed, including Rev. Baker, a Baptist minister. Yesterday Rev. Gray, also a Baptist minister, confessed for restoration. Brother Bob Kinnaird asked me to pray for him.

May 19. A 'bus load from Lexington of the happy saints of that place. Afternoon service, eleven for soul, seven for body; at night thirty confessed for soul and fourteen for the body. A glorious meeting. The Lord gave me great *boldness* in speaking.

May 20. Afternoon and night, eighteen and forty-one for the soul, seventeen and nine for the body.

Sunday, *May* 21. A blessed harvest by patiently waiting and holding the service about a dozen times, thirty in all and eighteen for healing. Colored meeting afternoon appointed in lieu of children's meeting, a glorious harvest, sixty-six for body and sixty-two for soul, closing service eighty-one for soul, twenty-seven for body; one hundred and seventy-three and one hundred and twelve the day's harvest. Three rousing cheers at the wind up. Six hundred and twenty-one and two hundred and twenty-six the total, the same number as at Paris for the former.

LAWRENCEBURG, ANDERSON COUNTY.—414 CONFESSIONS, 68 ANOINTED.

May 22. In the Court House yard a monument to the Buena Vista soldiers, "sick, wounded, and missing." The company under Captain McBrayer was known as the "Salt River Tigers," a well-remembered *sobriquet* to all Mexicanas. Things spiritually dead. The brother from Versailles who sent his hack returned $1 that I paid at the ferry. Woodford thoroughbred to the last.

May 24. The "b'hoys" gave us a serenade last night, stentorian and astounding quite. Such a horrible noise I could hardly imagine to come from human throats. It was under our windows and evidently for us, as it was a burlesque revival service. A medley of half a dozen gospel songs sung in different keys and voices was a parts. Then shouts, ecstasies, clapping hands, encouraging one another, etc., etc., a perfect saturnalia of blasphemy. They kept it up an hour and then stopped for lack of breath. I could not help

laughing, though tried by having rest broken, and wished the voices in better service. (Visits the distilleries of Ripy and McBrayer and witnesses the process of whiskey manufacture.) It was a curious sight to me, and for a while I forgot the misery it caused in inspecting the wonderful process, as I would forget war and bloodshed in examining a Krupp gun or a Smith and Wesson revolver. The distillers are waiting for me to attack their calling, and I went to let them know I will not do it. A glorious beginning at night, five for soul and three for body, nearly all from the distilling region at Tyrone. Crowded house.

May 26. Blessed night meeting, nine soul, three body; county judge and jailer both came, and one distiller.

May 27. Six confessions in the afternoon, twenty-three at night. The dear Master gave special liberty in speaking on baptism in the afternoon. The whole subject opened up harmoniously.

Sunday, May 28. At children's meeting, one hundred and one; morning, four and two; at night thirty-four confessions.

Monday. The poor old lady was also thinking the Lord afflicted her. I tried to set her right and she seemed impressed. OH, PRAISE THE LORD FOR BETTER TEACHING.

May 30. Old Mr. Leathers, thirteen miles away, brought his poor boy of thirteen or fourteen to be anointed for typhoid pneumonia, a pitiful case. The poor child confessed at the afternoon meeting and almost fainted on the front seat. A gentleman from Salvisa took me to his little babe at a neighbor's; the little thing is three months old. The Lord gave great "boldness" in proclaiming the good news today. The "words of this life" become clearer and clearer every day as I advance. And the blessed perfectness of it all!

May 31. House filled in spite of rain. Preached on Job 19, justifying God in all things, and accusing self and Satan of all badness. The Lord gave liberty and light.

June 1. House full in the afternoon, one for soul and five for body. At night the sweet harvest of twenty-one made amends for the afternoon failure. Willie was reading an interesting book, and I was a little too quick in trying to get back to hear him, when called to see a crippled young man. Prayer too hasty and perfunctory. I

think the afternoon failure had something to do with it. Confessed and put away where the dear Lord puts all my failures—buried in the sweet, deep ocean of divine forgetfulness.

June 2. Marie took two rides on horseback with Lily Burbridge and McKee. Greatly delighted with her horse, and in love over head and ears with Lily B. I think some of the cooper shop hands came to-night.

June 3. Marie quite sick. Prayed over and anointed her, but her sufferings continued. Failure wholly in us, of course.

June 4. I found my poor darling weeping bitterly when I came from church last night. Poor child! the devil got a terrible nip at her this time. The roaring lion! how I *hate* him. Marie sang to-day. At the service for the colored people, forty-two for soul and seven for body. Morning five for soul—Mr. Ripy among them—and eight for body. At night a grand harvest, sixty-three souls and eleven bodies for Jesus.

June 5. A charming ride to Frankfort on a smooth pike. The dear people of L. did everything in first-class style. Jones, the store-keeper, I found waiting for me at the telephone office. Young Portward, who confessed for the soul last night, was anointed also in the telephone office. Very brave in both of them. It did me good to hear Dr. Witherspoon say "Praise the Lord" last night when I shook him by the hand. At the eleventh hour, while eating dinner, Nath. suddenly resolved to go to Frankfort with us. The sequel showed how plainly this was of the Lord.

FRANKFORT, FRANKLIN COUNTY.

June 5, 1882. (By some misunderstanding the coming of the evangelist was unexpected.) Here the loving-kindness of the Lord in sending Nath. along came out. He was fully equal to the emergency. He registered, he inquired, he ferreted out the bottom facts; and having been joined enthusiastically by our young friend Berkeley, the pair engaged Major Hall (Nath. paid for it); went to the *Yeoman* office, got posters struck off and distributed (Berkeley settling the bill). Then Nath. indefatigably *drummed* his per-

sonal friends. Result, Major Opera Hall crowded, seats and aisles, by as attentive an audience as I have met anywhere. Nath. got a hot seat by some pestiferous females, who almost goaded him to madness by adverse criticisms. The Lord gave me "The Prodigal" for the opening discourse. Miss Morris—sister Mollie Desha's friend —came promptly to see us, so also Colonel Bowman, Wat. Hardin, Attorney-General, and others. We had a regular jubilee, praise the Lord family meeting in the parlor of the Capitol Hotel, after service. Major Hall is capitally suited to our wants. The county judge tendered me the use of the Court House, which we will use for the rest of the week. From Sunday morning we can get the hall *ad libitum*.

June 6. Saw several friends from the mountains, down with rafts of logs. Joe Lewis from Hyden, among the rest. Had a stroll through the penitentiary after breakfast. Saw Grove Kennedy and Jason Little, with others. It made my heart sick to go through the different wards; all was clean, airy, and comfortable, though. The lock-up cells in the female department were very clean, and one in particular had a fitting of lace curtains and scraps of Brussels carpet, that made quite a show of neatness and elegance. Hardly standing room at either service.

June 7. Strolled with Nath. to the Capitol, and saw the Secretary of State and the Governor for a few minutes. Then called on Mrs. Blackburn, introduced by the private secretary. She is a very pleasant lady, and the Governor is a dear, benevolent-looking old man. Both were at church to-night. Five confessions at night—four little girls, one, Annie Hargis, the Appellate Judge's daughter. It seemed to impress the people deeply.

June 8. The trend of opinion in the city at present seems favorable, but we look only to JESUS. A good many down from Lawrenceburg. Five little girls came in the afternoon. Two of them cried. I overheard one who confessed last night saying to one of these weeping ones as they walked home, "I don't see the least thing there is to cry about." That is faith. Seven ladies anointed for healing. The dear Lord gave special liberty in presenting "Abraham's tent and altar." At night an indescribable jam. The Lord gave liberty

in the "four gospels." Fourteen for soul, seven for body. One judge, etc.

June 9. For soul, twenty-three; for body, seven. The Governor and lady present. Had a delightful ride with Judge Hargis, and like him greatly. He takes sides for Jesus very boldly.

June 10. Then went to two old ladies near Fort Hill. They live in a little shanty right under the hill, poor old creatures, yet rich in faith. Fifteen and seven, confessions and anointed.

Sunday, June 11. At the penitentiary promptly at 9 o'clock. Preached to the women, and *every one* of them confessed the Saviour; forty-one in all, who had not confessed before, four white, rest colored. Over in the male ward promptly at 10. About five hundred in the chapel, white and colored, about half and half. Mail distribution occupied about three quarters of an hour. After sermon three hundred and ten confessed; more white than colored, about one third and two thirds the proportion. Governor Blackburn, lady, and a few spectators. The most wonderful meeting of my evangelistic life. Hardly a dry eye in either ward. The spirit swept like a mighty wind. It was wonderful indeed. I never had a deeper joy than in taking these crime-stained hands in mine, and looking into eyes from which all traces of their hard life had vanished, and the expression was, almost without exception, that of a feminine softness. Several life prisoners came. Several with chains around their legs, indicating contumacy and punishment. Afternoon meeting in Opera Hall; eleven for soul, six for body. A striking contrast with the morning, and a wondrous comment on "Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before Pharisees." House jammed at night, and twelve for soul and four for body, the harvest. Judge Jett came—Nath.'s friend. Blessed day, never to be forgotten.

June 12. Perhaps one thousand present, afternoon. Two anointed at the hotel. Preached on Second Advent at night, and twenty-one for soul, seven for body. The dear Lord always gives a harvest on this theme now.

June 13. We were quite amused by a circumstance related by one of the ladies, illustrating poor human nature. One of the young lady Sunday-school teachers in the penitentiary, on being asked how she

liked the blessed meeting last Sunday, frankly answered that she had cried about it all Sunday afternoon, for she had worked so hard with her class and just as she thought they were ripe to be gathered in her way, lo, this stranger comes along and takes them in, every one of them. And so she presented the too familiar anomaly of one who was earnestly desiring to see her pupils saved, yet wept bitterly when they were saved. This is common. We are all this way, alas! though not so honest to confess the facts in the case as this poor girl. We all want a blessing in a way to glorify self a little more. I felt humbled as I thought how common this thing is. Praise the Lord for my deliverance from this kind of selfishness. A sweet little baby in its mother's arms furnished an illustration of childlike acceptance of Jesus by putting out its hand to me, and then putting up its mouth to kiss. It was very touching. A vinegary old saint had the ill manners and spite to say, in hearing of the mother, "I lost all your sermon through that baby." Fourteen for soul, seven for body. The congregation came in the lull of a storm.

June 14. The Governor sent his carriage and a pair of noble black horses to take us a drive. A handsome coach-dog and a driver in livery made us feel quite "supra dig." Picked up our artist-poet, Robert Wilson, Esq., and Mrs. Patton. Drove out to Benson's Hill, and saw a landscape of rare and peaceful beauty. A train of cars came dashing along through the valley as we looked, and gave movement to the lovely scene. Wilson showed me some lovely pictures in his studio. He has rare gifts. I suggested the evangelist's work to him. What a sweet preacher he would make. The Lord gave power in speaking on the second day of creation and a backslidden life, and twenty-eight came forward at the call. I trust this is the beginning of a work of grace among the saints which will do good to the churches. Our old lady who made the remark about the baby was of the number I was glad to see. Night, fifteen for soul, five for the body.

June 15. During the day, ten and thirty-one for soul, ten and eleven for the body. Governor and his wife there again, and the dear old man seemed deeply interested. Oh, to win him.

June 16. Satan seems wroth because good is being done in Frank-

fort, and lashes the sky in anger. Had a strange interview with Miss ——, who supposed to be in consumption, but, I think is only *unrested*. He gave me a word in season for the weary, and she confessed for the soul, and was anointed before I left. She is a very attractive woman—and only needs Jesus to get well, I feel sure. No ozone in the air, and great prostration, but upheld by Jesus. The Governor and lady again present.

June 17. Took notice of the newspaper reporter, who tried to make mischief between me and the preachers. At night a full house, and full liberty on "Give me thy heart." Twenty-two for soul and seventeen for body. Nine and seven in the afternoon.

Sunday, June 18. Went to the penitentiary at 9. In the women's ward there was but one unconverted. She had been sent in during the week; a good motherly faced old woman, with not a sign of crime on the surface. She confessed promptly with genuine emotion. I shall long remember the quiet tears coursing down her cheek. No outcry or sob, only still tears. They break my heart to look at. I asked them to join in the singing, for now we were all *worshippers*. They did it heartily. On the men's side, the usual strict, fixed, earnest attention. Seventeen confessed, and it was a delightful and memorable service. One more, with chains on his legs, and one I had appealed to last Sunday, in vain. My heart goes out in this prison work as nowhere else. The men looked so much happier than when we last saw them. One of the convicts gave Marie a little bucket as a present—the work of his own hands. Seventy-four for soul to-day. The Governor on the front seat.

June 19. Marie's new organ came to-day, exactly like the other in size, but beautifully inlaid and ornamented. Visited sick ones all morning. Anointed three. Received confessions of two colored girls in a house of prostitution. Poor girls, if they only had some one to take them by the hand. Oh, dear Jesus, come quickly and stop this reign of sin and Satan. Judge Hargis drove me out; said so many kind things. He gave me his gold-headed cane. I love him, too. He has completely won us both by his lovely, gentle actions from the very first, when we needed friends. The Governor and he have been steadfast from the start. A sweet cup of refreshment; we

asked and trusted for seven hundred, and the dear Lord gave them and two over, in the afternoon. At night, nineteen for soul and nine for body. Mollie Desha by 3 P.M. train.

June 20. A busy and blessed day. Afternoon and night, fourteen and six, and fifty and fourteen. Bob Church and Lewis Harvey came, the latter deeply affected.

June 21. Afterward (visits for anointing), went to see Wilson's pictures ; greatly struck with a face of our Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. He is a genius. An hour's talk with earnest listeners. Afternoon, eight for soul and three for body. Clay Smith there, and his wife. At night a glorious meeting. The Governor confessed ; Mrs. Clay Smith also, twenty-six altogether. The dear Governor made a bold confession, and was the first man to go forward.

June 22. For soul, fifty-one ; for body, twenty-nine.

June 23. Judge Hargis did a noble thing. The only colored man who has confessed came to-night. I set him in a row by himself, but saw at once how the devil would use this to prejudice the darkies in the coming meeting on Sunday. Judge Hargis had already come forward. So I made a little address referring to class distinctions, acknowledged the fact that such existed, and announced my determination to respect the prejudice. I would not seat any white man by the colored brother, but invited any one bold enough to come up and sit by him. Judge Hargis immediately rose, and sat down by him. Several fine young men followed. It was thrilling.

June 24. The children's meeting 3 P.M. very precious ; one hundred little ones, and 15 adults, among them General Harris and Dr. Wingate. Fainting hot weather, but very precious harvest. Held on to the dear Lord by the eyelids for strength, and He gave it fully. The night service glorious, forty-nine and forty-two. Major Stanton and many other notables came.

Sunday, June 25. Intensely hot. Preached to the colored people at 10.30 A.M., thirty and twenty-nine for body and soul. At 3 P.M. in the Capitol grounds to an audience of two thousand or more. Fifty for soul and twenty-eight for body. At night, hall insufferably packed. A glorious parting kiss from the Lord's lips. Eighty for soul and sixty-two for body. This makes one thousand two hundred

and forty-nine and four hundred and fifty-four. The most successful meeting in Kentucky.

June 26. Morning wet and clouds lowering. As soon as breakfast was over got under an umbrella and started to fulfil engagements. Went first to Wilson's—artist, poet, brother, friend. The dear fellow painted me in fifteen minutes, talking all the while, and insisted on my putting my hand on his head and blessing him. Next called to see Clay Smith, and found his married daughter, Mrs. Hawkins, ready to confess the Lord. She did so, and I prayed and said adieu! A moment's call and farewell kiss to Miss Mary Williams, then back to hotel—hot and happy. Praise the Lord. Anointed Mrs. Price, hurried through packing, and off to the train. The Governor, Judge Hargis, and Attorney-General escorted us down. The dear Governor took me aside at the hotel, and in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, told me to always count him a fast and loving friend. Our departure was an ovation. Praise the Lord. . . . I will finish this note-book with a few words about the Kentucky ministry now closed, I feel, forever. It gives me great joy to know how the dear Lord has led me thus far, and it is so like HIM to close our simple ministry in Kentucky in the way He has done. The purchase of a new organ by following what seemed an extravagant impulse is the first thing. Yet after it came it seemed all so plain. The next thing was the fact that Frankfort was the seventieth meeting in the services, ten and seven, and then it was the very best of any of them, "best wages", nearly doubled. Three weeks, and one thousand two hundred and fifty souls. . . . It was a glorious victory, not for us, but, far better, for our JESUS. Twenty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine souls for the five years and four months of our Kentucky ministry. Several thousand anointed for healing also in the fourteen months since beginning that part of our ministry. Praise the dear Lord. How little did we dream of such a glorious outcome of this simple ministry of word and song when we set out, January, 1877. There has been a steady increase of wages from the first, with occasional breaks trying faith, but the average has steadily gone on increasing. From first to last we have been persecuted and defamed. The loss of old friends—turned into enemies, or chilled by our going

on and leaving them behind—has been a sore trial. The clergy—as a class—have been, with the Pharisees of old, our worst enemies. Many have been won over, and the Lord has kept us from much striking back. Not a drop of controversial printer's or other ink has been spilled in these years, for which we "give thanks alway." Oh, the joy of looking back and knowing that we never ventilated our grievances in the newspapers. As one friend after another fell away at different times, their places were supplied by others raised up by the Lord. I see now what I have long suspected from the perusal of Paul's epistle to the Galatians and others, that when one takes a step forward, he is bound to incur the hostility of those who wish not to go forward also, and yet must find an excuse for staying behind. The easiest way Satan suggests is to fall out with the "fanatic" ahead! Praise the Lord that "none of these things have moved me" to a serious thought of a back step. . . . "My trust is in the living GOD. Only so I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry committed to me." That is all my desire now.

CHAPTER XII.

DOCTRINAL.*

"The wise men were true men, and found salvation, but they are typical of a large class. . . . Now, I don't know how they lost their way, but I think it was about in this fashion. They stopped one day for dinner, and while they were eating, they got to talking theology. . . . Then as they were chopping logic the star disappeared, and when they came out, it was gone—gone—gone."—GEORGE O. BARNES.

THAT "God is Love" is the one great and universal fact urged by our evangelist as underlying all the religion of Christ. With opened arms, Christ, the Saviour, awaits the already pardoned sinner. The salvation which follows confession is eternal. The saved one, the saint, must "win his crown" by complete consecration to Christ. These are the features of the "glad tidings" as brought by the earnest and loving messenger, whose life—a pledge of sincerity—has been displayed "as an open book" in these pages. As definite as are his views, and as clear ringing his words, George Barnes does not preach theology. The metaphysical—in its technical sense—has no part in his utterances. He places Christianity where it was before a line of doctrinal disputation had been written. He makes of Christianity a religion and not a caste.

* An abstract of the teachings of the evangelist furnished by Rev. Thomas H. Cleland, Lebanon, Ky., has been useful to the writer, among other sources of information, in the preparation of this chapter.

In his heart's wish and life's endeavor to win men to Christ, and to gain his crown, he does not stop to parley philosophy ; nor does he lose time over speculation as to how sin came into the world. He stops not on the bank to explain to one how he fell into it, but, "Dear brother, let me help you out," is in his heart, on his lips, and in his aiding action.

This consideration of what the evangelist teaches is necessarily limited to what appears in his sermons. He preached as an evangelist—he must be treated as an evangelist.

It is not a matter for wonder that much that he says appears to many as new and strange. To those not before awakened the gospel will be "news" until the last days when the gates are closed. It is the mark of its vitality. The manner and the spirit of the speaker have all to do with the living force of a thought. The poets all deal with the "oldest" passions, which become new in their hands. And so, when George Barnes, after his fashion, and inspired with a divine spirit, tells the great truths—so often heard from unimpressive lips that the ear is dulled—they certainly seem to be "new."

To the theologian they are novel, because they are not under the limitations of sect. They are strange, because the evangelist—unlike many of the ordained, who withhold much that would enlighten, in order to be within the lines—preaches a gospel which is not confined by the standards of any one church. He is vivid and distinct in his utterances, so that differences great or trivial appear exaggerated. He is candid and fearless ; free from discipline, and *therefore*

makes no compromises with his conscience. These conditions furnish material for hasty misapprehension of the man—for unreasoning hostility on the part of Christians, fond of pastor and church.

Tyerman's "Life of Wesley"—pronounced by the evangelist the book of the century — more nearly covers the ground gone over by George Barnes in his development than any other publication of a like character.

The evangelist preaches :

1. "A NOW SALVATION," that "GOD NEVER RAISES THE SIN QUESTION, BUT THE SON QUESTION." To again use one of his many forms of expression, he preaches a "praise the Lord" gospel—"good news concerning Jesus Christ" (Romans 1 : 3). It is *good* news, not to be wept over, but to be received joyfully and on the spot. It is good news to the sinner, "concerning Christ;" not that the sinner was any better than before, but that Jesus has provided and brought to him a full and complete salvation, "without money and without price."

The gospel is a proclamation. The very first sermon that Jesus preached declared this fact (Luke 4 : 18), and this was declared a prophecy fulfilled by Him. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings; . . . to proclaim liberty to the captives" (Isaiah 61 : 1-2). A proclamation of a sovereign is not founded on the goodness or fitness, the innocence or penitence of the culprit, but on the pure will of the sovereign. It is not conditional on anything past, present, or future concerning the prisoner—not even on the condition of its ac-

ceptance by him. The act of the sovereign and the act of the prisoner are distinct. The prison doors are opened—the chains are stricken off. If the prisoner does not accept his liberty he remains a prisoner. The jubilee proclamation in Judea set all men free. The slaves understood it and went out of their bondage. It was their own fault if they remained slaves. The proclamation was unconditional. So the whole world of sinners is under the great proclamation, not on the ground of their penitence, goodness, faith or fitness, past, present, or to come, seen or foreseen, but solely on the ground that Jesus had bought by his atonement, and set them free from the condemnation of the law. Thus it is not the sin question or the law question. For "Jesus put away sin" by the sacrifice of Himself, and met the law, and settled its claims against us.

So far, therefore, from sin being in the way, it is that which gives the sinner his best right and warmest welcome with Jesus. He must be a sinner, for "not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call." "The law," then, "is not against the promise"—not opposed to grace—not against the sinner—not between him and the Saviour—but is on the sinner's side. If, then, the law, God's revealed will, is for him, God is for him, "reconciled to him," and there is no secret purpose, will, or decree that stands in the way. The evangelist puts the doctrines of election, predestination, decrees, etc., in the ninth chapter of Romans, as the heritage of the saints, and not in the third chapter, to stand between the sinner and the Saviour. He rejects the Calvinistic dogma that "some men and angels are pre-

destined unto everlasting life, and some foreordained to everlasting death, and that God was pleased to pass by and ordain certain portions of the human race to dishonor and wrath for their sins, to the praise of His glorious justice." God is Love. "How often willed I, and ye willed not." That is the evangelist's theme. He does not discuss predestination as a dark shadow over human hopes, but tells the good news of pardon. That is the one fact that all men must know. It proceeds from the foregoing that salvation is free, unconditional, and instantaneous. It may be had on the spot. It is as simple in gaining as the drinking of water when thirsty. If one must weep and pray and seek and wait, it cannot be a "now" salvation, and no one can tell how long one must weep and pray and wait for it. If it be a free salvation, it cannot be conditional; if conditional, it cannot be free. To say that a free gift is a conditional gift would be a contradiction in terms. A free gift may be rejected as well as accepted. The nature of the gift is the same in either case. "The feast is prepared, and all things are now ready." Should the guests "with one consent" refuse to come, it could not be said "the feast is not prepared, and all things are not ready." From this statement of the gospel, the objection is urged that repentance is ignored. The evangelist defines repentance to be simply *metanoya*, a change of mind, a turning about; that real sorrow for sin, as something acceptable to God, never comes until the soul sees the love of God for it in Jesus on the cross. Justification is by faith alone—the acceptance of Christ is the starting-point in the life eternal. The finished work of Christ on the cross

demands acceptance first. The evangelist does not preach repentance as in order to Christ, but Christ as in order to repentance. If by repentance is meant a change of mind, heart, will, life—the whole man—this is the work of the grace of God, and not of the will of man. The first turning, or acceptance, depends wholly on the free and untrammelled will of the sinner. "True repentance" is a Christian grace, and how can one exercise a Christian grace when he is a sinner? The evangelist puts sorrow for sin after salvation, not before it. Repentance which is unto life must spring out of life—the life of God within—in order to be "toward God." God does not require us to repent and believe in order to be saved, but from an infinitely higher reason: we ought to repent because we have done wrong; we ought to believe because God is true, whether we are saved or not. Both are Christian verities essentially connected with our salvation—as holiness is, without which "no man shall see the Lord." But holiness is not a condition of salvation; it is salvation. The fruits must not be confounded with the conditions. A Christian grace, however essential to our holiness here, our happiness hereafter, is never the condition of our salvation, but the fruit of it.

To confess Christ before men is the essential step. Jesus is presented as a present, loving, able, willing, personal Saviour, accepting all that so come to Him, no matter who they are or how they come. They should come joyfully, but the emotion of the heart is not a condition. Nothing is allowed to come between the sinner and the Saviour. Character is nothing, sin

is nothing, nor "repentance," nor prayer. Come "just as you are." "Take Jesus and reform afterward," "now."

This statement is meagre compared with the full tide of the evangelist's appeal, which overwhelms in its fulness the distinctions of theologians as well as the general doubt. The simplicity and the pointed character of some of his utterances give rise to misconception on the part of dogmatists. He says that Christ is a Mediator between God and the unreconciled sinner, but as an Advocate he stands for the saved "with" the Father. "You don't need to feel that you are a sinner," is but a form of the truth that salvation depends only on the acceptance of Christ, the single condition precedent to salvation. In other words, "justification is by faith alone," the war-cry of Luther's reformation. The act is a confession of sins. It is submission—an act of the heart, first of all, rather than of the head. The wise part is to look to Christ, and not to seek to save one's self. It is the letting Christ do it all—the "letting plan" and not "the doing plan," as he expresses it. Christ does all the seeking and saving, you do the letting. The evangelist preaches grace in its amplest form—it was through his appeals from beginning to end: Faith and Grace. He says it is of the devil to say, "Lay hold on the horns of the altar, and seek the Lord until He receives you," or, "Go get your Bible," "Pray in secret," and the like—all the devil's plans to keep you away from the simple act of confession, and of putting yourself in the hands of your Saviour. Jesus is your Gohail, your companion, your friend, your rescuer.

"Salvation," he says, "is a gift—a good character the wages of a good life after salvation." "What I want to get rid of is theology. What I want is Jesus Christ; and when you lean your head upon His breast, and look up into His eye, you will not need to ask, 'Dear Jesus, am I to be saved?' you would not have the cheek to ask such a question." Thus in many forms, and with a conscience void of offence, he presents the great question to every mind, merciless in his utterances to those who would put difficulties in the way. Your first duty is toward God, and then with His grace you can find all things. "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." When the evangelist says that "God doesn't call a thief a sinner, God don't call a liar a sinner, God don't call a drunkard a sinner," etc., his critics quote verse and chapter to disprove the position. The evangelist, if we first conceive the logic of the "proclamation," only refers to the offer of pardon. Jesus did not say to the extortioner, Zaccheus, "You are a thief"—which he was—but the man Zaccheus accepted Christ, and forthwith gave half his goods to the poor, and Christ became his guest.

The career of the evangelist is full of illustrations of the practical nature of his faith. He never attacked gambling, or racing, or the distilling of whiskey. He knew of a better way. And men of all kinds have listened to his one counsel, abandoned their ways, pursued the "letting" plan, and are among the most notable instances of his consistent converts. He trusts all to Jesus after they have accepted Him, and He becomes their Gohail. "It is not what we do, but what we don't do that damns a man." Morality will not

save a man, theology won't save a man. Accept Christ. Adam and Eve did not do the one thing God told them to do, lacking faith. So with Cain. Faith in accepting Christ is the one thing essential to salvation—the starting-point in the winning of the crown, which requires the higher life ; progress all the time.

Grace is the essence of the proclamation. The evangelist holds out the offer to the outcasts, the thieves, the harlots. The door is open *now*. The prodigal son, just as he is in his rags, may come back. Man and the devil can defeat God's plan of salvation at any time. Reject His Son and you are lost. He does not mention or whisper to you your sins—imputed or actual—He only asks you to return. He sits on a throne of grace. He has already pardoned you.

Rahab the harlot was of a royal line—typical of that of Christ—and so with others. The sacrifice of Christ wiped out sin as to the believer. The thief on the cross was saved instantly. There is no difference between sinners in this matter. There are innumerable forms of sin. The drunkard is not more of a sinner than the Pharisaic extortioner, the covetous man, and the like of a "respectable" order. The evangelist says he is willing to be damned for them if they are not saved on confession, and has given courage to many and many a faltering man by this boldness of faith. It saved—he often instances—one of the brightest and happiest of men now, who was hopeless and forlorn in drink at Frankfort. Look and live—that is all. Bring your sins to Jesus—He will relieve you of the burden you carry. Don't look to Calvin, or Wesley, or "my pastor," or anybody or anything but Jesus.

Justification by faith is the life you get for Christ's sake. Justification by works is the saint's crown.

The evangelist's sermons present this gospel in reiterated expressions and various aspects. He has the rare power of presenting it in its entirety in a single discourse—as will be discovered in the sermon upon this part of the subject in the closing chapter of this book. In his series of sermons he gives, as it may be called, a stereoscopic view, enabling one to see the subject in relief—plane surfaces stand out bodily.

"Did the Good Samaritan lift up the traveller's poor mangled head, and say, 'You are gashed up pretty badly, my friend, but I see a chance to get in another lick or two'? [illustrating] Bang! he takes him on the head! That's the way I did for so many years—convicting sinners of their sins, telling them how bad they were." "The devil tries to deny the supreme efficacy of the blood—tries to mix up something else with it. But if it don't cleanse from all sins, it cleanses from none." "Oh, the horror of parcelling out sins into past, present, and future, when they were all future at the time Jesus died for them."

"He does all the seeking, every bit of it—and all the saving." "The woman seeks the coin, not the coin the woman."

"Jesus *willed* the salvation of Jerusalem, but wept over the city as he exclaimed, 'How often *willed I*, or *would I*, but ye *willed* not,' which is the exact meaning." "God is the life-giver, not the life-destroyer." "Nicodemus, after this, sat like a little child at the feet of Jesus, who told him that he did not need to be *taught*, but he needed to be saved. My friends, did

you ever send a child to school before it was born? You say that's an idiotic question; and so it is; but it's just what Nicodemus wanted, and it's the way men and women act nowadays. They want to know about the great doctrines of redemption and salvation before they are born again, which is simply an impossibility. They ask about free will, foreordination, redemption, sanctification, predestination, before they are born of the Spirit, and they never can know—never! never! It's an old dodge of the devil, who is always a burden-putter. The way of salvation is clear and beautiful, and that's what men and women first need. 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.'"

"We must be very careful not to let the devil make our definitions for us. A man is a saint in God's dictionary if he accepts His Son, a sinner if he does not. A saint may be a good one or a bad one." "'O precious Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world!' not of one or two of us, but of the world." "Saul confessed the Lord on the spot." "Repentance is toward God, not toward sin." "Jesus has a shepherd's crook. He leads; He never drives. It is the devil who drives with an ox-goad, after he has you fully in his power." "God wants nothing of the sinner but his sins—not his vows, his prayers, his works." "We are all such heathens," speaking of Naaman, "bringing gifts to propitiate an angry God. So needless. I tell you God has good pleasure in the liar, the thief, the drunkard, the murderer, because he looks on them as not having done the sin at all. They are not liars and murderers

to Him, but the creatures." "You don't believe it? I tell you God don't want to collect a debt twice. At least give Him credit for common honesty."

2. Eternal Salvation. The sinner is saved on the spot and forever. The evangelist insists on the growth of grace in him that accepts Christ—the saint. The plane that one will occupy in the eternal life is within the choice of the Christian; and for this reason he speaks much concerning the "higher life" or "life more abundantly," when one is wholly consecrated. The absolute security of any soul, who honestly accepts the offer and confesses the Saviour, is Calvinistic, the doctrine of "the perseverance of the saints." It is Christ's life, and therefore an everlasting life. It is not the believer's life in Christ alone, but Christ's life in the believer. It is a simple question of God's veracity and ability, in whom "our Christian life is hid with Christ in God." "He that believeth on my Son hath everlasting life—not life for five years or ten years." "The good God is going to save some mighty mean people." Noah and Solomon and Lot and David were saved. "The oldest saint in the fulness of his old age may fall. The devil is not dead; neither is God. The Gehenna of the Bible is not the Hell. There are saints who will come up through the blackness of the darkness of the age."

3. The Higher Life or Life More Abundantly. This is the life of complete consecration, of unreserved trust. It is not the doctrine of absolute sinless or creature perfection. The Christian perfection is objective, not subjective. The believer is "sanctified in Christ," and perfect in Christ. He is made the "right-

eousness of God in Christ," a "partaker of the divine," which nature cannot sin. Considered as in Christ, all he has to do is to "give thanks to Him by whom he is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." Considered in himself the believer is ignorant, frail, and in everything comes short of the glory of God. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," is the perfection of a child in the eyes of a father, and not creature perfection in the eyes of God. This life is the following of Jesus, "where He leads I will follow." Just as you are saved by Christ, and not by yourself, continue to let Him do it all for you. It is a logical sequence of salvation. If He saved you He can keep you.

Surely, little will be needed in the way of explanation of the meaning of "higher life" by the reader who has followed the daily life of the evangelist in his diaries—walking by faith and not by sight.

Instead of being a life of self-exaltation, it is a life of submission,* of humbleness, of joy and peace. Here, as in the matter of salvation, the evangelist finds the Old Testament a storehouse of illustration, while the writings of the apostles and the words of Christ furnish the warrant "to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ. Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded; and if on anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you" (Philippians 3 : 14).

* See "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," by Hannah Whitehall Smith (H. W. S.), works by Rev. W. E. Boardman, and other publications, to be procured of the "Willard Tract Repository," Beacon Hill Place, Boston.

The "higher life" is not a theory. It is the heritage of the Bible for the life on earth—the substance of faith. It is a life of no compromise with the world. It is nothing new. It is simply primitive Christianity. The higher types of Christians, in and out of the Bible, have lived the higher life. The reality of leading it is new in the sense it always will be new. It means constant growth. The evangelist illustrates this from the fifth chapter of Genesis, beginning with Adam, "one with Christ;" then Seth, "replaced," a life which we, nor the devil, can destroy; Enos, "weakness," demanding trust in God alone; Cainan, "lamentation," delivery through Jesus from "this body of the death," as Paul says; Mahaleel, "praise to God;" Enoch, "strength," he walked with God, this being the mystic number seven—he went to heaven without dying; Methuselah, "the spoil of death," no fear of it there; Lamech, "meekness." "How I long for the Lamech life, and I will have it, too," is the exclamation of the evangelist in his review of these assurances of a progressive life in Christianity.

To continue the analogies from the Old Testament and the illustrations of the evangelist: The first saving was from the land of Egypt and the house of bondage. The wilderness life is not the higher life; you must cross over into Canaan. You are to learn that it is not your might or power—it does not depend on your weakness or strength—the Lord measures that. "Only an empty vessel, and he will make you fit for the Master's use." "It is no longer the baptism of blood alone, but the baptism of water, the crossing of the Jordan. There is plenty of fighting in

Canaan, but let the Lord do it for you, and you always are safe. We come into the land of Canaan to know how to destroy our enemies ; we don't go there because we have overcome our enemies. The devil will never be dead until he is cast into the lake of fire at the time appointed." Paul says, I keep my body down. That's Paul's higher life—standing clad in the armor of God, but victory always. You must consult God in all things, and not rely on your "common-sense ;" then you will be ever victorious. If you only believe, Christ will do all things for you. All he asks is the sweet privilege, out of your weakness to make you strong. Simply lay yourself on the altar with a fixed purpose. "Be bound inflexible, like this book I hold in my hands." None are too weak. God will make you strong ; you needn't feel a great gush of joy ; keep on trusting, and you will know and feel the higher life. Put your foot in the brim of the water, and go across dry shod. Through the overflowed Jordan, in the dark, there is a highway for you. Not a baby got the bottom of its shoe wet when the Israelites crossed over. The old life is dead. Burn the bridges and destroy the ships. Elijah is a type of the higher life. He trusted, and was fed. And so the Lord will feed you. Failure in Canaan and in the wilderness differ in this—the one is wilful, the other is not. Holiness failures are sheer want of thought in not going to the Lord. The Scriptures are full of paradoxes, but if you will come into the light of the Saviour's love all will be light. Paul says, "Let as many of us as are perfect say not that, we are perfect." One man can be perfect in one sense, and not in another. John says,

"If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves; the truth is not in us;" and he also says, "He that is born of God doth not commit sin;" he cannot commit sin. Now, the pure in heart shall see God, but the pure in heart are not absolutely perfect in life, as John says. The Bible says there is a higher life, etc. In Hebrews this Canaan life is so described. "I know the companionship of Jesus. I know the voice of God." Be led by Jesus always—that is the higher life. Don't try to walk by yourself. God is the only theory to live up to. Don't get the notion that if you make the least misstep the devil will get hold of you. Make no compromises; conformity to the world is the cause of trouble. We are all born Pharisees and legalists. Do not justify yourself instead of giving the glory to God. Phariseeism and legalism lead to destruction. Another thing to subdue (Joshua 10) is the tongue. The high look and haughty heart God despises. Remember you must be despised in this world. But don't be taken in by the devil; pride is under the quiet dress as in the silks. Let your life be so quiet that none will notice you. Walk by faith and not by sight. "If you will only submit yourself to Jesus, He will lead you; the whole surrender of yourself to follow Him wherever he leads constitutes the Christian perfection." Children fall and tumble. Don't lie there; go to Jesus. This matter of holiness is a practical thing.

"I want to understand where the dangers lie, so that I can avoid them, so that I can know the footsteps of the dear Lord and not mistake them for those of the devil." The wilderness wanderings fit us to a dot.

You were not converted merely to testify that Jesus Christ could pick up a sinner in his sins and take him to heaven when he dies. He can also give him a permanent position in the promised land. You have to wander to reach it. No man gets the inheritance unless he labors in the vineyard. We have to fight giants as David did Goliath, but it must be the Lord's strength to do it with. What is your besetting sin? What is your giant? It may be thirst for liquor, avarice, your tongue. It is not by the strength of earth. The weakest of us, trusting in the Lord, may wield the sling of David. See also the sermon on Solomon's Temple.

"It was on the third day of creation that dry land appeared. I remember when the wild waste of waters —this sin and weakness, as typified by the bitter waters of the old creation—was conquered by God. Don't I know where my lusts, appetites, and passions were in this life, hiding every green thing? Thank God, that is past. I have heard His voice, who spake on the third day." "Not that sin is annihilated. So many have made shipwreck of their faith right at this point; here some of the dearest friends I ever had have gone down. Sin is no more destroyed than the devil. That trinity of evil, the world, the flesh, and the devil, still exists." "Never till heaven shall pass, let it be written there are no sins."

Man is utterly vile, and God delights to take him just as he is. The law, holy and just and good in itself, is death to any poor sinner or saint who has anything to do with it. "Leave the law, and come under grace," is the cry of Paul. "Law" does not so much

mean the Ten Commandments, but the "doing" principle. Faith means the trusting principle. The Law says, "Do this, and thou shall live;" Grace says, "Live, and if you love me, keep my commandments." Grace is love, not law. The Law says, "Pay me what you owe me;" Grace says, "I freely forgive you what you owe me." . . . Grace means, God does everything. You can't have two husbands—Law and Grace. Faith and Grace nullify sight. Nature would say, "Martha, I like you—you are a prompt, careful housekeeper, and Mary is indolent and neglectful; but Grace says, "Martha, thou art too careful, and carry needless burdens; while Mary chooses the good part, which never can be taken away." "'My burdens are light;' remember that. As children, you will not be required to bear the burdens that would sink a full-grown man. . . It is like an earthly marriage. You adopted the name of Jesus. Take no other name upon you, if you would not give Him a second place. . . You should know the Lord's voice as a sheep does that of a shepherd." . . "Uzziah (2 Chronicles 26) was a great king, and prospered so long as he trusted in God, but when he relied on his own power his life ended ignominiously." "No man has a right to look at God without looking at the cross. When you think of yourself, look also to God." "Don't spend half your time in confessing that you are a sinner, and the other half in making it good." "Human wisdom says, 'If you want a thing well done, do it yourself.' In the kingdom of heaven, if you want a thing well done, let God do it for you. That plan honors God and displeases the devil, because it kills self-esteem."

The law can never change a man's heart. The law in the letter is a system of repressions—a series of "Thou shalt nots." It was never intended to save. Love is the fulfilment of the law.

4. The Second Coming.* The glorious Second Advent of Christ is too much a matter of faith and daily life with the evangelist to appear in his sermons as an analyzed doctrine. It would seem to have been the design of Christ to make the hope of His Coming a part of the Christian life for all time, that men should so live as to be ready to welcome Him at any moment. That the saints of the Church then living on earth, as well as the elect gone before, will be "caught up in the air to meet the Lord," is the express tenet of the Presbyterian Church—as indeed of all Christians—and is a part of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. The evangelist believes that this appearing is to be within five years, the close of the prophesied sixth thousand years. It is this confident faith of his, so fervently stated, that has led to misapprehension among members of the Church—not to say Christians—and among those wholly uninformed in the Scriptures. This belief has been regarded by all such as a vagary peculiar to the evangelist. Not so. The Second Advent is alike the theme of Moody and the leading evangelists of the day. The evangelist does not profess to analyze prophecy as a science. He has no patience with that kind of looking which proposes a robe and stands on the hilltop. He expects to be found at work to the last moment. The coming of

* 1 Thess. 4, 5; 2 Thess. 1, etc., etc.

Christ will be to those who are "looking" for Him, or, quoting Paul, "For me there is laid up a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day. And not to me only, but to all those that love the appearing." The evangelist belongs to the literalists in interpretation. There are two main schools of exegesis on the prophecies and the promise of the Second Coming—the one preterists, believing them to be fulfilled and to have applied to local and near events, the other futurists. He belongs to the second class, with such personal beliefs as his light has given him. It is with him a matter of daily and hourly hope; or, as he relates, "Marie often says, 'Oh, papa, don't you wish He would come to-night?'" He believes that the withdrawal of the saints will not interfere with the world—"There will be enough of the lower sort left behind to run the churches." As for him, "no lark ever bounded up to carol its morning song with half the joy that I shall meet my Saviour in the air." It will be the old parable of the Ten Virgins. The unwise ones—saints though they be—not looking for the bridegroom, will be left behind.

5. Hell; The Great Tribulation; Baptism; Ordination; The Lost Tribes of Israel, etc.

Proclaiming the gospel of Love and the power of Grace, our evangelist gives no time to portraying the terrors of hell. He does not depart from the doctrine of future reward and punishment. During the evangelist's stay in Indianapolis the question of "Hell" was insisted upon:

"If there is a church of the first-born, there is a church of the latter-born. There are saints who will come up through an awful period of tribulation, through the blackness of the darkness of the age. God has a switch in his back room. That servant that knew his master's will and did it not was not killed, but he was beaten with many stripes. There are these awful tribulations for the saints, and hell for the sinner. 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, I persuade men.' The 'gehenna' of the Bible is not the orthodox 'hell,' as it has been wrongly translated, but the great tribulation for unfaithful saints saved once and saved forever, but doomed to a purgation of suffering.

"Remember, this deliverance by the blood takes place in the land of Egypt. God saves the sinner in his sins.

"Another point: I thank God that in this salvation everything I get I keep. If I should turn infidel to-night, do you think God would cheat me out of the crown I was making for Him back yonder in the mountains?"

"The Bible occasionally lifts the curtain high enough for us to see that there is such a place, but never urges it as an argument to win souls to Christ, because the Gospel is one of Love."

He insists upon the personality of the devil. Writing to his wife from Edmonton, Kentucky, September 28, 1878, he says:

"What an adversary we have! 'Deliver us from the evil one' was the afternoon's lecture on the last petition of our Lord's Prayer. That is the real translation. Satan would like to make a vague generalizing of it as 'evil,' but the Lord is very explicit. It is the same word in the Greek as that translated 'wicked one' in Matt. 13 : 19, 38; 1 John 11 : 13, 14, and v. 18. In the Lord's Prayer Satan has contrived to have his personality concealed, as he has managed in Milton to have a false biography, and to scare people off from the Revelation (where we have an authentic account of his final ending) by telling them it is 'impossible for them to understand that strange, mysterious book.'"

There is not a word of controversy in the sermons in regard to Baptism. It is proper to leave this point to the discernment of the careful reader of the diaries and the sermons. There is the baptism of blood for the salvation of the sinner, a baptism of water for the full consecration of the saint.

A firm belief of our evangelist, but a belief which, as far as the purpose of his work is concerned, may be termed incidental, is that the Anglo-Saxon race is to be identified with the ten lost tribes of Israel. This belief is amply set forth in a small book written by the Identity leader, Edward Hines, entitled "Forty-seven Identifications." The representative publication of the believers in this country is a monthly edited by Rev. G. W. Greenwood, Brooklyn, N. Y.—*The Heir of the World*. In his letters from London to the Stanford *Interior Journal*, the evangelist writes upon this topic (see Chapter XVI.).

In the matter of ordination, he affirms that he first felt truly ordained when the Spirit called for him to go forth and preach the Gospel. Martin Luther, long before evangelism became a feature in spreading the Gospel, held to a view which would admit of the interpretation that all men are free to proclaim the Gospel. He thinks, with St. Chrysostom, "Although all priests are not saints, all saints are priests."

The diaries and sermons of the evangelist reveal a great number of minor points, particularly as relates to conduct. The use of tobacco is not properly permissible to a fully consecrated man; a man's health, his time, his thoughts, his labors, belong to God. But with the material before him the reader may learn

lessons, to recount which would require infinite detail in this volume. Consult the diaries. It is not essential to make a comparison of the evangelist's teachings with the numerous cardinal points of universal Christianity. He is a literalist in interpretation of the Bible, and his doctrine is that of Faith. A development of the doctrine of Faith will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAITH-HEALING.

"*Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*"—HEB. 11 : 1.

"*But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.*"—ACTS 26 : 25.

BELIEF in the willingness, the promise, and the power of Christ—"the same yesterday, to day, and forever"—to heal the body of disease in answer to prayer is a logical and essential part of a religion of Faith. The doctrine is neither new nor startling. No narrow bounds of time or country limit its followers. The practice of anointing is the revival of the custom of the Apostolic and Early Christian days. The efficacy of prayer has never ceased to be a dogma of the Churches. The history of cures in answer, as expressly claimed, to supplication is unbroken, and common to both Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches. But the establishment of Homes for the cure of the sick by prayer, faith, and anointing is recent, and gives an air of novelty to a custom born of the word of Faith. In order to present the subject of Faith-Healing to the reader in its fulness, it will be essential to step aside for a moment from the bare material furnished in the sermons of our Evangelist. It will be observed that George Barnes never enters into argument. To him the scriptural text is at once premise, fact, deduc-

tion. Let the reader, then, be careful to remember in this chapter that the writer, acting purely as the historian, discusses the subject of Faith-Healing in its breadth, without strict reference to the opinions of the Evangelist, and certainly without obtruding his own. A certain warm tone of favorable statement has been thought befitting, but all arguments ascertainable to the writer against the doctrine of Faith-Healing are either expressly stated or implied in the text.

I.—History of the Modern Movement.

Francke, of Germany, must be accounted as the first great modern exemplar in the matter of Faith applied to the affairs of life. Looking only to God for the means of charity, he offered to support and educate one orphan child. Four children came in response. He took them. In the course of time, by Faith alone, he established an orphanage, which now contains more than two thousand inmates. The King of Prussia once offered to have a general collection taken up for the benefit of his institution in all the churches in the Kingdom, which providential offer Francke accepted as a gift from God.

"Mueller's Life of Trust" * gives a circumstantial account, which is its own verification, of the beginning and growth of his orphan Homes at Ashley Down, Bristol, now the refuge and stay of more than two thousand children.

Dorothea Trudel.—The sweetest story of Trust is to be found in the life-work of Dorothea Trudel, who,

* "Mueller's Life of Trust." T. Y. Crowell, Astor Place, N. Y.

under the pressure of appeal from the sick, knowing the resulting power of her simple and absolute faith, and led alike, as she claimed, by the Lord, established a Home at Maennedorf, Switzerland. The little village, or cluster of houses, nestles on the border of the Lake Zurich, obscure and peaceful, the woman Dorothea a worker there in flowers, a lowly peasant.

In this hamlet lived a family by the name of Trudel, Dorothea, who became famous for her work, and will ever be loved by Christian hearts, being of the third generation of women — grandmother, mother, and daughter—who trusted the Lord in their daily life. This laying hold on Faith to its uttermost thus began years before the birth of Dorothea, but it fell to her to declare the glories of her faith by results upon a larger number than a family circle.

Dorothea wrote anonymously an account of her mother's life, which in the form of a tract entitled "Eine Mutter" (A Mother) became popular, indeed a classic, in Germany. The beauty of its simple truth surpasses any possible conceit of fiction. It is a sweet expression of a lovable, gentle nature, rejoicing in Faith in the midst of poverty, of an humble life brightened in spite of troubles. This mother was born in 1772. She was left an orphan at twelve years of age, without estate, though her father was well connected and had at one time been very prosperous. She was unfortunate in marriage, and was finally compelled to flee for a time from her husband, who in a fit of rage severely maltreated her. When the mother of Dorothea had attained the age of twelve years this grandmother died, leaving eleven children.

One day she gently said to her daughter, "Dear child, you will soon lose your mother, and then your father. I shall be taken away in peace, so as not to see your father's wretched end. Do not be troubled for my little child, for the Lord will soon take that also to Himself." She expressed no anxiety for the daughter addressed, "knowing that God would prove the father of the orphan." Shortly after the mother's death, the violent father put an end to his own existence. Dorothea's mother was then thrown upon her grandmother, who supplied a mother's care and love, and brought her up in piety. She also died. The evening before, she called her granddaughter to her bedside and said, "This night I am going to my heavenly home. At midnight my Saviour will come to fetch me." And so it was. Cast upon her own resources, Dorothea's mother earned her living by spinning, and while yet a young woman supported, out of pure sympathy, a family of helpless orphans, who ever after loved her and hers with uncommon affection. As her mother had been unhappy in marriage, so was she. Throughout years of oppression she bore up with extraordinary gentleness, never allowing to escape from her lips a single murmur. She was always prayerful, quiet, and cheerful—a constant wonder to her children. Dorothea, then impatient in spirit, would often ask her the cause of her gentleness. She would smile and reply, "Wait a while, only wait, my child. You will understand it some day. Through him I have learned to trust alone in God. If I had been permitted to have all my own way through life, I might not have been able to give my children to God

so entirely as I can now. If you will not believe the Saviour sends us blessings through trials as well as through ease and comfort, I shall be troubled on your behalf, even as I am on account of your husband. My duty is to pray that this rod which now smites us may not itself be cast into the fire at last. But for this rod I will give thanks to God all my life long." In the mean time poverty was endured, but the careful hand of the mother brought comfort. The mother's example made the lot of the children not an unhappy one. Peace seemed to dwell amid cruelty. At many times not a farthing was in the house. "Pray, but do not beg," was the motto of the mother. They were often delivered from their extremities, and never suffered want. When distress waxed great, the mother would say, "Children, it is written, They that put their trust in the Lord shall not be confounded." Once, says Dorothea, in childish despair one of us exclaimed, "Oh, mother! I do believe you would say nothing if we all had to turn beggars." Full of simple trust, she answered, "That can never happen, for God's word is older then we are, and it says, 'He will satisfy the poor with bread,' and that 'There is no want in them that fear Him;' and David further tells us, 'I have been young, and now am old, and yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' Children, pray and work, then you will never suffer want." Speaking of this long-continued poverty in childhood, Dorothea writes: "For example, every year until we were confirmed we had only one pair of shoes. We were very lively children and active upon our feet, yet these shoes always lasted

us the time. . . . Yet how could we have been so blind? Why did the clothes of the Israelites never wear out in the wilderness? The Bible was the only book in the house, and the children knew its stories with perfect familiarity. It was unspeakably precious to the mother. During the week she was too busy to read, and prayed continually in the midst of her work. The children had little opportunity for play, "but when we could get out into the fresh air, like other children, we were as joyous as possible, and the peaceful atmosphere of our holy home seemed to follow us and make us doubly happy." Village gossip was never allowed in that circle. The words of the mother penetrated the hearts of her children like arrows. She gave them up entirely to God, and the memory always lingered of her frequent petition, "Let none of my children be missing in the last day." Among the numerous instances of answer to her prayer was the case of an aunt of Dorothea's, who was so ill that she partook of the last sacrament and bid farewell to those above her. The sister knelt by the bedside, and asked that this life be prolonged until the oldest child of the dying one should be able to help in the common support of the family. At midnight the sick one turned suddenly in her bed, saying, "Now I must return into the dark valley of the shadow of death. I must stay a while longer with you." She lived yet fifteen years. The history of this saved one is as noble as that of "Eine Mutter." She shared her earnings with the needy to the last. She was another mother to the children. Says Dorothea, "When any of us were ill we were brought in prayer before the

feet of the heavenly Physician. Our mother had no cure except prayer, and through all that time we did not understand, yet since then we had found out that it was the heavenly hand of the Saviour alone that helped and restored us." When Dorothea became sick with the small-pox and her eyes closed in blindness, no one was told, no doctor was summoned. Again, a brother was stricken with a fit. "Jesus, who cured the lunatic boy," gently said the mother, "can heal our child. Do not speak of the attack to any one. We will go only to Jesus about it." After this a second attack came. The father frequented the alehouses habitually, and was absent on both occasions. He did not believe the accounts of the healings, and again the boy was healed before his unbelieving eyes. When a child of the family was remonstrated with by others that the father was not called to account in the courts for his neglect of the family, she replied, "Mother says God will permit nothing that is not meant to do us good." "But," added the clergyman, "we must be governed by reason;" "nothing is said in the Bible about reason, but it is written, He that believeth shall not be confounded." The mother further said, "The person who seeks counsel of men, who leans on an arm of flesh, and putteth not his confidence in God, must be unhappy. You will experience that they who always get help just at the right time are those who never study circumstances, but who look in steadfast faith to God, expecting Him to act for and aid them." In all the incidents of life that followed there was more than chance: the action of relief always followed prayer; the little wants of the

family were granted in every pinch, and from no foreseen human effort. Even the father was brought to acknowledge his gratitude and the truth of Faith, and "after our mother's death, he himself, in old age, fell peacefully asleep in Jesus; so that this petition also of our mother's prayer was answered." There is every token of absolute sincerity and gentleness in the pages of "Eine Mutter" and in the life of Dorothea Trudel. There must be sought by the reader the finest manifestation of the spirit of the work of Faith. Dorothea's life, her character thus builded by her mother, ran along peacefully, but with cares. She worked first at the silk-loom, and later as a flower-maker. Her care for the sick in her village was incessant; to the spiritually diseased among her frailer sisters of the world she specially imparted her Christian wisdom. Her sister's son had a considerable business, employing a number of workmen. Four of these fell ill of typhoid fever, sent for doctors, but got no relief, until at last "the necessity being so pressing, that I went as a worm to the Lord, and laid our distress before Him. I told Him how willingly I would send for an elder, as is commanded in James 5, but as there was not one, I must go to my sick ones in the faith of the Canaanitish woman, and, without trusting to any virtue in my hand, I would lay it upon them. I did so, and, by the Lord's blessing, all four recovered. Most powerfully did the sin of disobeying God's word then strike me, and most vividly did the simple life of Faith, the carrying out just what God orders, stand before me." Dorothea became more and more strengthened in Faith; kept at work, but gave her soul fully to

God, and visited the sick. Persons came to her from far and near for help and cure; and finally, at the solicitation of a "patient" of rank, she purchased a home, where the afflicted could be with her. In 1856 trouble came with the authorities. Dorothea was fined; appeal was taken, and the house was permitted, under some formal restrictions, to continue. During the course of the trial referred to, authenticated cases of cure were produced: one of a stiff knee, pronounced incurable by the best surgeons of France, Germany, and Switzerland; a leading physician testified to the recovery of a hopeless patient of his own; a burned foot, which was about to be amputated to prevent impending death, was healed without means. The evidence was incontrovertible, and the cases numerous. The cure was often contemporaneous with the confession of Christ by the unbelieving patient; but duration of the sickness varied with each case. Lunatics were commonly sent forth cured in a brief while. Nothing miraculous in sudden or instant healing was claimed as a feature of the work, although many cases partook of the miraculous in their immediate cure. Gentleness was used, discipline, Bible reading, prayer, anointing. The treatment was not pretended to be infallible. No war was made against physicians. Dorothea only pointed to a simpler and more direct means. Sifted as it may be, the history of Dorothea Trudel and her work is impregnable against attack. Truth is in the simplicity of the story. Dorothea Trudel died September 9th, 1862, altogether a remarkable woman, whose name will brighten with the growing universality of Faith. The Faith-Cure homes at

Maenneberg are still maintained under the supervision of Mr. Samuel Zeller, who is possessed of a spirit like the founder, and finds like results in his ministrations. The interest in the work in Switzerland is general among Christians.

Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, is distinguished as the mover in Faith work in the United States. He was born in Boston, March 7th, 1833. While a student at a medical college he became a member of the Episcopal Church. About this time he married, and prospered in business, but suffered a crushing bereavement in the death of his young wife. After much meditation and prayer, he finally proposed to himself, in memory of his wife and careless of the world, to devote his future to charity. This, he found after experience, "was a cold vow of money to a distant Lord, that was all." As he grew in sympathies and in a sense of spiritual want, he more closely read the Bible, but soon began to feel that he had been going over a "field piecemeal day by day, as a slave hoes a field of corn, so much daily as a task." Finally, he says, "I took my Bible in my two hands, closed it, held it up thus, and said, 'I do, and will forever, by God's grace, believe every word between these two lids, whether I understand it or not.' I have had no trouble about it from that day to this." One day a stranger called in behalf of a poor consumptive, who was without help, care, or home. He grieved at his inability to point out aid. "Instantly, however, a voice within said, as plainly as words could speak, 'There, that is your work.' My soul responded, 'Yes, my Lord, that is my work.'" At that moment

Mueller's "Life of Trust" fell into his hands. Upon prayer and Faith from this one man followed aid after aid, slowly and again with increasing certainty, toward the fulfilment of his mission, until to-day Dr. Cullis has under his care an ever-increasing number of institutions. The Consumptives' Home was first started in 1864. The growth of Faith at large, both as concerned applicants for treatment and voluntary aid, soon called for more commodious quarters, and the present building is situated in eleven acres of ground, well adapted to a retreat of this nature, on the Boston Highlands, a few miles from the heart of the city. Two Homes for children are occupied by the helpless and the orphans, who are trained religiously and adopted until they reach an age to care for themselves. A Faith training-college and a deaconesses' home instruct those who wish to devote their lives to the work in hand. Men and women are trained for missionary work abroad, evangelizing at home, for nursing, and the like. There is no sectarian barrier, except that, after trial, the work is now confined to Protestants. Spiritual elevation, a life of holiness, and a purely scriptural knowledge are the ends aimed at. In 1878 twenty-two acres, with suitable buildings, near Boston, were purchased for a Cancer Home. There are chapels connected with each of the two large properties. Missions have been established in the large cities. The Willard Tract Repository, No. 2 Beacon Hill Place, Boston, issues large numbers of publications, and two papers, "Times of Refreshing" and "Works of Faith." A college for the education of negroes has been estab-

lished at Boydton, Virginia. The buildings of the old Randolph and Macon College, with ninety-five acres attached, were purchased for this purpose. The work is constantly extending, and Dr. Cullis is hoping in Faith to soon have a Home for fallen women. Necessarily large sums of money have been contributed for the various uses. A fair in Boston netted $21,467. One legacy, among many others, brought $30,000. The annual receipts from donations, by which alone the work is supported, are about $37,000. Every summer a meeting is held at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, and thither, from all quarters of the country, convene those who live by Faith. Dr. Cullis anoints all who come to him according to James 5 : 14–16.

The conduct of the whole work is a labor of charity. "Not a dollar has been solicited from any one but the Lord" is the statement made in each report, and no debts are made for current expenses.

Dr. Cullis is a physician of large practice, but freely gives the surplus of his earnings to the support of the sick who seek a higher than earthly physician. There is no fund or endowment or known pecuniary provision existing for the support of the Homes. In short, the work is absolutely free from the ordinary means of sustenance. Dr. Cullis publishes an annual report. The instruments placed in his hands are constantly increasing.*

* For more definite information, consult "A Work of Faith" (annual reports bound in volumes) ; "Faith Work" (a compendious history of the work under Dr. Cullis) ; "Times of Refreshing" (paper), etc., No. 2 Beacon Hill Place, Boston.

Pastor Blumhardt. In 1838 Pastor Blumhardt,* then a young man, assumed his first independent charge of the village church at Moettlingen, in Würtemberg, on the margin of the Black Forest. In his flock was one Gottliebin Dittus, who was accounted by the people as the woman possessed of an evil spirit. The pastor threw himself into the struggle, and after two years of prayer and constant devotion to the case in hand the woman was restored to perfect peace of mind, and was thereafter noted for her lovable Christian character. This statement of the incident in Blumhardt's life by no means conveys the full meaning of the history of the case, which is replete with details that belong to the supernatural. This was the beginning of a life of active faith in the power and willingness of God to give to men spiritual peace and physical well-being. The purity of Blumhardt's character, the piety of his whole existence, and the record of his love for his family, friends, and fellow-beings place his memory far above cavil as to the circumstances in the case of Gottliebin Dittus. It matters not whether we give little, much, or no importance to this turning-point in his life. He was one of those humble pastors dear to the hearts of all Germans—such a character as will glow in German literature so long as Voss's idyl "Louise" can embrace the general sympathies of men. He belonged to a class something more idealized in actuality than the preacher of the "modest mansion" in Goldsmith's

* Pfarrer Johann Christolph Blumhardt, ein Lebensbild von Friedrich Zuendel. Zurich: S. Hoehr, 1882.

"Deserted Village." Learned, their humble position restrains pride. Poor, they are bound up in daily experiences with their parishioners. Blumhardt was all that Christianity in its most primitive and in its purest form has demanded of its followers. After the restoration of Gottliebin a spontaneous and wholly unexpected revival occurred in Moettlingen. The children, who were undergoing instruction before confirmation, began without the knowledge of the pastor, to hold quiet meetings for prayer at their homes. The congregation which had slept in their pews under him and his predecessors became alive to his words. As he was sitting in the sacristy before his sermon, he bewailed the deadness of his people, and prayed; power seemed to fill him. His utterances from the text John 19 : 26 were not what he had prepared. Every heart was won: "When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!" He was sought out at his humble home by those whose lives had been abandoned. One of the first to come was a man of evil reputation, but the sad depression of whose look caused the servant to weep who answered his knocking. Some would not be satisfied except that he laid his hands upon them in remission of their sins, according to the Augsburg Confession. The movement was a quiet one, but in depth it embraced the whole village of Moettlingen and many outlying parishes. His sermons, simple but sincere, and full of strength and wisdom, drew multitudes from far and near. In many cases bodily disease left those who confessed and upon whom

Blumhardt laid his hands. Healing by his prayer and faith and the repentance of those who came was noised about. One morning a mother rushed to his house, saying that she had by an accident scalded her child with boiling soup. The infant was found screaming with agony. He took the child in his arms, prayed over it, and it grew quiet. It had no further pain, and the effects of the scalding were quickly gone. Another child was nearly blind with disease. A neighboring pastor, when consulted, said to the parents, "If you believe Jesus can and will heal your child, by all means go to Blumhardt, but if you have not got the faith, don't do it on any account; let an operation be performed." "Well, we have faith," they said, and went to Blumhardt. Three days after it was perfectly well. These events could not fail of attracting the attention of the consistory of the church. Blumhardt's unquestioned piety and sincerity protected him from severe measures, but he was restricted in his operations. "Come to the church," he said to the sufferers, as he was not permitted to receive them at his home; "tell the Saviour all about your complaints, and listen to what is preached. My congregation and I will pray for you; there is no need that I should know your disease." Miracles or healings from his prayer were of constant occurrence. In 1852 Blumhardt moved to Boll, in Würtemberg, and until the day of his death, in 1880, he was diligent in words and acts of Faith. He was, of course, much misrepresented. He did not despise human means of healing, but he stoutly held that Jesus would answer the prayer of Faith uttered by the sick.

At present there are a number of institutions in the United States. Miss Carrie Judd, Buffalo, N. Y., has gathered about her many believers. In New York City, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Louisville, and at other points "homes" have been established.

In London Rev. W. E. Boardman is at the head of a house, designated as Bethsan, widely known from the cures said to be wrought there. In Germany there are institutions at Bonn and elsewhere. Lord Radstock practises anointing in Australia. It is predicted that the missionaries in India, now adopting this form of Faith, will make rapid progress in their work of conversion.

II.—The Biblical Authority.

1. The proposition that men are healed of their sicknesses at the present day by Christ in answer to prayer brings into conflict the two extremes of Religious Faith and modern Rationalism. The one is of the heart, the other of self-reliant intellect. The believer in the efficacy of prayer and faith for healing is, by the very statement of his position, not a disputant. The Rationalist is wholly one. It is obvious, then, that the logician should meet the Christian upon his own ground, although, strictly speaking, the believer comes forth from his own chief fortress of strength when he takes up arms of argument in the matter at all. A discussion would be fruitless, and, in fact, not upon the theme in hand, unless it be admitted to start with that Christ came, lived, and spake as a Messiah; that His recorded words are to be absolutely followed, and that the Bible is supreme evidence. Moreover, num-

berless Christians are allied with the Rationalists in their denial of the present power of Christ to heal (without medicine), and it is not possible to make a statement of this question without first agreeing upon the authority of Christ and the Bible.

Again, it must be remembered that healing by Faith does not necessarily imply a miracle in the meaning of a Divine *interference* with "natural laws." We shall see that the "gift of healing" is stated in the Scriptures to be separate and distinct from the power of miracle.

Faith is always the condition precedent to healing. The sins are forgiven, the soul is cleansed, and then the blessing of physical health follows. The one prevailing precept that runs through the Bible, taught in object-lessons in the Old Testament and by admonition from the lips of Christ in the New, is Faith. The promises of its reward lie thickly scattered on the surface and beneath it, from the beginning to the end of the Book of Books. The following passages* in the Bible refer specifically to the healing of the body, or belong to the theme in its vast breadth and depth:

CONCERNING SICKNESS.

God spake all these words.—Ex. 20 : 1.

The word of our God shall stand forever.—Isa. 40 : 8.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.—1 Thes. 4 : 18.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.—Matt. 24 : 35.

And this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto you.—1 Pet. 1 : 25.

* For the full text in each reference, see the little tract, "The Words of the Lord Concerning Sickness," compiled by G. W. McCalla, office of *Words of Faith*, Philadelphia, 1009 Arch Street.

Abraham prayed unto God and God healed Abimelech, and his wife, and his maidservants.—Gen. 21 : 17.

For I am the Lord that healeth thee.—Ex. 15 : 26.

I will take sickness away from the midst of thee.—Ex. 23 : 25.

And Moses cried unto the Lord, saying, Heal her now, O God, I beseech thee.—Num. 12 : 13.

Ye shall walk in all the ways which the Lord your God hath commanded you, that ye may live, and that it may be well with you, and that ye may prolong your days.—Deut. 5 : 33.

The Lord will take away from thee all sickness.—Deut. 7 : 15.

I make alive ; . . . and I heal. —Deut. 32 : 39.

The Lord killeth, and maketh alive ; he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up.—1 Sam. 2 : 6.

If there be in the land . . . pestilence, . . . whatsoever plague, whatsoever sickness there be, what prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands toward this house: then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his ways, whose heart thou knowest.—1 Kings 8 : 37, 38, 39 ; also 2 Chron. 6 : 28, 29, 30.

He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.—2 Kings 4 : 33.

Thus saith the Lord, . . . I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears : behold I will heal thee : on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord. —2 Kings 20 : 5.

And Asa . . . was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great : yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers, and died.—2 Chron. 16 : 12, 13.

The Lord hearkened to Hezekiah, and healed the people.—2 Chron. 30 : 20.

Satan . . . smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown.—Job 2 : 7.

Surely I would speak to the Almighty, and I desire to reason with God . . . ye are all physicians of no value.—Job 13 : 3, 4.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord ; for I am weak ; O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.—Psalm 6 : 2.

The Lord is the strength of my life.—Psalm 27 : 1.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave : thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.—Psalm 30 : 3.

The Lord is my strength . . . my heart trusted in him, and I am helped : therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth ; and with my song will I praise him.—Psalm 28 : 7.

The Lord is their strength, and he is the saving strength of his anointed.—PSALM 28 : 8.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.—PSALM 30 : 2.

For with thee is the fountain of life.—PSALM 36 : 9.

Commit thy way unto the Lord : trust also in him : and he shall bring it to pass.—PSALM 37 : 5.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.—PSALM 37 : 7.

Blessed is he that considereth the sick (margin) : the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive.—PSALM 41 : 1, 2.

The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing : thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.—PSALM 41 : 3.

Lord, be merciful unto me, and raise me up.—PSALM 41 : 10.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.—PSALM 55 : 22.

Give us help from trouble : for vain is the help of man.—PSALM 60 : 11.

He that is our God is the God of salvation : and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.—PSALM 68 : 20.

Thy God hath commanded thy strength : strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.—PSALM 68 : 28.

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. —PSALM 84 : 11.

Shew me a token for good.—PSALM 86 : 17.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten.—PSALM 90 : 10.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust : his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night ; nor for the arrow that flieth by day ; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand ; but it shall not come nigh thee.—PSALM 91 : 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits : Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; Who healeth all thy diseases ; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction . . . so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. —PSALM 103 : 2, 3, 4, 5.

Seek the Lord, and his strength. —PSALM 105 : 4.

There was not one feeble person among their tribes.—PSALM 105 : 37.

He sent his word, and healed them.—PSALM 107 : 20.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.—PSALM 116 : 9.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.—PSALM 118 : 17.

Remember (O Lord) the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.—PSALM 119 : 49.

This is my comfort in my affliction : for thy word hath quickened me.—PSALM 119 : 50.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him : he will also hear their cry, and will save them.—PSALM 145 : 19.

My son, attend to my words ; . . . For they are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh.—PROV. 4 : 20, 22.

For by me thy days shall be multiplied, and the years of thy life shall be increased.—PROV. 9 : 11.

Why shouldest thou die before thy time.—ECCLES. 7 : 17.

And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick.—ISA. 33 : 24.

O Lord, by these things men live, . . . so wilt thou recover me, and make me to live.—ISA. 38 : 16.

Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption : . . . For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee : they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day. —ISA. 38 : 17, 18, 19.

He giveth power to the faint ; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall : But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run, and not be weary : and they shall walk, and not faint.—ISA. 40 : 29, 30, 31.

Is there no balm in Gilead ? is there no physician there ? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered ?—JER. 8 : 22.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed.—JER. 17 : 14.

Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh : is there any thing too hard for me ?—JER. 32 : 27.

Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth.—JER. 33 : 6.

In vain shalt thou use many medicines.—JER. 46 : 11.

Thus saith the Lord God unto the shepherds : . . . The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, . . . I . . . will strengthen that which was sick.—EZEK. 34 : 2, 4, 16.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings ; and ye shall go forth.—MAL. 4 : 2.

And Jesus went about all Galilee, . . . healing all manner of

siekness and all manner of disease among the people.—MATT. 4 : 23.

And they brought unto him all siek people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those whieh were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatie, and those that had the palsy ; and he healed them.—MATT. 4 : 24.

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you : For every one that asketh reeeiveth ; and he that seeketh findeth ; and to him that knoeketh it shall be opened.—MATT. 7 : 7, 8 ; also, LUKE 11 : 9,10.

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how mueh more shall your Father whieh is in heaven give good things to them that ask him ?—MATT. 7 : 11.

Lord, if thou wilt, thou eanst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will ; be thou eleau. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.—MATT. 8 : 2, 3.

Jesus saith unto him, I will come and heal him.—MATT. 8 : 7.

Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest eome under my roof : but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.—MATT. 8 : 8.

And Jesus said . . . go thy way ; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee.—MATT. 8 : 13.

And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour.—MATT. 8 : 13.

When Jesus was eome into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and siek of a fever. And he touched her hand, and the fever left her ; and she arose, and ministered unto them.—MATT. 8 : 14, 15.

When the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils ; and he east out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick : That it might be fulfilled whieh was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.—MATT. 8 : 16, 17.

And, behold, they brought to him a man siek of the palsy, lying on a bed : and Jesus seeing their faith said unto the sick of the palsy ; Son be of good cheer ; thy sins be forgiven thee. . . . Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house. And he arose and departed to his house.—MATT. 4 : 2, 6, 7.

But when the multitude saw it, they marvelled, and glorified God, whieh had given such power unto men.—MATT. 9 : 8.

And, behold, a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind him, and touehed the hem of his garment : For she said within herself, If I may but toueh his garment, I shall be whole. But Jesus turned him about, and when he saw her, he said, Daughter, be

of good comfort; *thy faith* hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour. —MATT. 9 : 20, 21, 22.

But when the people were put forth, he went in, and took her by the hand, and the maid arose. —MATT. 9 : 25.

And Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened.—MATT. 9 : 28, 29, 30.

They brought to him a dumb man possessed with a devil. And when the devil was cast out, the dumb spake : and the multitudes marvelled, saying, It was never so seen in Israel.—MATT. 9 : 32, 33.

And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, . . . healing every sickness and every disease among the people.—MATT. 9 : 35.

He gave them (his disciples) power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease.—MATT. 10 : 1.

Then saith he to the man (with a withered hand), Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth : and it was restored whole, like as the other.—MATT. 12 : 13.

And great multitudes followed him, and he healed them all.— MATT. 12 : 15.

Then was brought unto him one possessed with a devil, blind, and dumb; and he healed him, insomuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw.— MATT. 12 : 22.

Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith : be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour. —MATT. 15 : 28.

And great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them.—MATT. 15 : 30.

There came to him a certain man, kneeling down to him, and saying, Lord, have mercy on my son; for he is lunatic, and sore vexed : . . . And I brought him to thy disciples, and they could not cure him. And Jesus rebuked the devil; and he departed out of him : and the child was cured from that very hour. —MATT. 17 : 14, 15, 16, 18; also, LUKE 9 : 38–43.

Then came the disciples to Jesus apart, and said, Why could not we cast him (the devil) out? And Jesus said unto them, Because *of your unbelief* : . . . Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.—MATT. 17 : 19, 20, 21.

If ye have faith . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you.— MATT. 17 : 20.

Whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. —MATT. 18 : 18.

Again I say unto you, That if

two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.—MATT. 18 : 19.

With men, this is impossible ; but with God all things are possible.—MATT. 19 : 26.

And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple ; and he healed them.—MATT. 21 : 14.

All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.—MATT. 21 : 22.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.—MATT. 24 : 35.

Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever ; and anon they tell him of her. And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up ; and immediately the fever left her, and *she ministered unto* them.—MARK 1 : 30, 31.

And there came a leper to Him, . . . saying unto him, If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will, be thou clean. And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed.—MARK 1 : 40, 41, 42 ; also, LUKE 5 : 12 : 13.

And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was : and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay. When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee. . . . I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all ; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion.—MARK 2 : 3, 4, 5, 10, 11 ; also,—LUKE 5 : 18-25.

And he entered again into the synagogue ; and there was a man there which had a withered hand. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the sabbath day : . . . And he saith unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth. . . . And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out : and his hand was restored whole as the other.—MARK 3 : 1, 2, 3, 5 ; also, LUKE 6 : 6-10.

And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful ? How is it that ye have no faith ?—MARK 4 : 40.

And behold there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name ; and when he saw him, he fell at his feet, and besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death : I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed ; and she shall

live. And Jesus went with him. —MARK 5 : 22, 23, 24.

A certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment. For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague.—MARK 5 : 25, 26, 27, 28, 29; also, LUKE 8 : 43–48.

And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes? But the woman . . . knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth. And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague. — MARK 5 : 30, 33, 34.

And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them.—MARK 6 : 5.

And they (the disciples) cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them.—MARK 6 : 13.

Making the word of God of none effect through your tradition, which ye have delivered; and many such like things do ye. —MARK 7 : 13.

If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. —MARK 9 : 23.

And when he was come into the house, his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him out? And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting. —MARK 9 : 28, 29.

With men, it is impossible, but not with God : for with God all things are possible.—MARK 10 : 27.

And Jesus said unto him (the blind man), Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight.—MARK 10 : 52.

Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.—MARK 11 : 24.

Heaven and earth shall pass away : but my words shall not pass away.—MARK 13 : 31.

And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils: . . . they that shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. And they went forth, . . . confirming the word with signs following.—MARK 16 : 17, 18, 20.

Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him, and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed

them. And devils also came out of many.—LUKE 4 : 40, 41.

And great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed by him of their infirmities.—LUKE 5 : 15.

But when Jesus perceived their thoughts, he, answering, said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts? Whether is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk?—LUKE 5 : 22, 23.

And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And he came down with them (his disciples), and stood in the plain, and a company of his disciples, and a great multitude of people out of all Judea and Jerusalem, and from the sea coast of Tyre and Sidon which came to hear him, and be healed of their diseases, and they that were vexed with unclean spirits, and they were healed.—LUKE 6 : 12, 17, 18.

The disciple is not above his master, but every one that is perfect shall be as his master.—LUKE 6 : 40.

Wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee : but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed.—LUKE 7 : 7.

And he said unto them, Where is your faith?—LUKE 8 : 25.

Now the man out of whom the devils (named Legion) were departed besought him that he might be with him : but Jesus sent him away, saying, Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee. And he went his way, and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him.—LUKE 8 : 38, 39.

She declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately.— LUKE 8 : 47.

Fear not : believe only, and she shall be made whole.—LUKE 8 : 50.

Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases. And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick. And they departed, and went through the towns . . . healing everywhere.—LUKE 9 : 1, 2, 6.

And the people when they knew it, followed him : and he received them, . . . and healed them that had need of healing.—LUKE 9 : 11.

For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.—LUKE 9 : 56.

And into what soever city ye enter . . . heal the sick that are therein.—LUKE 10 : 8, 9.

If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?—LUKE 11 : 11.

Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.—LUKE 11 : 28.

And behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself. And when Jesus saw her, he called her to him, and said unto her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands on her: and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God.—Luke 13 : 11, 12, 13.

Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow.—Luke 13 : 32.

And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith. And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, . . . and it should obey you.—Luke 17 : 5, 6.

And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God.—Luke 17 : 15.

And he said unto him, Arise, . . . thy faith hath made thee whole.—Luke 17 : 19.

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.—Luke 18 : 1.

The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.—Luke 18 : 27.

And Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto him : and when he was come near, he asked him, saying, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight : thy faith hath saved thee. And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God : and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God.—Luke 18 : 40, 41, 42, 43.

The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way ; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him. And as he was now going down, his servants met him, and told him, saying, Thy son liveth. Then inquired he of them the hour when he began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him. So the father knew that it was at the same hour in which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth.—John 4 : 49, 50, 51, 52.

And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years, when Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole? The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool : . . . Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked.—John 5 : 5-9.

This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the

Son of God might be glorified thereby.—JOHN 11 : 4.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater works than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father.—JOHN 14 : 12.

Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do . . . If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.—JOHN 14 : 13, 14.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.—JOHN 15 : 7.

In that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.—JOHN 16 : 23.

Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name : ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. —JOHN 16 : 24.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.—JOHN 17 : 15.

And a certain man lame from his mother's womb . . . whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple . . . who seeing Peter and John, . . . asked an alms. And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us. And he gave heed unto them . . . Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none ; but such as I have give I thee : In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up, and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God.—ACTS 3 : 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

And his name, through faith in his name, has made this man strong whom ye see and know ; yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all. —ACTS 3 : 16.

Be it known unto you all, . . . that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, . . . even by him doth this man stand here before you whole.—ACTS 4 : 10.

And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it. For the man was above forty years old, on whom this miracle of healing was showed.—ACTS 4 : 14, 22.

And now, Lord, . . . grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word, by stretching forth thy hand to heal, and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of thy holy child, Jesus. —ACTS 4 : 29, 30.

They brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them. There came also a multitude out

of the cities round about . . . bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one.—Acts 5 : 15, 16.

And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.—Acts 6 : 8.

Unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them: and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed.—Acts 8 : 7.

And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house; and putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, . . . hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight. . . . And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith.—Acts 9 : 17, 18.

And there he found . . . Æneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy. And Peter said unto him, Æneas, *Jesus Christ maketh thee whole:* arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord.—Acts 9 : 33, 34, 35.

And Peter put them all forth, and *kneeled down, and prayed;* and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter, she sat up.—Acts 9 : 40.

God is no respecter of persons.—Acts 10 : 34.

God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; *for God was with him.*—Acts 10 : 38.

And there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked: the same heard Paul speak, who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked.—Acts 14 : 8, 9, 10.

They received the Word with all readiness of mind.—Acts 17 : 11.

God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: so that from his body were brought into the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.—Acts 19 : 11, 12.

The father of Publius lay sick of a fever and of a bloody flux: to whom Paul entered in and prayed, and laid his hands on him, and healed him. So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed.—Acts 28 : 8, 9.

For the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed: lest they should

see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them.—Acts 28 : 27.

He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief : *but was strong in faith*, giving glory to God : and being fully persuaded that, what he had promised, he was able also to perform.—Rom. 4 : 20, 21.

Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.—Rom. 10 : 11.

Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. —Rom. 10 : 13.

Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.—Rom. 10 : 17.

I beseech you therefore, . . . that ye present your bodies . . . unto God, which is your reasonable service.—Rom. 12 : 1.

God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.—Rom. 12 : 3.

Continuing instant in prayer.—Rom. 12 : 12.

Hast thou faith ? have it to thyself before God.—Rom. 14 : 22.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope.—Rom. 15 : 4.

Your faith *should not stand in wisdom of men*, but in the power of God.—1 Cor. 2 : 5.

We are laborers together with God.—1 Cor. 3 : 9.

Every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that.—1 Cor. 7 : 7.

For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world.—1 Cor. 11 : 30, 31, 32.

For to one is given by the Spirit . . . the gifts of healing. —1 Cor. 12 : 8, 9 ; see also v. 28 and 29.

Are all workers of miracles ? Have all the gifts of healing ?—1 Cor. 12 : 29, 30.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. — 1 Cor. 15 : 26.

For we walk by faith, not by sight.—2 Cor. 5 : 7.

Now unto him that is able to do, exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen. —Eph. 3 : 20, 21.

When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.—Eph. 4 : 8.

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father,

in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Eph. 5 : 20.

He is the Saviour of the body. —Eph. 5 : 23.

We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.—Eph. 5 : 30.

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance.—Eph. 6 : 18.

He was sick nigh unto death, but God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow.—Phil. 2 : 27.

Because for the work of Christ he was nigh unto death.—Phil. 2 : 30.

Let your requests be made known unto God.—Phil. 4 : 6.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. —Phil. 4 : 13.

Strengthened with all might according to his glorious power. —Col. 1 : 11.

Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.— Col. 4 : 2.

Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—1 Thes. 5 : 17, 18.

Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.—1 Thes. 5 : 24.

Holding faith and a good conscience.—1 Tim. 1 : 19.

I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without . . . doubting.—1 Tim. 2 : 8.

Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands.—1 Tim. 4 : 14.

Avoiding . . . oppositions of science falsely so called; which some professing have erred concerning the faith.—1 Tim. 6 : 20, 21.

Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee, by the putting on of my hands.—2 Tim. 1 : 6.

If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself.—2 Tim. 2 : 13.

Avoid foolish questions.—Titus 3 : 9.

That the communication of thy faith may become effectual by the acknowledging of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus.—Philemon 1 : 6.

For the word of God is quick and powerful.—Heb. 4 : 12.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may . . . find grace to help in time of need.—Heb. 4 : 16.

After he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise. —Heb. 6 : 15.

Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful that promised. —Heb. 10 : 23.

Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. — Heb. 10 : 35.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. 11 : 1.

But without faith it is impossible to please him ; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.—Heb. 11 : 6.

Through faith also Sarah herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised.—Heb. 11 : 11.

For the time would fail me to tell . . . (of all) . . . who through faith . . . obtained promises . . . out of weakness were made strong . . . women received their dead raised to life again.—Heb. 11 : 32, 33, 34, 35.

Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.—Heb. 12 : 2.

Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way : but let it rather be healed.—Heb. 12 : 12, 13.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.—Heb. 13 : 8.

The trying of your faith worketh patience.—Jas. 1 : 3.

Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering : for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. —Jas. 1 : 6, 7.

Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—Jas. 1 : 17.

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—Jas. 1 : 22.

Faith without works is dead. —Jas. 2 : 20.

Faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect.—Jas. 2 : 22.

Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts.—Jas. 4 : 3.

Is any among you afflicted ? let him pray.—Jas. 5 : 13.

Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church ; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord : And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up ; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.—Jas. 5 : 14, 15.

Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a right-

eous man availeth much. — JAS. 5 : 16.

The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire.—1 PET. 1 : 7.

As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.—1 PET. 4 : 10.

Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God, and whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.—1 JOHN 3 : 21, 22.

And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us : And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him. —1 JOHN 5 : 14, 15.

And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true.—REV. 22 : 6.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen. —REV. 22 : 21.

Healing by prayer and by Faith, the two going together always, did not cease with the apostles. The only possible answer to the claim that Christ is the same, "yesterday, to-day, and forever," and that "I am with you always," and that He heals now as He did in the apostolic days, during His stay on earth and afterward, is, that those powers were limited to a certain period, and that the "present dispensation" differs to that extent from the one announced on His coming. In other words, that there are three dispensations : the old, the new, and the modern. There is not a passage in the Scriptures upon which such an assumption can be founded. No historian or theologian has been able to confidently establish any period when miracles (including Faith-healing) ceased. The age of Constantine is commonly ascribed ; but this is wholly arbitrary, and it leaves out of account any authority for the performance of miracles by the fol-

lowers of Christ, which is not just as applicable to the faithful of to-day.

The commission to the apostles (as in Matthew 10 : 1, 8) was to heal "all manner of sickness and all manner of disease," and (Luke 10) "after these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them," saying, "heal the sick." After the Resurrection, His last words to His flock (Mark 16) were, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that *believeth* and is baptized shall be saved," etc., "and those signs shall follow *them that believe*. . . . They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." That this enlarged interpretation of the commission applies to all who believe, and are thereby consecrated children of God, and that it is not confined to the apostles, appears from the one fact among many, that Ananias, simply a disciple, is sent to Saul of Tarsus (35 A.D.), after he was stricken with blindness, "and putting his hands on him, immediately he recovered his sight," and "arose and was baptized." Faith in both of them. That the last commission applied to all believers for all time and was not restricted to the immediate virtue of the apostles is clear from the twenty-eighth verse of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 12 : "And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers ; after that miracles ; *then* gifts of healing," etc. "Have all the gifts of healing?" (v. 30). Again, we have the very form of procedure prescribed for "believers" (not for apostles) in James 5 : 14–16 : "Is any sick among you? *Let him* call for the elders *

* The elders in the normal state of the Church are those who have

of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord ; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." The anointing with oil was a form even with the apostles, to whom some would restrict the power of healing (Mark 6 : 3). The promise in James is formal, restricted to the privacy of the sick-room of a believing one, and by no implication can it be made to refer to "the necessity of miracles to promote the acceptance of Christianity in its infancy." It belonged to the dispensation which came from the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah verse 4: "He bore our sicknesses and carried our pains," which reappears in Matthew 8 : 16, 17: "When the even was come they brought unto him many that were possessed of devils ; and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick ; that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." This passage is doubtless of universal signification for all mankind in all ages. It includes a blessing upon all men who seek that saving power by faith and prayer. If the gift of healing was in the Church at Corinth and belonged to all communities of Christians according to James, and extended to the age of Constantine according to "theologians," it is untenable to hold that it does not exist to-day. This statement of the case, although it involves the question of miracles, is only addressed to healing by Faith ; the "gift of healing," as we have seen (Cor. 1 : 12), being distinct from mir-

the greatest spiritual maturity, the greatest discernment and penetration.—Otto Stockmayer.

acles. It is simply one formulation of the argument based upon a few texts out of many, as indicated by a previous reference.

Instead of withholding powers, Christ distinctly expresses their continuation "even unto the end of the world," and rather enlarges them (John 14 : 14). His last words should certainly be the conclusive authority in this matter, if we pretend to make any distinction in the value of His utterances. His last gift—if we so interpret it—is one He had not before made. The very detached nature of it, at least in formal terms, fills it with an unmistakable meaning. In the days of James there were no church councils, or assemblies of bishops and aristocratic prelates to issue decrees. What the apostles said was derived directly from Christ on earth. The direction in James 5 : 14–16, the spirit of it proceeding from the last words of Christ to His disciples, was not something added on to the gospel by the man James. We should rather judge that the power of the believing elders coming to the bedside of a believing sick man was a matter perfectly well understood among the early Christians. They held to the promise of Christ, and were healed by their Faith and the Word. "And these signs shall follow *them that believe*," may be referred, 1, to the "believing" apostles present ; or, 2, to their successors, by a refinement of logic ; or, 3, to the enlarged circle of all believers. To assume the first position is to absolutely discredit in all matters the Fathers of the Church, who testify as to the continuance of miracles, for the rule of "false in one, false in all" would apply. It would involve the position that

Christ withdrew from the "other seventy" the commission to preach the gospel, and would throw a dark shadow of doubt over every subsequent manifestation of the supernatural. The second explanation is the basis of the Roman Catholic Church. There is no scriptural warrant for a graduated scale of "miraculous" performances, set forth as a part of "God's plan." There is certainly no difference of opinion among Protestants as to the cessation—real or apparent—of some of the powers granted. The commission was unlimited, for even greater things than Christ did were promised, and must be included. Those who assume the third position are of "*those that believe*," and have unbounded Faith, without attempting to explain the absence of certain powers in the Church, except that it may be the result of lacking Faith. They are in the position of Noah and his family at the time of the Flood, and will believe the miracles that, as are predicted, will surely come in time, and will have neither theology nor science between them and faith. They are without doubts as to miracles, past, present, or to come, and have their Faith kept alive by daily evidences of answered prayer. A discussion of the "probability" of miracles lies outside the line we have drawn.

But whether or not a connection is established between "and these signs shall follow them that believe" and the answered prayer of Faith, the authority of James 5 : 14–16 is claimed to be ample. The faculty of the Faith people—who are scattered among all the churches—is to take all the Bible literally. They do not localize the gospel, but apply texts and

incidents to all time, and do not restrict promises to a brief period or a small circle, but to all who will believe. They do not attempt to fathom the "purposes" of God, and to divide the teachings of Christ into dispensations. The supernatural is accepted as the basis of Christianity. They walk by Faith, not by sight. There is, indeed, no necessity of relying wholly upon the "commission." This would lead to much acrimony, close the ear and harden the heart to any discussion of the question. Let the claim, it is urged, rest on the multitude of promises, on the common practice of Christ in healing, on the analogy in the Old Testament of God's will that we should be whole, on the commission to heal as distinct from miracles, and on James 5 and other passages. It may be considered rather as something not belonging to the general polity of the Church, but as a matter between you and God, as a blessing of common occurrence, whenever Christ abides in you and you in Him, and whenever Faith rests on the elders among the prayerful about you. Thus he who believes that "they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," and he who only trusts to a loving and all-powerful God, may alike find encouragement and belief in the open Book.

III.—Requirement of Action.

The incidents of Faith are important, and the form of applying to Christ for healing. Karl Andreas divides the injunctions accompanying the promise of healing into three heads :

1. To ask by ourselves in the name of Jesus, according to Matthew 21 : 22, John 14 : 13, 14.

2. Two persons, or parties, may agree and ask, leaning upon Matthew 18 : 19.

3. By prayer with laying on of hands and anointing with oil, according to James 5 : 14–16 and Mark 16 : 17 and 18.

The confession of sin by the Christian is demanded (James 5 : 15, 16) : "And if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." This is proof that sickness comes from sin, and further proof that healing is not an apostolic virtue which departed with them, for sin exists to-day. Belief in the power of Jesus—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever—to heal is as essential as it was when He was on earth. Any theory or theology which puts the applicant in the attitude of indifference or unbelief in the promise to heal deprives him of the condition precedent. God may be rendered powerless by unbelief (Matthew 13 : 58). It was in Nazareth, his birthplace, where, as Jesus said, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house. And he did not many works there because of their unbelief." In Luke 4 : 25–27, Christ says in the same connection : "But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heavens were shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land. But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus, the prophet ; and none of them was

cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian." Could not this be easily the case throughout long periods in the history of the Church? Is it not a fact that to-day a great body of Christians deny that Christ heals the sick who are anointed with oil under effectual fervent prayer? A Christian who scoffs at one who anoints with oil according to James, and who terms the evangelist who does it a "crank," and who describes his oil as "axle-grease," plainly confesses that he does not believe that Christ will heal in answer to prayer; and that prayer is as futile as Thomas Paine or Voltaire and Ingersoll claim. He is far more guilty of blasphemy than he who anoints with oil in holy Faith. It would seem to one standing apart and regarding the deriding and the derided Christian, that if prayer is answered at all there is no apparent reason why the following of the direction in James 5 : 14–16 should make a prayer unavailing, or entitle one to the derision of a fellow-Christian.

Not all who apparently comply with all the conditions are cured. No definite explanation is offered for such cases. The limitations of Faith-healing cannot be defined as if it were a science. "Only by prayer and fasting" can such spirits be cast out, was the utterance of Christ in regard to one form of evil that came before Him. "Trophimus have I left at Melitum sick," said Paul. Thus, there are evidently obstacles hidden often in the conscience of the invalid. Time and a higher degree of Faith are consequently required in some instances. "I have prayed for years," some Christian invalid will say, "and yet I am not bettered." Perhaps a most pious person of this kind

may believe that Christ *can* cure, but may not have the Faith that he *will*. One's prayer for health may be selfish. He may not be willing to ascribe all the glory to Christ, or to give himself wholly to Him. It may be that a treatment of many physicians, in order that a final cure by Faith alone may prove the power of Christ, is his lot. Many conjectures are made, but the believer is not shaken by failure in individual cases. Nor is bodily healing claimed as a part of the doctrine of holiness; so that healing is not a test of holiness. Never to weary in prayer is the injunction followed, whatever the results. The religion of Christ is not speculative, but positive. It is not confined to the philosophical. It is this absolute Faith that makes a complete religion possible to the untutored mind, strengthening the humble, subduing the mighty, embracing the highest and the lowest.

IV.—The Use of Medicine.

It is not denied that curative properties exist in drugs; but it is a fact that nowhere in the Scriptures is there but one physician for the body recognized—"He who bore our sicknesses and carried our weaknesses." He, as the first great cause of health of soul and body, is specifically held up to Faith. Luke was a physician in the time of crude knowledge, but if he had possessed all the "science" of the present day his life was absorbed as a servant of one whose touch was healing, faith in whom was peace and health. Dr. Cullis, of Boston, who first gave impetus to the Faith-cure movement, is a physician, and one of great repute. Dorothea Trudel, a saintly character, whose

history we know, only pointed to a greater physician than an earthly one.

The theology which denies that Christ heals without "means," without "our helping ourselves," asks in prayer that Christ do miracles indeed. Such believers ask that He "bless the medicine," which may be good or bad, positively hurtful (as much of it prescribed by the best of worldly physicians doubtless is), and place their trust first on the family doctor and then on Jesus. The statement will be objected to, but such is the effect of subordinating Christ. He says nothing about "means." He used no medicine. In Mark 5 : 25–34, the poor woman who came had been afflicted with her disease for twelve years : "and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather worse." This woman, in a day when doubt pressed stronger than it should to-day, "had heard of Jesus."

Sickness and death are the result of sin, and "the *last* enemy which shall be destroyed is Death" (1 Cor. 15 : 26). In the mean time it is reasonable to suppose that sickness, which is a part of death, will be conquered—nay, *is* conquered, if one will believe. It is contended, however, that appointed "means" must be used by the Christian for his own cure, and that those means are such drugs and preparations as the family physician or experience may prescribe. If a cure is not wrought, the sick one, it may be inferred, has not used the appointed "means," or else it is the will of God that the means usually adapted to such physical ailments have been made of no avail in this

case. In the attempt to give medicine in some mysterious way, a supernatural and divine power, we get into an inextricable confusion of logical consequences. It is true that "means" were used in both the Old and New Testament cures. Naaman was required to bathe in the River Jordan, and believers were commanded by an apostle to call the elders and be anointed. But it was Faith, neither the water nor the oil, that cleansed. In the consideration of this question it must be always in mind that Faith is the one requisite. Without Faith, one's only help is his earthly physician. "And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers, and died in the one and fortieth year of his reign" (2 Chron. 16 : 12, 13). Medical skill was exhausted on him during two years.

If God inflicts a disease on you directly, He can and will cure it directly if it be His will, that can be reached by prayer. He does not enter into a combat with medical skill. If He inflicts it indirectly—which is a more miraculous way—He substitutes secondary causes for cure. But no theology that holds to the operation of the Holy Spirit on man's spirit will undertake to prove that in physical matters the method of God is different. The use of medicine, bad perhaps, would be indirect indeed.

The shipwreck of Paul (Acts 27) is cited by a religious journal in proof that means and instrumentalities must be used to aid the power of God. "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved," said

Paul to the centurion and the soldiers, as he perceived that the sailors, under pretext of casting the anchor from the fore part of the vessel, were about to flee from the ship in the boat. "God hath given thee all that sail with thee," were the words of the angel that appeared to Paul in the night time. He had told them, centurion, soldiers, and sailors, of the message he had received: "And now I expect you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any one's life among you, but of the ship." When the apostle said to the centurion and soldiers, "Except these abide in the ship," they cut away the ropes of the boat and let it fall into the sea, forthwith giving the highest evidence of Faith. Did Paul despair of God's promise when he saw the sailors about to leave? God had said He would save, but it was for Paul's sake, and for a manifestation of His own power. It was not a question of how he was going to do it. The obvious condition was that they were all to abide in the ship. They were "given to Paul." The sailors, confident of their own seamanship, fearful of being thrown upon the breakers in the storm, wished to use the "means" of their own wisdom to save themselves. Paul did not propose to have these men, free agents as they were, rob God of the glory, or to have the lesson of Faith defeated. That this was the idea that prompted Paul to call back the timid sailors is far more probable than that His master's purpose could only be effected by the presence of the sailors, so essential to the management of a vessel. That would have been making the sailors sharers with God in the salvation of those in the ship. "Ye," in the address to the centurion and

soldiers, included all. The cutting away of the boat not only furnished an instance of faith, but nearly three hundred, all on board, reached shore after casting themselves into the sea without means of safety, as the vessel was broken up by the fury of the waves. The use of means and instrumentalities, it is urged, is essential to all human action. There is a nice distinction here that cannot be defined by a rule. Again we are reminded that Faith is not a science. Means and instrumentalities must be largely a matter of conscience. The ship in this case—in the storm—must be regarded as a unity, corresponding to the individual in sickness. The management of sails was a natural function of the ship, but the attempt to escape was the use of means. Cleanliness, fresh air, the moistened brow, and many other incidents of a sick-room requiring constant attention, might be enjoyed by one "abiding in Christ," but if he trusted to any means other than God he would be faithless.

It is asserted that all of the cures reported are "reducible to nervous origin"; that no cases of certain defined types, which baffle medical skill, have been cured. The terms of this argument only permit a reply in facts. The reported cures include every disease, "incurable" and chronic. The burden of proof in this positive explanation, as in all such, remains with the affirmative. If it be once admitted that cures are effected by Faith, apparently, and under anointing, the explanation of science cannot go farther than an apparent cause of cure. One woman lies in bed for years with spinal disease, and arises on the prayer of Faith. Another one, likewise

afflicted, calls for help when the fire from the grate falls on the floor; and none coming, she gets up, quenches the threatened conflagration, and is restored from that day, just as the one who put herself in the hands of the Lord. The second case, until it can be proved to the contrary, must be assumed rather to confirm the secret of cure by Faith. Nature does miracles every day. Imagination, with every faculty of the human mind, every emotion of the heart, is a mighty power, bringing peace or madness, love that changes a life, or an evil spirit that whispers horrors. All that we know about miracles is the definition. Both of the cases cited are miracles, as we look at nature. They both prove the existence of some power within. No doctor cured the second case. God does not prevent health.

To define any disease "incurable" is but to define the limits of science. The incurable disease of to-day is an easy triumph of skill to-morrow. If this be true as to earthly physicians, it is a contracted view to doubt the power of prayer by Faith, because a disease is "incurable." If the divine cure ever relieved one of a headache, it does not stop short there.

It is proper to make a distinction between disease and the loss of structure. The prayer of Faith could only secure healthful healing in case of a leg cut off by a surgeon. Christ alone replaced the soldier's ear cut off by Peter. We enter the domain of death and miracle when structure is destroyed.

V.—The Cure by Faith is not necessarily a Miracle.

The gift of cure is distinctly stated as different from the gift of miracle. The science of medicine—not to speak of that of biology, which is a mere speculative shadow of a science—has not reached the point where it can analyze the cures by Faith, as was pointed out in the preceding section, and say that they are not accomplished, or that they do not come about after the course of nature. Let us assume that Blumhardt, Dorothea Trudel, Dr. Cullis, and others have anointed and prayed over lunatics, and that they have gone forth and rejoiced, being made whole, restored to happiness and clear mental vision. Would any physician deny that Faith of the kind which brings a peace to the mind "which passeth all understanding," did not heal the sick one after a natural process? Will they limit the power of the "balm in Gilead"? May not a Christian's hope "pluck the rooted sorrow from the mind"? Faith in the doctor is recognized by the profession as an element of intelligent treatment. But more than this, the mind, the appetites, and the physical, are alike the concern of the physician. In the divine cure, who can estimate the effect of a voice which whispers not hope alone, but assurance in the ear? Health comes as the substance of the thing hoped for, and strength as the evidence of the unseen touch. The intimacy between the moral law and the physical law is too close to be analyzed by the keenest metaphysician; but as the body and soul on earth form a unity, the influence of

the one upon the other is infinitely great. So that here is a common ground upon which may meet the materialist, the religionist who insists upon the direct operation of the Spirit upon man's spirit, and that class of religious or irreligious philosophers who contend that man's agency is completely within himself. From whatever source we accept our moral guidance, the union of physical and moral are recognized. The strict regulations for health under the Mosaic dispensation are not without meaning to the world. Were they matters of mere temporal comfort, or did they also concern the moral purity of the Jews? The Christian life — no longer under the law, but something higher—cleanly as it is, peaceful as it is, affords the ideal treatment for the earthly physician. Christianity can change the sot, upon whom drugs may be used in vain, into a being with every faculty restored, transfigured—his weakness now his strength. There is no need to confine the term sin, used in connection with the drunkard, to its technical biblical meaning. All disease comes from sin in whatever sense we may use it. Every harmful appetite is a sin in all senses of the term. The physician's first direction often is, "You must give up tobacco and drink," or whatever the disturbing cause may be. So that a faithful, loving Christian brought back to nature may be healed by virtue of the established laws of his being. There is a lesson in this which embraces and leads up to the whole moral law as it concerns man's being in the body. If the Bible be the Word of God, then all philosophies lead only to the truth, if pushed to their conclusions.

But there is such a fatality about every system of metaphysics that they fall to pieces in a brief while.

Health is the natural condition of man. The Bible is the only philosophy that is not a speculative one, and that enters into a man's daily life. Healing is the very essence of Christianity.

We should wander too far from the practical biblical point of view did we adopt the metaphysical statement that life is a vital connection with God. No human intellect can formulate any philosophy of the sort that is susceptible of absolute proof. It can only be known that life surges on to the infinite. Every dream and every visible and invisible proof of it is, after all, but a promise of eternity. The kindness of recuperative nature that does what it can for *all* men is but a token of what *may* be—a touch of love from the great creative power.

In short, the power of nature is infinite; and yet we need not call her workings miracles. Add to this loving nature the infinite love of God—philosophy to the winds—and why should not healing follow without a miracle—or, as defined, without "an interference with natural laws"? If Christ abide in him, and he in Christ, why should a suffering one despair of the words in James 5 : 14-16? If the message of comfort "do not belong to the present dispensation," he is indeed deprived of a blessing, and robbed of half his patrimony by theology.

VI.—That Prayer is Answered—the Universal Dogma.

At all times in the Church men have laid claim to the promises in James 5. The chain is unbroken.* The "modern movement" is only so classified in this discussion because of the formal taking hold of Faith and its constant spreading from individuals to the masses.

The Fathers of the Church testify to miraculous healing in the first centuries of Christianity. Justin Martyr wrote: "Numberless demoniacs throughout the whole world and in your city, many of our Christian men exorcising them in the name of Jesus Christ, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, *have healed*, and *do heal*, though they could not be cured by those who used incantations and drugs." *Irenæus* says: "Wherefore also those who are in truth the disciples, receiving grace from Him, do in His name perform miracles so as to promote the welfare of others, according to the gift which each has received of him. . . . Others still heal the sick by laying their hands upon them, and they are made whole."

Tertullian says: "Many men of rank, to say nothing of the common people, have been delivered from devils and healed of diseases."

Origen says by the simple means of prayer, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, "We have seen many persons freed from grievous calamities, and from distractions of mind, and madness, and countless other ills, which could be cured neither by men nor devils."

* "The Ministry of Healing," by A. J. Gordon. Boston: Howard Gannet.

Clement, in giving directions for visiting the sick, says: "Let them therefore with fasting and prayer make their intercession . . . as men who have received the gift of healing confidently to the glory of God." Mosheim says it had not ceased in the fourteenth century. The Waldenses, the glory of all Christians, proclaimed: "We hold it as an article of Faith, and profess sincerely from the heart, that sick persons, when they ask it may be anointed with oil by one who joins with them in prayer, that it may be efficacious to the healing of the body according to the design, end, and effect mentioned by the Apostles, and we profess that such an anointing performed according to the apostolic design will be healing and profitable."

Zinzendorf, among the Moravians, says: "*To believe against hope* is the root of the gift of miracles, and I give this testimony to our beloved Church, that apostolic powers are there manifested. We have undeniable proofs, . . . in the healing of maladies in themselves incurable, such as cancers and consumption, when the patient was in the agonies of death, . . . all by means of prayer or of a single word."

Of 1730 he says: "At this juncture various supernatural gifts were manifested in the Church, and miraculous cures were wrought," etc.

In "The Scots Worthies," by Howie, many instances are given of the sick raised up by prayer. The entire book is aglow with a spirit that has died out, we may fear, in these days. Luther's prayers were efficacious in the healing of the sick, notably of Melanchthon. The great Reformer's great merit was the distinction he made between the efficacy of Faith in

God's promises and the pretensions of his so-called ambassadors. Justification by Faith was the battle-cry of the Reformation. The Huguenots, the Friends under George Fox, the Baptists under Powell, who took the promise in James 5 literally, all testify of record to the common work of healing. The early Baptists held that "visiting the sick, and for the elders to anoint them in the name of the Lord, is a gospel ordinance, and not repealed." Among the Methodists the testimony of Joseph Benson concerning the cure of Ann Mather is familiar. For twelve months she was unable to walk, but was healed instantly after fervent prayer and song. Richard Baxter says: "How many times have I known the prayer of Faith to save the sick when all the physicians have given them up as dead. . . . It has been my own case more than once or twice, or ten times, when means have all failed, and the highest art of reason has sentenced me hopeless, yet have I been relieved by the prevalency of fervent prayer." The commentator, John Albert Bengel, speaking of healing, as set forth in James 5: "It seems to have been given by God that it might always remain in the Church as a specimen of the other gifts; just as the portion of the manna betokened the ancient miracles." Edward Irving, one of the greatest of the English Church, extravagant it may have been in some utterances to all seeming—because he believed every word of the Bible—was a man of godly thought, and held to the gift of healing. He asserted, "These gifts have ceased, I would say, just as the verdure and leaves and flowers and fruits of the spring and summer and autumn cease in winter. Because by the chill

and wintry blasts which have blown over the Church, the power to put forth her glorious beauty hath been prevented." Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his remarkable work "Nature and the Supernatural," admits the existence of miracles to-day, and frankly says that to deny them would go far to destroy any argument for the supernatural. An examination of the various commentaries on the passages which contain the promise of healing in answer to prayer will reveal a deadness of belief and expression in regard to them that is coldly theological indeed. The decline in the importance attached to Faith as a means in healing may be clearly traced, until at last it becomes a theory. An indefinite deal has been written by the commentators about miracles, but it is mainly apologetic and defensive. The child in the Sunday-school is confused with theological explanations, and so the battling line of Christians is being beat back by infidelity.

The fundamental idea of pastoral work in the Church is that the pastor care for, feed, and minister to his flock. Among the duties, fast falling into disuse, especially in the cities, is the calling upon the sick and praying at their bedside. The Episcopal Church provides a service, with prayers for the various degrees of sickness, great peril, or recovery—anointing with oil having been dropped in 1552.* The Presbyterian Church at one time used materially the same forms. It is true that sickness is regarded as an affliction and a chastisement, and betterment is asked for the offend-

* "The Early Days of Christianity," by Canon Farrar, chapter 22.

ing one. These prayers have been answered, else they have been vain indeed. Special Providence is the general belief. Dr. Pratt, of the Second Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Kentucky, in a sermon upon special providence, the ever-watchful care of God, and other expressions of theoretical theology, narrated the incident, where a lady prayed that her husband might have a safe voyage. A very commendable and wifely act. While the train with which he is travelling is at rest, his hat is blown away. He runs after it. The train departs, leaving him behind. A few miles farther on a broken rail throws the train over a precipice, and many lives are lost. This was a special providence, where the Lord by a breath of wind, set in motion for the purpose, saved a life in answer to prayer. In the *Christian Observer*, Louisville, Kentucky, of the date October, 1871, two cases are related. One pious lady gets a servant providentially, another a new dress. Special providences. The religious journals of the day are filled with such instances of answered prayer or divine favor. The Church at large has approved of the Fulton Street Prayer-meetings under Rev. Dr. Irenæus Prime. His "Fifteen Years of Prayer" and "Power of Prayer" have had enormous sales, indicating enormous approval. These books contain accounts of wonderful interferences by God in the affairs of men. Cures have been wrought. In these cases the prayer of Faith availed without the use of the symbol—oil.

It will thus be seen that there is no difference of opinion upon the subject of healing—in theory. The material for the proof of this proposition is so ample and accessible that a further array of facts or

authorities might even be uncomfortable to the reader, especially if he be established in "orthodoxy."

VII.—Other Objections that are urged. "Bodily Healing would do away with Death."

By any rule of interpretation and by common-sense the general intent of an instrument governs its meaning.

Death is the primal curse. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Sickness and death are distinct. Christ himself passed through the grave. Lazarus, once raised from the dead, passed away, we may suppose, in his old age. Hezekiah had fifteen years added to his life, and then fell asleep. In short, "Man's days are few in number." Paul exclaimed that he would prefer to die and be with Christ, but he lived and declared the glory of God, and meanwhile cured men of their sicknesses. But there may yet be doubt on the subject. In John 21, we may read: "Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee? Peter seeing him, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that this disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"

The case of "Live Forever Jones," an eccentric character who lived and died in Kentucky, does not illustrate the position of those who believe that Christ

will heal them, for obvious reasons. The desire for health and a life devoted to the work of Him who heals does not extinguish the hope of a better immortality, such as Paul longed for. This is very clear. Man must die. If, then, Christ said that he would answer the prayer of Faith in sickness, it is not a logical, biblical, or Christian argument, or one of candor, to assert that "if a man may be healed once, he may be healed again, and so on, and not die." There is, indeed, a "sickness unto death," spoken of by Paul, apart from the natural limit of life. Age with its infirmities is not a sickness. The Faith in healing does not question the decree of God when death is willed. The objection, as seriously advanced in a certain religious journal, if given a logical meaning, implies that if God ever answered a single prayer on earth he has answered all.

The expectation of being "caught up in the air," as will be the saints on earth at the second coming of Christ, is altogether different from eternal life by reason of bodily healing. One looking for the "speedy coming" may not expect to die.

"*Only for the spiritually Sick.*"

There is a disposition to interpret all passages in the Scripture—particularly in the New Testament—applying to healing as purely referring to the soul. This confutes itself when applied to James 5 : 14–16. The conjunction *and*—"and if he have committed sins"—along with the special directions in that event, make the passage sufficiently clear. "But," it is said, "the oil was a medicinal oil," which involves an ad-

mission that the prayer of Faith will raise the sick. It would make the oil a panacea for all diseases. Again, the use of medicinal oil for the soul serves to puzzle the objector. It becomes a tangled web when the plain meaning of James 5 : 14–16 is abandoned. Upon this passage the Extreme Unction of the Roman Catholic Church is founded, and an Anathema of the Council of Trent confirmed the interpretation. The Protestant may well pause in the attempt to escape from the obvious meaning of "Is any *sick* among you?"

Superstition.

"The practice of anointing will lead to superstition." If it be the direction of God that the Christian should in case of sickness call for the elders of the Church, and thus test the will of God by the prayer of Faith, the matter of superstition will adjust itself. If the privilege or the command be divine, it must be followed without questioning. So long as baptism, in its various forms, is retained as a symbol, there can be no reasonable objection to anointing as a symbol. The use of oil does not concede that priests alone are entitled to perform the function of elders. The calling of the elders indicates a congregational system.

Self-exaltation.

The truly Faithful, so healed, are the humbled and the loving. It is a perversion of the spirit of the passage, and an indignity to the Christian religion, to assume that if the prayer of a sick man, anointed, be answered, that he will forthwith set himself up as one of the elect and boast of it. The effect of healing the

body is always to heal the soul. It intensifies Christianity. The conditions to healing are such that the effect following is in nowise unchristian.

The Class of People.

The ignorant and the poor, it is said, mainly seek this means of prayer and anointing. This is a stultifying objection. Of all the epistles, this one of James is full of admonition to the proud and the worldly. It pictures the Church in its primitive state, where all the members are helpful the one to the other; where the widows and the orphans are the common care. God is no respecter of persons. It is only too true that the churches of the day are. If only the rich and the fashionable—the converse of the objection—appeared for healing, it would not prove the divinity of this method of cure. The passage immediately in question is far above that. Faith does not stand in the wisdom of men. James does not say, "Let them that are wealthy and intellectual call the elders." Christianity does not depend on character or social standing.

The Sick try it as any new Remedy.

That many afflicted seek cure in this way as they would respond to the promises of quackery, there can be no doubt. Such men are not healed by Faith or the Word. It is obvious that all who apply cannot be healed, and the results afford no test of God's promise. It is above that.

Blasphemous.

Not even the apostles claimed to heal of their own power. "Why look ye," said Peter, after healing the

lame man, "so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" (Acts 3 : 12, also verse 16). Again, "Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole" (Acts 10 : 34). The prayer of Faith is blasphemy if anointing is blasphemy. That blasphemous impostors may flourish in the exercise of the office of anointing is true. But men are not deceived for long. The itching palm of a masquerading false prophet will ever betray him.

The Body is nothing, Spiritual Life is All.

There is an apparent, rather than a real difference here between Christians. That the salvation of the soul is the common belief and the animating hope of all is not in question. It is the great issue of life. In sickness or in health, death comes to all. If health is nature's effort, if health be desirable, if it be the tendency of a Christian life, if disease would disappear should men without exception walk in the Christian path, if we are commanded to pray for health, if there be any connection between the physical and the moral—then the body *is* something. The importance of healing is only apparently exaggerated by a return to an old method of prayer. A man in perfect health does not think about his health ; his faculties then have free play, and his spiritual life in the flesh may be perfect. The sick one is preoccupied with disease. There is even danger of the afflicted Christian worshipping in a morbid way his own infirmity. The conditions and the effects of healing have been amply discussed in this chapter. The apparent importance of healing will diminish in proportion as

the custom of prayer becomes fixed in the churches, as it evidently was in the time of James. Then alone will men be led in all things by Jesus, and acknowledge Him with joyful hearts as the "fountain of every blessing."

Healed instantly of old.

Trophimus was not instantly healed. Paul "besought the Lord thrice" for himself, and was not relieved. The passage in James 5 would have promised expressly that the sick should be raised instantly in answer to prayer, if such had been his meaning. The gift of healing and the insistence in prayer were the every-day concerns of the early Christians. It was no longer a question of miracles in their amazing form.

Science.

The development of man is claimed to be essentially bound up in the advancement of the arts and sciences. The hidden virtues of plants and herbs, brought out by investigation and reason, only manifest the glory and goodness of God the more, but the science of medicine is the result. Shall science relax its efforts? The only answer to this suggesting itself to this writer is that spiritual things are above temporal, and that the moral nature of man is more important than the physical; that if all men were Christians the millennium would be at hand, and that every good and perfect gift would follow independent of science; that to aid in the regeneration of the world is the first duty of man; and that, as to the science of medicine, it is for those without Faith. Worldly affairs and pursuits are essential,

just as Paul was independent at his tent-making, and the most efficient doctor—the ideal physician—would be he who applied a profound science and skill to the alleviation of distress, but who yet pointed out a better way to the sick.

Not until the Dead are raised.

This is the final argument. It is the gist of them all. "Not until the dead are raised will I believe that the anointing with oil heals the sick; if prayer can do the one it can do the other. If a particle of the commission to the apostles is in force to-day, it is all in force." If belief in healing through the prayer of Faith rested wholly on the commission (interpreted as being a commission to all who are called of God to preach), there would yet remain one part of it proved daily, as is claimed. Gordon, in his "Ministry of Healing," says: "Raising the dead is nowhere promised as a privilege or possibility for the believers of to-day. There is, indeed, in one instance, Matthew 10 : 8, a command to raise the dead; but this was given specifically to the twelve and in a temporary commission. It therefore differs very materially from the promise in Mark 16, which was to all believers, and is contained in a commission which was for the entire dispensation of the Spirit. That the Lord did this miracle, and that his apostles did it in one or two instances, is not enough. Unless we can show some specific promise given to the Church as a whole we are bound to concede that such works are not for us or for our age. Healing the sick, on the contrary, rests on a distinct and specific promise to believers." A bolder

answer is to say that the vital spark of all miracles—the healing of the sick—is yet in the keeping of the Faithful, and to admit the continual possibility of all. The Christian afraid of his own logic is sure to be afraid of his Faith to begin with.

VIII.—Faith-healing in Kentucky.

It would be a very easy matter in this connection to produce a long list of those professing cure in answer to faith and prayer. But, in point of fact, if the subject commend itself to one at all, it is within his power to test the truth of James 5 : 14—16 ; or, at least, approaching the theme from the only possible starting-point promising faith, he may investigate the cases of those claiming to have been healed.

Among those who were taught of George Barnes, after his separation from the Presbyterian Church, was Mrs. Jenny Harris, of Stanford. She experienced and announced healing by Faith before her former pastor made it a feature of his ministry at Richmond. She writes :

"Suffice it to say my progress was rapid, for the dear Lord was leading me Himself 'by a way that I know not of' into a good land, there to rest in Jesus's love from the weary conflict by the way. After sore chastening and affliction I cast all my cares on Jesus, and He took me and taught me that one of His sick children could be healed now as when He was here in His tabernacle of flesh, just as fully, if only the Faith *realized* His divine presence and teaching. As if the Great Physician, Jesus, stood by in the flesh it was when I was healed. I was raised up in one night to strength and health from utter prostration, the greatest I have ever known in all my invalid life. I was learning, with the Holy Spirit as my Teacher, wondrous things out of the law of God. At the time I was healed I had not

seen Brother Barnes for nearly a year. I was healed on the 22d of February, 1880. It was, I always thought, in answer to my cry to Jesus to give me something to do in His great white harvest field. My heart was affected and a lung was diseased. For many months of my invalid life I did not call in any physician. One reason I believe the Lord raised me up as a teacher of the healing Jesus is, that as soon as I was healed it was laid on my heart to go to others to tell them of His promises to heal the sick. All that I felt called on to go to were healed by the prayer of Faith, some suffering from disease of long standing. The first was Miss Dennis, a young friend of my daughter's, who was a great sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism. She was entirely healed. The next was Mrs. Midkiff, who sent for me. In the mean time Miss Dennis took me to see Miss McAffee, at the toll-gate on the Crab Orchard Pike, the daughter of a widow long helpless with spinal disease. After she was able to receive the promise of Christ she was gloriously healed, and has since given joyous testimony. Etty Dobbins, a little girl six years old living near Miss McAffee, was healed shortly after the above case. Hers was the most 'evident' answer to prayer I ever witnessed. No one could have doubted her helpless suffering and her wonderful healing, seeing both, as I did. She was afflicted with scrofulous white-swelling. Mr. Phillips, who had from childhood been subject to epileptic fits, was healed in answer to prayer, and for the first time in his life could venture into business."

Mrs. Midkiff took charge of "Pink Cottage" as a "Faith Cure Home." Quite a number of believers went away "every whit whole." The establishment was discontinued after an existence of some months, kept alive by contributions wholly unsolicited. The testimony of Mrs. Webb, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, one of the visitors, is published in tract form, to be procured of the Willard Tract Repository.

Rev. Richard Deering, Louisville, Kentucky, had recourse long years ago to the promise contained in

James 5 : 14-15. A child of his had fallen from a window and lay paralyzed, the case given over after a consultation among three physicians as hopeless. The father prayed over the child, anointing him. The following day the boy was playing about the yard in its usual health, and has continued robust. Since this answer to his prayer he has not ceased to urge Faith—a consecrated, pure-hearted, humble, and fervently devout Christian. He is, like George Barnes, one of the few men born to the priesthood. A number of cures are within his experience. Mrs. Clift, the matron of the "Faith Cure" in Louisville, recounts the events of the ministry at that establishment. The Louisville "Home" owes its origin to a movement independent of our evangelist. Mr. J. T. Burghard, who drew others about him, gave much of his time and money to bringing it about. The "Home" has a library attached.

IX.—Advanced Position of George O. Barnes.

In the letters of the evangelist, as late as October 1st, 1878, occasional reference is made to some simple remedy, as when he recommends the "red pepper specific for Sallie's chill." At this very moment he was on the ground of absolute Faith, so that no sudden crisis or struggle seems to have arisen, when he threw aside human remedies. July 19th, 1879, writing to his wife from Washington, concerning Marie, at the time with her mother and sick :

"I hope my darling will trust the Lord while life lasts, and never take a dose of medicine till the Lord plainly tells her to do it. Poor child ! She has an awful time with unbelieving 'believers' forever

sounding in her ears. . . . It is a crisis in her spiritual history, when a defeat would never be recovered from. Only give me Scripture and I can *rest*. Nowhere else. That is the reason why medicine is always disappointing, and, also, killing. I am sure it has killed more than it has *cured*. But the mortality list, alas! is all laid to God's charge. The cure to medicine with a little pious talk about 'blessing the means' used. This for yourself and Marie. Others may not be able to bear it, and I don't wish to create needless prejudice."

July 20th he writes to his daughter, making mention of a letter from a friend in Lexington, who endeavors to prove the inconsistencies of this kind of Faith. He tells Marie to take all her doubts to Jesus; when it concerns the use of anything that may be considered as "means," to trust Jesus and Him alone. "The cure will not give joy to God if any one can truly say, 'Yes, she did so-and-so—that cured her—not God.'"

April 27th, 1881, as recorded in the diary, he began to follow the injunction in James 5 : 14-15.

In a sermon on Exodus, chapter 15, appended to this book, the evangelist goes over the entire ground of his belief in the matter of healing. The distinctive difference between his views and the statement of the case, as embodied in the foregoing sections of this chapter, is that all disease comes not only from sin, but is inflicted by the devil. He utterly rejects any belief that any human misery comes from God. It is characteristic of our evangelist that whenever his teachings approach a formula, that formula is sweeping and without reserve. God is love—by that formula he solves all the troublous doubts as to bodily "inflictions." Our evangelist is absolutely fearless in following his

logic wherever it leads him. The God that inflicts disease, he says, is Ingersoll's God.

Our evangelist never looks at "symptoms." With him anointing is simply an act of Faith, beyond the control of circumstances or results. His words are few, as, for example, "Dear daughter, in Jesus's precious name I anoint thee with this oil of healing for thy maladies. Oh, go on thy way rejoicing. Be of good cheer. He is the great Healer. He will make thee whole. He hath commanded it. Lean thy whole weight on Him."

CHAPTER XIV.

ANALYSIS OF SERMONS.

George O. Barnes, in his fifty-sixth year, is as one "whose youth is renewed as is the eagle's." There is the look of unwearied vitality about him. An inch or more over six feet in height, slender and elastic, he exhibits a grace that is the outcome of healthful vigor. Since he began treading the path of his higher life and high mission, he has been "made whole." His face is lit up with benignity, and except in moments of intensity his dark hazel eyes are soft and gentle, deep set in overhanging brows, and thoughtful. The nose is aquiline. His hair, a dark auburn barely touched with gray, abundant and usually worn long, falls away to the sides, owing to a peculiarity in the crowns upon either forehead. This requires a common action with him in pushing back his flowing locks.

In manner, as in utterance and in his whole being, he is unconventional. His gestures are in no degree studied. Dramatic he certainly is, stopping short of no bodily action, gesture, or facial expression, or tone of voice which may visibly express a thought, but all within the bounds of veritable nature. Perfect consistency is the apt description of his methods. Frankness being his characteristic as a man, it follows that affectation is no part of him. In passages of personal appeal, getting near to the auditor in matters that

vitally concern him, he may bow forward or put a foot upon chair, but one notes the action only as a part of what he hears, not as an effect. He is an actor, but it is only when the theme demands it that he steps aside from the conversational. In the general, what he says is in the voice of one who speaks to you, and to you alone. Despising self-glory, his tones are never oratorical, and elocution to him is a vain and pitiful art. He is self-conscious never. In conversation as in public speech, he is the same, the one as informal as the other; in both, thought and fancy, subordinated to his absorbing faith and its teachings, bubble up clear and refreshing. "Don't you ever tire? Don't you ever rest, Brother Barnes?" asked an admirer. "No," said he, without that heightened expression common to all men conscious and vain, whose eyes gleam self-approval when they are on the point of saying a "clever thing." "No, brother, you know that when the cherubs of the ark folded their wings their feet touched the ground." But when he depicts David running with his sling to meet Goliath and casting the stone, the action is brought before you. When he describes the devil as he reaches an arrow in the quiver on his back and transfixes his victim, and then adds, "and Elimelech was no more," the picture is complete.

His voice is resonant yet soft, and of distinctness of utterance and fine compass. The tones are often of loving beseechment, but never lugubrious after the wont of preachers. If persuasiveness may be described as a general quality of a voice inherent in it, that his voice has. He never drinks water during a

sermon, never so elevates the voice as to produce harshness, never uses lotions or medicaments, and yet preaches about sixty-five sermons each month. This physical feature of his condition is remarkable. The Lord cares for him, he says, and Praise the Lord is his motto for this as for all else. And so his voice is kept musical. He can be heard in all parts of the vastest hall, and often preaches two hours at a time, always singing with Marie. His song is a discordance, filled with the beauty of sincerity, and winning with conquering sympathy.

The aspect of the man is of one holding fast to a chastening joy. Vehemence of purpose is in his quiet mien and decisive word. Genuine to the core, there is no cant in expression or teaching; yet some of his discourses are the pure gold of the Scriptures, word and phrase and meaning molten in his own crucible. At times his sermons have the fulness, spirit, and melody of the Psalmist's song. At times he is fierce and startling in merciless ridicule and scorn of commonly accepted errors. He is varied, but always sincere. He is the reverse of pedantic, but by apt quotation and deep learning he establishes confidence in the extent of his investigations. One man he wins by his love; another he carries off his feet by a hope assured him; another he touches by a picture of domestic experience —a sorrow or a joy; to all, soon or late, he appears a messenger of peace, comfort, and affection. All this goes to the breadth of the man's nature, but it may be reduced to one remarkable faculty. It is the faculty most commonly possessed by the editor of a great newspaper, that of presenting a given subject in all its

possible aspects, of discussing a question from day to day with freshness, just as a diamond may be flashed in a new light at every turn. This, of course, implies a complete knowledge, both of the subject and of the hearts and apprehensions of men. It also implies impromptu readiness. The evangelist's sermons upon any given theme may be heard again and again, because of the variety of expression and imagery which spring into them on the occasion, and because a glowing faith is back of all. His colors do not turn black. His individuality is in his sermons, and he lives them over again. His richness of utterance is inexhaustible. His art is nature, and truth is the soul of it. His vigor of thought and earnestness are too great to admit of trifling in the matter of ornamentation. Picturesque always, and his sermons flaming at times like an old-time illuminated book, his figures are perfect. Truth to nature in imagery is a pledge of the better part of a man's mind—his sincerity and common-sense. When genius possesses common-sense the union is a delightful one. In fact, the two usually go together. At all events, genius may be suspected and certainly despised without its companion. To formulate this important feature in another shape, it may be said that the faculty of perfect imagery is the test of the highest poetic gift or of common-sense. We may well suspect the sincerity or the sense of any one who makes a false figure of speech. When drawn from experience or from the soil or from common observation, they serve a purpose recognized by the Saviour Himself. "I am the vine," He said. The true function of a figure of speech is to incorporate in the smallest possible space a phi-

losophy or thought already understood in detail. It is not a mere ornament. Its uses belong to the most serious argument. Imagery may be as the crest, but as the essential essence of the beauty of a billow. Whenever the thought is directed to it as the principal and not as the subordinate feature of a subject, it is out of place. No man has the right to insult the intelligence of a reader or hearer by a false figure of speech. Yet this is a monstrous and common fault. With George Barnes truth prevails in form as well as substance. When he voices his highest songs of joy, you are conscious that he is on the mountain-tops.

To him who rightly understands the evangelist, there is no violence in his utterances, because back of it all stands truth, with eternal peace of soul as a gift. Boldness and outspokenness are his great characteristics, and as he pays no heed to the conventionalities of common oratory, so he halts not at the barriers of custom when truth lies beyond. He has business on hand when he speaks. He preaches salvation to those who are the most forsaken and despised of men. He breaks off the fetters of convicts in the penitentiaries. He holds out hope—nay, more, the assurance of pardon to the vile—and brings them to a plane higher than earthly statutes—higher still—higher than the scriptural canons to the plane of grace. Why should he hesitate to proclaim that of all in Jericho, Rahab the harlot was alone saved? Poor, self-righteous mortal, in crying out against this boldness of speech you are denying the fundamental principles taught by Christ. As we have seen, there is no affectation or mere sensational aims in the evangelist's preaching.

Was Christ immodest when He gained over to an immeasurably higher love and a deep contrition the Magdalen? when he rebuked the disciples as well as the Pharisees who would have stoned her? The evangelist's powerful sermon on Rahab, one of the elect of the Lord, one whose red signal from her window is the type of the sacrifice of Christ, is but a deep showing of the gospel in its fulness. [8th of John.] Self-righteousness is the bane of the lower Christian life. This he opposes. He gives his hand to the thief, the drunkard, the sinner, whatever his past has been. Searching thus into the hearts of the most hardened, he touches the consciences of those who had been thinking themselves alone worthy of God's love. While anger most rages at his outspokenness, then quietly do consciences turn in upon the guilty or the uncharitable. The evangelist's absolute sincerity dominates his every thought. Be assured that he would preach to the outcasts, in the hedges and byways, if he could find no other hearers; but, in fact, the sermons to the vile only lead up to the saints who walk with God.

It is no small net that he casts into the sea. His sermons and doctrine are symmetrical, a web cast out from the one centre, line upon line reaching out to every possible point of human attachment. All experience and emotion ministers to his one theme of pardon and love. "He is the modern St. John," said the people of Hustonville when he first came among them in the beginning of his work for his Master. All that he has lived bears upon his present life. All that he knows of men—their hearts, their habits, the good and the evil in them—comes into his present activity. This

explains his fulness. Concentration of his whole being into one endeavor explains his power. It is the wisdom of experience quickened by the wisdom of faith. His sermons are the vital part of him, the quintessence of his existence. The love he has borne his children, the memory of their prattle, the years of hallowed affection for wife, his own childhood, youth, and manhood—whatever the past has had for him of good or evil, whatever the future may have in its storehouse of promise, or that the present yields in happiness—all find a place in these talks face to face with mankind. It is this knowledge of the universal heart, this unfolding of the secrets of his own, that wins over to him the people despite the clamor of authoritative opposition. It is sympathy, with its power of equal pressure like the elements on all sides, that enables him to get a response when he says to the weary man, Come, and I will show you rest. His authority is that of knowledge, his warrant that of Christ's word.

Even the health of the evangelist is an element. He is given to his work, body and soul. He is never weary in any sense. He is the exponent of what he teaches, that the Lord is with him that believes. All the stream of his life flows into his being to be outpoured again.

Somewhat apart from the consideration of his style is that secret of his power which consists in his having, as critical theology runs, something new to say. To him no part of the Bible is meaningless. He makes living thoughts out of forgotten or explained-away lore. The pages of the Old Testament once more glow with pictures brighter than were ever wrought by toiling

pen in the day of the illuminating monks. With words of gold he traces figures that more delight the heart than ever did they the eye. Dark passages are lit up with a light that was meant to burn always, but quenched by exegesis and philosophizing. He relumes lamps along the ways that were darkened.

What a masterly stroke of skill or genius is this which proves the authenticity of the Scriptures by bringing the scenes pictured in it so near to our daily life, so close to our heart! There is one of the hidden secrets. How keenly the evangelist analyzes character, and how fearlessly he lays bare the weaknesses of the old kings and prophets! He does not worship Moses. He does not speak with his hat off, as it were, about David. He worships God alone, and patterns after Jesus alone. His perfect love has cast out all fear. He preaches the possibility of a life in Christ, which is the highest type of human existence. He expects, if he abides with Christ and fully wins his crown, to finally "walk through the serried ranks of the angels, and they will do obeisance to him." This assurance he holds out to all. With this faith and this fidelity to his Master, what does he care for the false modesty which would make the gospel nugatory?

Even if this were less the case, the feeling of the true poet and of honest manhood should have its latitude. He touches upon every incident of life, and preaches to no one class. It is not Rahab alone in the Bible that he makes appear as a thing of to-day. He finds in those sacred pages the baby in the cradle; then the "little Tot," the king of the household, strapped to his chair at the paschal family dinner; the husband,

the wife, the father, the mother, the bride; the poor drunkard, who "has wandered far from the kingdom;" the fallen and shame-flecked sister, the thief, the "respectable, clever, kind-hearted gentleman" who passed the wounded traveller on the other side—what a series of pictures from the illustrated book of life, incidents as old as recorded word goes and as new as our daily experiences! "A man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho—that's the road you and I travel. You and I go down—always down, down from the innocence of childhood to the folly of youth and the wickedness of maturity." It is you and I with the evangelist always. The love of the prodigal son to the forgiving father; the wretchedness of Saul who perishes by his own hand; the vainglory of Absalom—on and on he passes through the one book which epitomizes the world's joys and sorrows, all typical and prophetic, and gives to each hearer his portion in due season. It is this, his faculty of mind and heart, which expands the vision and the susceptibilities of him who will listen to the evangelist.

Remembering that George Barnes is consecrated to his work and cares nothing for the babble of praise, that he is absolutely free from affectation, we are in position to consider his frequent deflection from that purity of language which distinguishes him—his use of what may best be called the idiom of the day. The range of humanity to which this evangelist preaches requires of him perfect freedom of utterance. When he says, occasion demanding, "I feel as fresh as a daisy," the illustration is like a flower fresh plucked from the field. He means it. You feel it. His is no

careworn face. He carries no burdens. His existence is joyful. Attacked by "discouraging" circumstances, a lunatic preaching on the corners against him, a preacher inveighing against him in a fashionable church, the newspapers throwing malicious paragraphs at him, he may say, "I am as happy as a blackbird in a new ploughed furrow." His elastic nature, his alertness of look, his ready speech and overflowing spirit confirm the truth of his expression. "You'd better believe he did," describing Lot's desire to get out of Sodom, is the apt saying, after his description of the old man's compromise of himself and his recognition that the Lord's wisdom was unerring. "He won't do to tie to" finds a response in the mind of every boatman who has consulted trees and stumps along the river banks in a fog. "Pulling on a cold collar" brings to mind the shrinking action of a horse when a cold collar is put on its neck. What there is at hand in a subject he uses, whether it be an experience formulated in phrase or an illustration of his own fancy. "Don't just make a bare living with your faith," he exclaims in encouraging Christians to get out of the poverty of their spiritual life. In convincing those who are lagging behind their faith and leading the "wilderness life," he does not hesitate to bring the fact to their consciences by referring to them as "parched-corn Christians" and "vinegar-sop saints," living on little when they might find abundantly. "Frost-bitten Christians" are too common in the world to admit of criticism on his form of telling the unpleasant truth. When he speaks of Galilee as "a land of devils and hogs," it lies in the contrast.

"Don't be shocked," he exclaims, "because I call the devil a liar. God says he is a liar and the father of lies, and the sooner you understand that fact the better you will get along." In fact, all he says is homogeneous. It is all a part of his faith. It is an every-day, practical Christianity with him.

This freedom of speech gives to his methods a certain swing, sweeping down the barriers which would confine universal salvation of believers to narrow limits. "You won't catch me wandering in the wilderness between here and heaven," is a fervid, self-confident outburst of every-day speech which strengthens the weak and invites a like joyousness and confidence. These unwonted outcries of exultation are as full of truth and sincerity as the ripe grape is of wine. No, no. The evangelist does not use the "slang of the day" for an idle purpose. At all events his Christianity is of more account with him than purism in speech. His beauty of thought and words far outweighs the captious objections to what he takes from the mouths of the people. "In the great roar of rebellion that fills the earth," he says, "how feeble and fluctuating the song of praise." Then his love for God and his devotion to Him who died on the cross and yet lives shines like a light over all. "Dear Lord, we want to see the rightful king have his own," a touch of every earthly romance of wrong, Shakespearian in its sympathy and honest simplicity as told by the great dramatist of Prospero and of the rightful duke in the forest of Ardennes—a sentence which adds up all human wrongs and yet falls short of what is due his Master.

The evangelist's sermons are all cumulative. There is unity throughout. Whitefield consistently preached the wrath of God. George Barnes consistently preaches the love of God. That is the conquering power he tells about. He does not fear the devil when he holds fast to his faith, for then "he will spread his dragon wings and you shall see him no more." With what a blessed sweetness fall such words on the believing heart as the evangelist utters them at the close of a sermon. That is all. He had already "spread his dragon wings," perchance, to him who heard.

The evangelist is childlike in simplicity in prayer. He approaches his God as his Father, and uses no stereotyped phrase, nor changes his voice into the unutterable lugubriousness so common. "Let us praise Him," he says, kneeling, and his petitions have a charm of loving utterance and appertain to the day and the hour in variety of expression. As we may imperfectly gather, thus: "Let us praise Him. Dear Lord, we can never praise Thee enough, and we are so glad our poor imperfect utterances are welcome to Thee. There is nothing in after life so sweet to the natural heart as the first lisping childish prattle, and so we believe our first imperfect praises down here are as welcome to Thee as any other in all the eternal future. We know Thou dost bend Thine ear to catch the jubilant sound of our praises, and the heavens listen to the earth. We know there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents, because a soul comes out of darkness into light and out of Satan's kingdom into the kingdom of love and blessedness forever. The hour-glass is turning, and soon the things we prize

most shall be covered with shame and everlasting contempt, while that which faith appropriates shall abide forever. Dear Lord, we adore and praise Thee. Spirit of Grace, who takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us, we adore Thee, we go to Thee. To know Jesus is joy unmixed. We walk with Him, and when we sleep He keeps us, and when we awake He still abides with us."

This prayer is a type of the evangelist's spirit, of a man walking with God. Surely his utterances must be measured by his faith and not by the common use of words, for he is meek of spirit, saying: "God writes no higher eulogy on a man than that he has a quiet and meek spirit. I know many consecrated people—ministers—who have no meekness or power. How I long for the Lamech life—and I will have it too."

A few extracts from the sermons of George Barnes will illustrate more than one of the characteristics indicated. In Anderson County, Kentucky, noted for its large distilleries, he spoke:

"Let no one suppose me for a moment to be any other than a whiskey hater. But when that is said, I am done. If any one thinks me a whiskey manufacturer hater, or a saloon-keeper hater, he does not know me. If any one supposes that I consider it my mission to attack those dear people because they see fit to manufacture or sell the awful stuff, then they mistake my mission utterly. If I know my commission it reads, "Love your neighbor as yourself," after loving God first; and my neighbor is the one who needs my help, if I have any help to give. I will no more attack the manufacture or sale of whiskey, than the drinking of it. It is not my business, because it is not the Lord's business in this day of grace, to raise the question of sin against the sinner. What then? I will show him as best I can a

Saviour. If I can get him to come to Jesus, I know Jesus will not only save him in his sins, but from his sins. Meanwhile, I am not a judge of what is sin for my neighbor. I bring him to Jesus, and leave him in love's hands, where all things are righted in a way that the heart fully approves and indorses. 'The yoke is easy, the burden light.' So I don't expect to open my lips about whiskey while in Anderson, in an offensive way. I will tell every distiller in Anderson, just as I will every unsaved farmer, that God has nothing against him at all. That He opens His arms to receive him, and no questions asked. He can save him with ten thousand barrels of the stuff in bond, as easily as he can save a poor fellow with ten glasses under his jacket; as easily as He can save a stingy, covetous farmer or merchant, or tradesman, who loves money better than life; as easily as He can save a woman with a bad temper or an unruly tongue."

Here we have a glimpse of what may have given offence to the elders and brethren at Perryville:

> "'Come, holy spirit, heavenly dove,
> With all thy quickening powers;
> 'Tis a point I long to know,
> Whether I love the Lord or no;
> Our souls can never rise nor go
> To reach immortal joys.'

"Did you ever sing those songs, those devil's ditties? The idea of setting such devilish words to music. For God's sake, don't sing them, especially don't put the choir to singing them. If you must sing such devilish ditties, sing them alone. If all Christians should go about acting on the principle embodied in those songs, what wretchedness it would make in the city of Louisville to-day. Come, now, Jesus is your bridegroom, and you love to hear His voice; you love Him. Why, then, do you sing those devil's ditties? Suppose your wife or mine, or Smith's or Jones's or any body else's, should meet every Wednesday night and say, 'Tis a point I long to know, whether I love my husband or no.' How would you like that? Then don't insult the good God Almighty, the husband of your souls, by singing such songs. I would rather have my tongue cut out than to

sing it; I ain't going to set my backsliding to music. What have you done? You have gone and set 'Old Hundred' to long-metre time, and it's a psalm of glorious praise. It will be piped out in fifty churches in Louisville to-day when the service is over. I want to shock you, and show you how you make the devil's noise in long metre, and how he comes in and cheats you out of this glorious praise psalm. 'Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.' Was there ever anything more exultant and joyous than that? This is what they call 'Old Hundred;' it is set to the tune the old crow died with. [Here the speaker caused great laughter by burlesquing the popular way in which the popular doxology is usually sung.] Am I travestying or libelling? No. I am giving the devil his due. He set it to that long-metre tune. I don't care whether through Martin Luther or whom. This is what makes Sunday a long and weary day. The devil has changed a praise note to one of agony. Sing it in short metre, rapidly and triumphantly, like the music of marriage bells. Put it down, reporters: I want the people to know that religion is a thing of joy and sunshine."

The evangelist is always thoroughly in earnest. He does not, in the following passage, for example, call the devil a liar for mere effect:

"'Thy Kingdom come.' This does not refer to the millennium. No praying will hasten or delay that period when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. That is a fixed order. It refers to a kingdom set up within the heart—to a *now* kingdom. The devil tells Christians what a good time they are going to have in heaven—no sinning there, no sickness there—and always hides the fact that there need be no sinning nor sickness here and now; he is a liar all along the line—an up-and-down liar. We may have a good time here, and good tempers here, and heaven—a little heaven—all the time here. I want to get your thoughts to-day down from heaven to earth. That's the song and the word. A now salvation. Let Thy kingdom come now. Victory now. Freedom now. A kingdom of joy and peace. Our wants are intense. We are needy now."

He is after the truth, whatever his form of expression :

"It's a finished work. God gives us eternal life because we are sinners. God saves me because I am a sinner. Now I say, God damns me because I am a sinner. There is stultification on the very face of it. God don't save me because I am a sinner and need to be saved, and damn me because I am a sinner too. I am damned because, being a sinner, I reject Christ, the remedy for sin, because I don't accept the Son of God. God gives eternal life, and Paul says, 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth;' then he sweeps the whole deck by adding, 'nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Get Jesus, and you get it all. Oh, how many centre all their thoughts and work about themselves and impose burdens on themselves when we are called to lay aside every weight and run the race—the devil knows how to handicap us all. He that hath the Son shall not come into condemnation, because he has passed from death unto life. The blood of Jesus is the remedy for sin and frees us from condemnation. Oh, how mighty is the logic of the Gospel! How glorious is the plan of salvation! How easy. I never think whether I am to be saved in heaven at last. Oh, how many are forever fearing and wondering if they will get to heaven! I never give it a thought. That's all settled. I mean to be saved. I am going to win the prize, because I'm not thinking of George O. Barnes. I'm thinking of Jesus Christ—a much better subject to think about. I'm looking to Jesus, and whosoever looks shall live. It's the easiest thing in the world to be saved, and to keep saved. The devil makes it the hardest thing; but the devil is a first-class liar. Don't be shocked because I call the devil a liar. God says he's a liar and the father of lies, and the sooner you understand that fact the better you will get along. Stand fair and square, and look him in the face and tell him (the devil) that he is a liar when he says the service of Christ is hard and grievous, and when you get salvation you can't keep it. Jesus says, 'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light, and my commandments are *not* grievous.'"

How tender, even in the bare abstract, are his words about the Good Samaritan!

"A man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho—that's the road you and I travel. You and I go down—always down—down from the innocence of childhood to the folly of youth and the wickedness of maturity. He fell among thieves, and they left him for dead. See in this wounded traveller a photograph of yourself—lost and ruined. He is stripped, wounded, and will die if he isn't relieved. Comes a priest, a respectable, clever, kind-hearted gentleman, but he passes by on the other side. A Levite looks at him, and tries to see whether he is alive. 'Poor fellow, I wish I could help you.' [The evangelist gave a dramatic rendering of the shocked and disgusted action of the priest and Levite.] Don't understand that those men were hard-hearted wretches—they couldn't help that wounded traveller. They were helpless, bound hand and foot by their holy office, forbidden to help by the law. 'Whosoever toucheth one that is slain with a sword in the open fields, shall be unclean seven days' (Numbers 19 : 16). Paul exclaims (Romans 7 : 3), 'For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.' If he had been an angel, the law could have done well by him. Because the law is holy and good, it can't save an unholy one.

"Came a certain Samaritan—one of that hybrid race that the Jews would have no dealings with. He said, 'I've no caste; nothing can defile me; there's nothing to spoil.' Do you recognize in this type Him who 'was sin for us, though He knew no sin?' Yonder is that snake hanging on the tree. On that cross the powers of death and hell were let loose upon him, that they might not be let loose upon you and me. The devil and his angels tore and rent him on that cross of shame. He was a Samaritan and had a devil. 'He made himself of no reputation.' *Praise God that He was an outcast, a pariah.* That's why he could come to me and pick me up and put me on his horse and carry me to the inn. Did the Good Samaritan lift up the traveller's poor, mangled head and say, 'You're gashed up pretty badly, my friend, but I see a chance to get in another lick or two?' [illustrating]. Bang he takes him on the head! That's the way I did for so

many years—convicting sinners of their sins, telling them how bad they were. No, the Good Samaritan neither banged nor stabbed him, but took eare of him. That's what Jesus does, who eame to heal the broken-hearted. This story is an autobiography to me. I've felt the Good Samaritan's comforting hand under my wounded head. I know what He did with me, and He'll do it with you. He tears His own clothes to strips and binds up the awful dagger-thrusts. He heeds no danger in that lonely spot. 'I'll save this man, or die with him.' It's no easy task to pick up a man who weighs one hundred and fifty and put him on a horse. It takes a terrible effort to bring him up. Our Good Samaritan will walk that you and I may ride. That's Jesus over and over again. *I take it that the inn means the Church; I wish there were but one blessed church.* I'm talking about the chureh that God founded, where all bore eaeh other's burdens. '*Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners.*' *such a church would be.*

"Mark that he gives him two pence. Why not a bag of gold? Two penee is a day's sustenance. 'Give us this day our daily bread.' There is only a day's sustenanee, but with it a promise worth ten thousand talents. Here is a man taken up, and all he did was to allow himself to be saved. 'Whatsoever he spendeth more, when I eome baek I will repay thee.' He's good for it. Thank God, my Good Samaritan is good for all my debts, past and future.

"How do you think that plan will work? The Good Samaritan has gone. Pretty soon the host eame in and begins to tell the wounded one what his friend has done for him. 'You are in good hands, my friend; your seore all paid; don't you fret. Oh, these things work on a man's heart. 'The morning he left I saw him stoop down and look at your wounds. Tears rolled out of his eyes and fell upon your faee. I saw him stoop and kiss your lips. He said to me, "I eharge you to take the best of eare of him."' Days go by, and the convaleseent hobbles out on crutches. He asks many questions. 'Which road did he go?' Pale, worn, he sits in a nook by the wayside, always looking one way. The passers said, 'Poor fellow, his wounds were too mueh for him. What a wreck he is!' But he knows what he's there for. That's the road the Good Samaritan went. Day by day he goes a little farther, and one day, while he is looking and long-

ing, upon a distant hilltop he sees a figure, and he knows it instantly. He rushes forward, and, falling at the feet of his benefactor, kisses the hem of his robe. Another instant, and he is clasped to the breast of his Saviour.

"Oh, dear friends, I am giving you an autobiography. I'm waiting for my Good Samaritan day and night. One of these days I shall see Him, and then we will never part. I have known Him long, but that is nothing like seeing. I commend His love to you."

To illustrate how spontaneous and varied his sermons upon the same subject may be, as he delivers them, the following report of a sermon on the Second Advent delivered in Indianapolis, Indiana, is given here, to be compared with sermon No. 5, in Chapter XVII.

Miss Barnes sang "It may be at Dawn" and read the 25th chapter of Matthew—the parable of the Ten Virgins. "I don't know what you think about the second coming of our Saviour," said the evangelist, "or whether you think about it at all, but I believe it's very near. I believe before five years are past the dear Jesus will be here. I don't propose that He shall take me by surprise, as a thief in the night. I propose to be able to say, 'Dear Lord Jesus, I've been looking for you any day and all days.' It won't do to say, 'Well, dear Saviour, now that you've come, I'm glad to see you, but really I wasn't looking for you.' I'll wait for him to-night, to-morrow, and until He comes. 'To them that look for Him shall He appear the second time.' I don't see any promise that He will appear to them that don't look for Him. I want to give you as easy a receipe for winning a crown as for getting salvation. 'For me there is laid up a crown of righteousness,' says Paul, 'which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but to all those that love the appearing.' That's it—'love the appearing!' Only to those that look for Him shall He appear. Only those who long for and love the appearing shall be caught up into the air to meet Him. The negative side of the questioin you may see in the parable Marie has just read you. All those virgins were saints. God never called a sinner a

virgin. Five wise and five inconsiderate--foolish is too strong a word. Those inconsiderate ones came in afterward, I take it.

"Oh, brethren, begin from this night to wait for Jesus. Begin to want to see your Saviour just as you want to see your wife when you have been away from her for six months. You know when you want to see anybody. Would you like to see Him to-night and be called to meet Him in the air? Ah, beloved, there are many of you who don't want to see Jesus, who are saying, 'Dear me, it would scare me out of my wits.'

"Oh, how busy He is to-night, preparing a place for me up yonder in the house of many mansions. It's so common in our household to wish for His coming. Marie so often says, 'Oh, papa, don't you wish He would come to-night?' We're looking, waiting for Him every hour. It don't interfere with business.

"That kind of looking which prepares a robe and goes and stands on a hilltop, I've no patience with. He'll be best pleased when He comes to find us doing His work. I expect to preach twice and three times a day until He comes. Then I'll be glad to see Him, and He will be glad to see me.

"My dear old father was tried for heresy before the Synod of Ohio, forty years ago, for preaching the second coming of the Lord. A very small and uninfluential party thought our Lord would come, and a very small and uninfluential party thought He would not come; but the great body of the synod didn't care whether He was coming or not. So the blessed old man was not molested. If Jesus Christ should come to the Synod of Indiana to-day he would find it much like that of Ohio forty years ago.

"I tell you why I think Jesus is coming very soon. You know about Moody—that bootmaker's clerk who is moving the world, and who stands head and shoulders above every other evangelist in the world? It isn't brain power that enables him to do it, it's Holy Ghost power. Well, Moody believes Jesus is coming before he dies, and that's the backbone of his ministry. You have heard of Whittle, an old agent of the Elgin Watch Company, and of his great revival work? The backbone of his work is a belief that Jesus is coming very soon. You know of Henry Varley, the butcher of Whitfield, and of his

wonderful success in saving souls? His cry is ever, 'Jesus is coming in my day. Awake, awake, awake! Behold the bridegroom cometh.'

"Harry Moorehouse, a little cockney Englishman, but full of the Holy Ghost, is continually telling his hearers, 'Jesus is coming, and coming quickly.' All the men God is using in this extraordinary manner predict the speedy coming of the Lord. Do you think these heavenly-minded men are all mistaken, and that the cold, dead, sleepy world and church only are right? To which would the Lord be the more likely to commit the great secret? I bring myself in only as a cracker to the whip, but the speedy coming of the Lord is the backbone of a ministry by which I have saved twenty-seven thousand souls. 'At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' To-night these evangelists are girdling the world with this cry. This truth is not revealed to the great mass of men, only to those that look and long for it, just as it was at the first coming, when only Simeon and the three wise men were expecting the coming Saviour.

"I frankly confess to you my ignorance of the prophetical Scriptures. To use this question as a matter of the heart, Do you love the Saviour? [addressing the question to himself]. Indeed I do. Would you be glad to see Him to-night? [fervently] Oh, oh, oh, wouldn't I! He knows it, and I know it. When He comes, there ain't power enough in hell to hold me down, because I 'love His appearance.' No lark ever bounded up to carol its morning song with half the joy that I shall to meet my Saviour in the air.

"Somewhere near where we stand to-night closes the six thousand years of this old world. As certainly as Simeon knew the Lord was coming without knowing the day or the hour, so certainly I know it now. The legend runs that for six thousand years there shall be labor and tears, and then shall come the millennium of rest. I don't believe in this earth as the future abode of the church of the firstborn. The New Jerusalem that comes down from the Lord out of heaven fixes its place in the air. There will be a lower order of saints to people the earth.

"Haven't I got a good thing ahead? Oh, brother, sister, won't you share it with me to-night? Won't you believe me when I tell you your Saviour is near? For, as it was in the days of Noah, they bought and

sold, and married and were given in marriage until the deluge came. As it was in the days of Lot, men went out to their business just as they had the day before, when, all at once, from the midst of a cloudless sky a single drop of liquid fire, and then another, until the whole sky was a deluge of flame.

"The thing I'm looking for is the unobserved coming of Christ. It will not interfere with the world's business. I wish I could think it will break up the churches, but it won't [with sarcasm]. There will be plenty of saints left to run the churches. This world shall seek for those who shall be caught up into the air, and shall not find them. But the seven days' wonder will soon be forgotten, for the signal for the unlocking of the powers of darkness upon the earth, when shall be such tribulation as the world has never seen. I make no doubt some of you think I am wild, an alarmist, 'but the wise, they shall know and understand."

The evangelist's daughter sang, "Only a Step to Jesus," and as the last note died away without any response to his appeal, Mr. Barnes said, with solemn earnestness, "And that's just the way the last invitation will die out some time, just as the tone of that organ sobs into silence. Shut out, shut out, not by any arbitrary decision, but by your own free choice and neglect of God's offer."

The four extracts which follow abound in passages of vigor and beauty or characteristic expressions :

"Another thing I must notice. 'whose seed is in itself.' One lie begets another. So, little boy, don't tell one, or you will have to tell two to cover up your tracks. It's a poor rule that don't work both ways, and, praise the Lord, this one does work both ways. My soul fills with gratitude as I go along scattering these seeds. They are little seeds, but God will give them root and make them grow. *Thus cheered, I stride joyously along from furrow to furrow.* I had a friend who never ate a peach or an apple that he did not scrape away the earth and bury the seed. People laughed at him ; but how many shade trees have grown from those seeds? You don't know which shall prosper—this or that ; some rough heel may break them down,

but some will grow. In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand, for you don't know which shall prosper. In Green County there is a peculiar yellow plum that you rarely ever see anywhere else in the State. A gentleman brought a seed from Virginia and planted it in his yard years ago. These trees, so plentiful in Green County, all came from that one little seed, 'whose seed is in itself.' Let us not be discouraged, but go hopefully and bravely on dropping little seeds, uttering never a sigh or groan; God's spirit will care for those dropping little seeds of kindness, little words of love. Never a one will be lost, for God has a book of remembrance. Glory to His dear name forever and ever.

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"The wise men were true men and found salvation, but they are typical of a large class. Now let us see how they acted. They followed the star, and one day they lost it, and so came to Jerusalem and went about asking, 'Where is he that was born king of the Jews?' Now, I don't know how they lost their way, but I think it was about in this way. They stopped one day for dinner, and while they were eating they got to talking theology. One of them said to the others, 'Now brethren, in the first place, Jerusalem is the city of the great king. In the second place, it is the metropolis of Judea. In the third place, it would be the proper place for him to be born. In the fourth place, where else could he be born? and in the fifth place, I know he will be born there.' Then, as they were chopping logic, the star disappeared, and when they came out it was gone, gone, gone [the preacher looking right and left, up and down, expressing bewilderment].

"So the wise old fellow, one of those deep thinkers—oh, brethren, beware of the deep thinkers; the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God—this wise old fellow began his arguments again, checking them off on his fingers. 'Firstly, a miracle never works as you think it will; secondly, when there is no more need of the miraculous, the miracle disappears; thirdly, he is to be born at Jerusalem; fourthly, we know where Jerusalem is; fifthly, let's go on and have a good time there.' And so three wise men became three fools, three ninnies, three donkeys braying about the streets,

and all through deep thinking. Truth doesn't come by reason; fight shy of men who reason; and take the star of God, the blessed Scriptures.

"Thus the wise theologian became nonplussed. So one day he met the others on the street, and he said 'I'm a fool,' and embraced them, and when they were through kissing, then, like a flash, the star appeared again. They were true men, don't you see? and when the devil interferes with true men he throws a boomerang—that's a thing that flies back and hits you on the head. God overrules, after all."

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You can never change planes in glory. You will go on and on, but always on the same plane. You will be perfectly full, but you may not hold but a gill. The matter of capacity must be determined by yourselves. This is why I would have you grow, passing on from the first day to the second, third, fourth, and so on to the seventh day, the perfect day. In California there are trees that were saplings when Mohammed was a babe. Their life may run back to the time when Jesus Christ was a babe in His mother's arms. What were they then? That giant tree was a little brown seed or a shrub that you could have stamped to death under your feet. Apply this to your souls and mine. I have the feeling of the Son of God; 'Now are we the sons of God, but it doth not appear what we shall be.' *Yes, I have that within me which, if it only had the garment which God will one day give it, men would fall down and worship me as I walk along the streets*, instead of abusing me and lampooning me in the newspapers. We shall be like Him when He comes. Let us not be blind to the glorious destiny which God has prepared for us forever. George Washington lay in a cradle; Jesus Christ himself was once a puling little infant.

"*On the other hand, this Zaccheus was* a first-class scoundrel. Jesus Christ didn't make his servants out of good people. They were riff-raff, and the Lord made them good. Remember Mary Magdalene! Remember Zaccheus! Our friend Matthew may have been a first-class thief. Zaccheus was not only a thief, *but a very diligent thief.* He had stolen himself rich. Into this accursed town of Jericho, where

dwelt this rich scoundrel, the Saviour came just once. Zaccheus had short legs, and couldn't see over the heads of the crowd, and, just to see who it was, he climbed a sycamore tree. When I get to heaven, one of the first things I do, I expect to ask dear Zaccheus this question: 'When you were waiting there a-straddle of the sycamore, didn't you make up two or three first-class plans to rob somebody?' Mark the Saviour's method. He didn't preach Zaccheus a sermon. That would not have worked. Zaccheus was impudent as the devil, with the cheek of the devil. The Lord knows how to confer a favor by first asking one.

"That's God's way. 'Zaccheus, will you give me some dinner to-day?' I wish you might have seen the little rascal's eyes twinkle at that. I wish you could have seen him get down out of that sycamore tree and trot home with his little short legs beside the Saviour. Jesus didn't make a single condition, didn't ask Zaccheus for a cent of his money, and yet mark how this genuine son of Abraham was converted down to the very bottom of his pocket. He makes haste to say, 'I've got too much money. The half of it I give to the poor; now, do you think it will be enough if I give back four times as much as I stole?' Jesus answers him, as he answers us when we ask what we are to do: '*Just as you please, Zaccheus—just as your heart prompts you—that is a question for you to decide.*' That is the kind of religion that does things."

He is always sententious and picturesque, and often, at an unexpected turn, inexpressibly tender:

"You can't find anything nearer heaven than the family circle. It is God's theological seminary."

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"Trust the Lord all you can to-day, and you will trust Him more to-morrow. Asking God to increase our faith throws the blame of your lack of faith on God."

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"Now most of the pictures of the old masters are daubs of the devil, but I haven't anything to say against 'The Annunciation'—that face

of heavenly beauty with its shade of sadness, the hands meekly crossed, and the head bowed. I don't know how many things you may read in that face—love, sadness, humility. I am not a Mary worshipper, but I am a thousand times from that wretched Protestantism which is more abominable than mariolatry. I place her higher than any woman that ever lived, heading the ranks of heaven."

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[With outstretched arms.] "What have you against Jesus? He has nothing against you; that is all settled. He wants to save you."

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"In that highway of our kingly King—in that way of holiness—there is no lion nor ravenous beast, but the ransomed of the Lord come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy. I walk there to-day, dear friends, and will keep on till the way ends in glory."

CHAPTER XV.

LATER CAREER.—DAYTON, OHIO.

It had long been in the heart of the evangelist to carry his labors to the home of his youth, Dayton, Ohio, where some of his best affections had been formed—a scene hallowed to him by the humble but earnest and influential pastorate of his father.

He waited to be led by the Lord, and at length the call came, to which he gladly responded. Leaving Frankfort, Kentucky, where his missionary work in his native State culminated in such power, he reached Dayton June 27th, 1882, and without an interval of rest began preaching in the Skating Rink, the largest edifice in the city, capable of holding an audience of about 2000.

It was here that he had to "fight the beasts in Ephesus."

The opposition to the evangelist was positive, general, and united. The preachers held their flocks well in hand. Infidels and church members readily and cheerily agreed together, before hearing him, that the man was a lunatic and a schismatic. It was a curious medley, the clamor that was raised. The most monstrous rumors about him were believed and retailed from pious mouth and godless lip. An individual who had followed him from Kentucky established himself

on the street corner devoted to the venders of "wizard oil" and the like potent nostrums, and discoursed with large voice and animated gesticulation concerning the "crank" who had deserted his wife in poverty, and had committed other deeds of atrocity. This individual illustrated his tirades with cartoons of the most absurd character, representing the evangelist as a long-haired, uncouth barbarian. He was listened to with attention and applause. The newspapers, whose charter of existence is fair play to all men and honesty with the public, gave reports of the sermons which were as detrimental to the evangelist as if maliciously meant. On more than one occasion, when the Rink was filled with hearers, in number one thousand or more, the papers represented that "by actual count three hundred and fifty-six were present." Failure was the wish quite as much as the prophecy. The religious newspapers gave great space to showing the heresies of the preacher. The evangelist, contrary to his rule, made one correction. His friends sufficiently refuted other misstatements. Anointing with oil was jocosely referred to as "smearing on axle-grease."

Rev. Prentiss de Veuve, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, one of the finest palaces of the kind in a city of churches, delivered a sermon, published by request and gratuitously distributed, which was an adroit but unmanly and covert attack on the evangelist. It was an unfair statement of the case, and met with a reply in the minds of all who heard the evangelist as he kept on his even way, undisturbed in his preaching of what he held to be the truth. Among the utterances of De Veuve were :

"It is no new truths we need ; no startling, distorting, and misleading presentation of the grand old truths. Work after that fashion may create a stir for a while, only in the end to prove wood, hay, stubble, or even worse than that. . . . If now the Church has in any way forfeited the sympathy of the ungodly masses, let the true reason for the fact be found out, and let the Church give herself no rest until it is found out and corrected. If it be the pride of wealth, or the chilling repulsiveness of overmuch culture unsanctified by grace, the evil will be cured only as the cause is discovered and removed. But assigning false reasons for the fact will not remedy it. Maligning God's own chosen agencies for converting mankind, caricaturing His gospel, or overstraining truths until they appear to be, if they are not, poisonous errors, will fail to accomplish any good ; temporary successes won upon false principles will simply result in ultimate disaster. . . . The frantic efforts which little sects of separatists are making to attain holiness of life by their novel methods is a melancholy feature of the religious life of our age as of other ages. All forms of pietism, Plymouthism, the 'higher life' doctrines and 'Second Advent' theories of our day are about as useful to arouse the Church as blowing soap-bubbles against a mountainside. . . . We want none of these nostrums to cure our spiritual maladies, but simply an awakening of believers to the sinfulness of their hearts, and their need of a fresh application of the cleansing blood, and of the constant indwelling of the sanctifying spirit to convince them of sin. . . . But the aim of the advanced thought and of the crank notions of our day seems clearly to tend toward the same loose views of the Church as were held before that heroic protest was made in the sixteenth century. Against this widening of the strait gate to admit any one on their mere motion, we must protest loudly and long. . . . Then these oft-expressed longings for a new gospel will cease, and all the self-righteous separatism which misleads some honest souls and deludes many dishonest ones who would thus try to attain to holiness as by a patent method, will vanish out of the Church, and the gray streaks of morning will soon be seen in the east—the day will break, and an evangelized world will welcome the returning Lord."

When there was not wilful perversion of the evangelist's utterances, there was misunderstanding and ignorance. Neither in Dayton nor elsewhere did he attack the churches, but he was always bold in pointing out the causes of deadness. A part of his mission was to arouse all men to an uncompromising faith. He satirized the fashions and follies of pride in them, and called upon Christians to remember the ideal congregations of the apostolic days, where all were brethren, the one helpful to the other, sympathetic and loving.

Offence was taken at his plain speaking concerning the lowly and the abandoned. The Dayton papers said that his sermon on Rahab might suit the Kentucky people, but not the Dayton people. In short, the very self-righteousness mixed with human vanity, against which the evangelist has always preached, and will ever boldly battle, asserted itself in Dayton, unconscious that it was exhibiting proof of the need of the words of warning uttered by this fearless mentor. One elder in the church with a ready pen wrote communication after communication to the newspapers. He was finally checked by a fellow-churchman who wanted to see fair play, who in a short card asked if "Brother —— will allow me to publish a private letter written to me in regard to the condition of his church?"

Dayton is one of the most beautiful inland cities of the United States. Thrift is to be seen everywhere. Business and prosperity seem to sing a chorus together. Sitting in the park under the shade trees, the plashing of the fountain and the soft rustling of the leaves make an undertone to the whirr of machinery near by.

Comfort and wealth, beauty and elegance are in the homes, on the streets, everywhere in the self-satisfied and admirable model city of peculiar Western energy and sagacity. Fashion has her sway. Business and fashion go hand in hand right merrily. The blunt obstinacy of trade and the narrow capriciousness of fashion are mingled in one. Trade believes in a conservative religion, and fashion utterly rejects a gospel that gives any room for Rahab. What between the social ostracism imputed in the term "mountain evangelist," the vain-glory of being a different class of people from the rough dwellers in the hills and of a higher intelligence, the determination not to hear and the united policy of ignoring the evangelist—they succeeded in keeping up false impressions in regard to him and his teachings.

But he stirred the town to its depths. He preached from June 27th to August 9th, twice each day of the week and three times on Sunday. It was a siege of Jericho. Never did George O. Barnes rise with greater spirit to his theme that God is love, than in this long series of sermons. His most loving messages, sermons that melted the hearts of men, were outpoured often to a handful of people in the afternoon gatherings. Learning, love, and wisdom, warmth of utterance, unequalled grace of expression endeared him to those who profited by his talks as they wondered that such a man could fail to touch the general heart. At last the public, conceding that it was mistaken in its cruel estimate of him, gave way. The meetings were transferred to Gebhart Hall, a more central place of gathering, and the harvest which had been silently ripening

began to fall under his sickle. People began to realize that a cruel, a heartless injustice had been done the evangelist. "Why, that man is as clear-headed a preacher as I ever heard," would say one who had hitherto listened to the misrepresentation and kept away by it. "Why, he is not ignorant," said another. "I have heard all the preachers—Talmage, Spurgeon, Beecher, all of them—and this man Barnes is greater than any. I wouldn't have missed him for anything." And so the tide of comment came in full and strong.

In the mean time there was a compact body of listeners who were present night and day from the beginning to the end, fearless and earnest Christians, people who would suffer expulsion from their churches rather than deny their faith and its joys. Mr. and Mrs. George Hauk, Judge Lowe, and others were full of friendly zeal for him and his ministry. A marked feature of his work in Dayton as elsewhere was that the poor and the neglected and the wretched in life listened with tears of joy to the bright words of assurance and hope that fell from his lips.

In the diary of the evangelist there is not the least suggestion of the spirit of that criticism with which this writer has analyzed the Dayton experience. There, as throughout the record of his work, George Barnes has no complaint to make. He was hurt by the neglect, but felt "sure that a blessing was behind it," and in place of discouragement was written his unfailing motto, "Praise the Lord!"

The daily cost of the Rink, and later of Gebhart Hall, was ten dollars. What the evangelist had in hand was unreservedly spent in his work, and when this failed

friends in Dayton and in Kentucky responded, hearing of his need. His work was restricted in every possible way. Had he been allowed to preach to the inmates of the Soldiers' Home, men free from the prejudices of the city, we can imagine the result. As it was, he closed his meeting with one hundred and sixty-two conversions, and anointed one hundred and sixty-four.

DIARY, *July* 9. Hubert Williams and a few of the old acquaintances of boyhood present. Five confessed. Mentioned the daily cost of the meetings, and left all free to give or not; asked nothing. One good brother gave $50 after the meeting—a stranger from Wisconsin. Sister Joe Gaddis gave $50. PRAISE THE LORD. This runs us to the twentieth day.

July 16. The Lord gave special light and liberty on the Queen of Sheba, and many misty points cleared up while I was speaking. Oh, how good is the Lord in teaching!

July 20. Our wedding day—the twenty-eighth. It seems so short a time since our two lives flowed together to be one henceforth. It will be but the turning of an hour-glass before we will be where there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, save the one ineffable one with Jesus. We shall be the "Bride, the Lamb's wife." A shocking report of last night's discourse in the *Journal* of to-day.

July 24. Praise the Lord for giving perfect rest in the long trial. Never in all service has my heart been kept in such perfect peace. How good is the dear Lord thus to make compensation.

August 4. Visited a Mr. Hargrave, in consumption. The Lord laid his case on my mind, so that I could not get away from it, and a visit soon showed me what was needed. His wife, a noble-looking young woman of twenty-five or thereabouts, had never confessed Jesus. She did, however, after a little gospel talk, and the young husband was anointed for healing. Thank the dear Lord for sending me to them. Light given while preaching on the siege of Jericho, as I never before saw it. Praise the Lord. About twenty took a step forward. A good meeting at night, thirteen confessions. The first real old-

fashioned meeting yet. Oh, how glad we are. This "turning of captivity," how blessed!

August 5. Old Sister Wood anointed—the good old woman, who offered us a furnished house to live in as long as we were in Dayton.

August 6. At 3 P.M. service, at last, children enough were gathered to have a nice meeting. Sixty-four confessed, and did it beautifully. A fuller hall at night than ever; close attention. Nine for soul and six for body.

August 7. Fourteen came for advances of various kinds; not put down in my numbering, but surely registered in heaven. Five anointed. We hear of many cures in different directions. At night, seven confessions for soul and two for body.

August 8. At night, the fullest hall yet, and close attention. No confessions, and I closed the meeting, led, as I fully believe, by the dear Lord. The people seemed surprised.

August 9. There is a sort of softened look in all faces this morning, now it is settled we are to go away. One of the clerks at the Phillips House actually said good-morning for the first time in forty-two days, having been sullen, not to say impertinent, from the first. The other young man, as well as Mr. Ridgeway, has been courteous all the time. Astonishing how one polite word makes one forget everything. A good many of the dear Christians who drew around us from the first called on us. I met several on the street who had been greatly blessed. Loving hands and hearts at the railway station "good-by."

The evangelist's trials in Dayton were peculiar. To the Stanford paper he wrote:

"Before I forget it, what an awful one that was, 'cut out of cloth,' that you copied from the ——. I never, in thought or word, as I am a Christian gentleman, consigned my blessed old grandmother to hell, for teaching my mother anything, or for any other cause whatever. On the contrary, I believe she is happy in heaven this minute. That is certainly unique and original in the devil, who is the 'father of lies,' and I suppose I must let the other papers have the credit of

sending it on its journey round the earth, followed lazily, if ever, by the truth—that slow, slow coach in this devil's world. Alas! Well, well! I have outlived more lies than this, though never a meaner one, and I shall beat the devil and all his agents in time. It is a mere question of that."

The pastor to whom reference is made in the following extract was subsequently expelled by his conference:

"Wife and girls have just gone out to dine with my dear old friend I. Y. Leming, who got such a blessing at the Danville meeting that it has filled him ever since. He is a pastor here in the Methodist Church, but is on the point of being 'cast out' as a Barnesite, as dear Garrison was ousted from the Presbyterian fold for the same offence. Leming had the audacity to be anointed a day or two after I came, and the LORD cured him in 24 hours of a distressing malady. But this was a committal for which he will have to pay the price. John 9 and John Wesley's biography go over the whole ground. As soon as Garrison was turned out, the LORD gave him such power in soul and body saving as he never had before, and now he is evangelizing like a very Apostle. So will Leming, I am sure. He is a dear brother. When even 'father and mother forsake, the LORD will take up,' as Scripture declares."

In denying that he spoke of "Colonel Robert Ingersoll as 'Bob Ingersoll,'" he wrote to the Dayton *Journal*:

"But, gentleman as he is, scholar as he is, intellectual giant as he is, and, above all, attacking a theological God who is wholly indefensible, by Dr. Talmage, Judge Black, or any one else, he stands upon such a vantage ground that I do not wonder he is 'sweeping the decks' by his oratory and making infidels of thousands upon thousands of the best thinkers of our nation—old and young. And I frankly confess here, as I have often said from the platform, that if I had no other God than the God whom Col. Ingersoll so fiercely,

justly, and successfully assails, I would gladly take refuge, as he does, in the only comforting thought left, that there *is no God*. Oh, if he only knew my God, and the God and Father of our Lord, JESUS CHRIST, I believe he would trust and love and preach Him as I do, while abating not a whit of his opposition to the *devil enthroned*, whom so many thousands in and out of the Church are trying to worship and serve. How unsuccessfully, let the dead churches and deader church-goers witness. 'The stream rises not higher than its source.' "

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

DIARY, *Aug.* 10, 1882.—The atmosphere of this place is widely different from that of Dayton. We felt it from the first moment. Brave Brother Talbott, pastor of the Meridian Street Church, has taken a noble stand, and the Lord will bless him for it, I doubt not. I believe the ministers here will be as cordial as the Dayton preachers were hostile.

Aug. 12. Twelve anointed for healing, including two preachers.

Aug. 13. Brother Mitchell, of the Presbyterian Church, invited me to attend the meeting of Presbyterian ministers at the Y. M. C. A. rooms; had a full conference, very satisfactory. They were all very kind and cordial.

This fraternal feeling and the general disposition to deal kindly and fairly with him rejoiced the evangelist. The interest in his preaching spread from the congregation of the church which had invited him, to the public, and soon from the largest theatrical hall people were turned away who would gladly have heard him. Here and there he had old friends whose love the rudest rumors had never disturbed. Among them was Rev. L. G. Hays, Presbyterian, a former fellow-laborer in India.

At the first meeting in the Meridian Street Church the evangelist gave an informal talk, which very

plainly stated the circumstances of his ministry. He said, substantially, as roughly reported in the *Journal* newspaper:

"I shall not attempt to preach a sermon, in the conventional use of the term, and yet it will be a sermon. The fact of the business is, preaching goes a very little way until one is on terms with the people—which I am not here. I have come here to labor among you for the Lord, and I will keep on until you spew me out or give me my walking-papers. I feel a little queer in a church. I have been preaching so long in the woods, up in the mountains and in halls, that I am not used to it. I feel very grateful for the kindness of the members of this church in asking me to come here. I am not too bad to be here, and I feel perfectly as fit to stand here and preach the gospel as any man in America. I will yield to no man in devotion to God. I am an ambassador to Christ. I come in no apologetic character. If I am not an ambassador of Christ I am a vile impostor, and would deserve to be tarred and feathered and driven out of town. You will be blessed for inviting a man, who was under a ban on account of his work, to come here and labor among you for the Lord. I thank you with all my heart, and that is all I can say. I don't blame you for any unfavorable impression you may have formed. I know that if I see anything in a newspaper I believe it ought to be true, and it ought. To this day I can't get over this illusion, and I don't blame anybody for anything they may have been led to think by it.

"My first object is to save sinners, and I know that Indianapolis is full of them. You know it as well as I do. The first thing we ought to resolve to do is, do whatever we can to save souls, dropping all minor differences. Hand on heart, that is my only object in coming to Indianapolis. Whether right or wrong in my interpretation of the Scriptures, if God uses me in saving souls, my work is right. Never mind if I talk slang. If God saves souls by me, upbuilds churches by me, then you ought to stand by my side and help me. It was one of Abraham Lincoln's wisest and shrewdest sayings when he said, "It isn't time to swap horses when you are crossing a

stream," and you and I have no time for quibbling, disagreeing, or quarrelling when doing the Lord's work.

"I call upon you to know if God has not blessed my ministry. I have gathered from sin twenty-seven thousand souls from all walks, from Governor of the State of Kentucky, Secretary of State, and Judge of the Court of Appeals, down to the lowest grades of life. Considering the great number, a smaller per cent have gone back than any revival you ever heard of, and I challenge comparison. If it isn't the work of God it won't stand. You can go wherever I and this dear girl have been, and you will find that churches have been built up by us. The cream of the churches are our converts. These men have been instruments of blessing, many belonging to churches where the doors were closed in my face, and where it would have been regarded as a disgrace to have admitted me. I ask, Who has kept us safe and well in all these six years I have been working for the Lord? For over four years we have worked, day and night, and have been perfectly well. We used to take Saturdays, but during these four years we have had nothing of what people call rest. Who has kept us up? Did the devil? Can you explain it upon natural causes? Here we are, better than when we started. There has been no reaction, because no weariness. In the old ministry I would wear out in ten days, and would have to go home to 'recuperate my lost energies,' as the local newspapers used to say. The very moment you bring the soul in it is explained. That is what my darling and I have done. Then we gathered in tens, and now we gather in thousands. I want you to explain how twenty-seven thousand souls were gathered in this ministry. Don't you see that God is in it and on my side? If I can only prove it, I will have you on my side. If you haven't confidence in me personally, my words would fall like spilt water on the ground. If you believe me true and honest, you must see that there is something more than man in this work. God is in it. It is not, then, a question as to whether you like me or my story.

"One of my objects in coming here," he said, in the course of his remarks, "is to do what I can in restoring backsliders, and I wouldn't be surprised if one half of those here are of that class. I

want to preach a gospel that will restore them. As a rough guess I will say there are 10,000 Christians in Indianapolis, and I will venture that there are not 1000 who have been converted during the last year. Yes, I will say 500—even 200, and I don't think I will be cutting too close by coming down to 100. What I don't know about backsliders isn't worth knowing. I have been one myself. The condition of the church makes my heart ache to-day."

After stating that afternoon meetings would be held each day, and devoted to what is obnoxiously termed the higher life, in which he would preach a gospel which would be a blessing to those whose hearts are hungry for it, he made mention of Faith-healing, and said, "One of the latest fruits of my ministry is healing the body. Jesus Christ could heal the body as well as save the soul, and it was on this basis that he bore our burdens and infirmities. There are many suffering bodies in this city, I know, and if I can do anything in the way of healing them I shall be so happy. The apostolic practice teaches us that if we will come to God He will bless us. *I dispute that God ever decreed that a man should become a minister without bestowing upon him the gift of healing ailments.* It is my intention while here to practice healing the body in connection with preaching the gospel."

In speaking of the reports about him which had gone about the world, he said: "There is a current impression that I am a disorganizer. I will make an honest confession of everything, because it does my soul good. When I came out of the Presbyterian Church I was as the ordinary preacher. I began looking at the evils of the church too much, at the evils of my life too little, and I came to the conclusion that I would leave this corruption. After that I went around knocking heads, on the same principle that Paddy did at the fair, to hit a head whenever he saw one. I fell in with the Plymouth brethren, and to-day I believe as strongly in their teaching of the grace of God as ever, and think it is the purest doctrine I know. Their hostile attitude toward everything suited my mind, but I began to teach things that God taught me, and they spewed me out. One day Moody, the dear soul, who never lost an opportunity to do a person a good turn, called me into his room and said, 'You are wasting your life, Barnes; you are not a reformer; if I thought you were,

I would tell you to go on and seek your martyr's crown. You are an evangelist.' It flashed on me that quiek that Moody was right," he said, snapping his fingers, "and four days after I left for Kentucky, and Marie and I at once began work."

In closing, he said: "I believe God has told me to say just what I have, and I do pray that all I have said may sink into your souls."

Let us run hastily through the diary.

August 17. One man bravely took Jesus for strong drink and tobacco.

August 20. The *Sentinel* of this morning is "out and out" favorable to the meeting, the really kindest defenee we have ever had from the press.

August 21. Went with Brother Talbott to see a sick parishioner of his, Mrs. ——. I was faithful in showing her want of faith, as revealed in sundry forms of speech she used. The old lady at last agreed, with tears, to trust Jesus fully. She gave me, through Brother Talbott, a ten-dollar gold piece, which looked too mueh like a fee to suit me, but I took it rather than give offence. Afternoon meeting well attended. Sang the L. M. doxology, which sent an old brother away in a rage—like Naaman.

August 22. Visited the sick most of the morning; found an old "mother in Israel," whom it was a joy to talk with, her faith was so childlike. The best Christians are gathering more closely round us. Others gainsay, and others still blaspheme.

August 23. Dear little "Crieket" came in from Catlettsburg, Ky., yesterday. She looks sweet and natural, and we were all so glad to see the dear girl. At night a larger congregation than usual, the conference delegates being in force. The Lord gave freedom on "Our Advocate," to the delight of some and the disgust and alarm of others.

August 24. The Indiana Conference is assembled, and the city is full of elergymen. Our serviees feel the presence of these brethren. House quite full at afternoon service. Lord gave sweet liberty on "God is Love," the third sermon on the defence of the dear Lord against theology.

August 25. Out early to get "dodgers" printed announcing the meeting in English's Opera House for Sunday. Secured the elegant room for $30 for the three services—cheap. Had five thousand handbills struck asking THE PEOPLE to give me a hearing. If this shall fail, I think the dear Lord will have us strike our tents. Nine for soul, six for body, afternoon ; one for soul at night—an anniversary gift, for this is the sixth of my birth of "water and spirit"—25th August, 1876.

August 26. Being friendly disposed, went up town to visit the Methodist Episcopal Conference in session. Found them taking communion, and joined in with one of the successive bands who knelt at the altar. Ate and drank with great joy in the Lord.

Sunday, August 27. A packed audience in the Opera House at night, and hundreds sent away for lack of room. For the first time had an audience of the populace. No confessions morning and afternoon, but ten at night. It was a refreshment to our weary souls to have these. After night service I proposed to continue in the Opera House if ten men would be responsible for the rent. After a little hesitation a Kentuckian led off, and the citizens followed.

August 29. Afternoon, twenty-one for soul, nine for body ; the best meeting yet.

August 30. Afternoon, twenty-one came forward for soul, six for body. An old brother shouted aloud, he was so full. A dear sister spoke out in meeting, unable to restrain her words. All melted and blessed.

September 1. The night meeting was held in the Christian Church, corner Delaware and Ohio ; house jammed to its utmost capacity, but it was only large enough to hold seven or eight hundred. A cosey little meeting, in which we all felt very much at home.

September 2. A blessed day, the best in Indianapolis. Mayor Downing sent two carriages, and we went out to the Female Reformatory. Nearly two hundred, old and young, assembled in the chapel, and the Lord gave power in preaching on "Nothing against you." Sweet gospel, how it filled my soul in speaking ! Every one—one hundred and seventy-four—confessed Jesus. About half were prisoners, and half girls and children. Some held back, but afterward

came forward. The notorious Mrs. Clem, a murderess suspected, she wanted time to consider, but at last yielded and gave her left hand. Afternoon meeting well attended ; twenty for soul, eleven for body. At night in the Park Theatre for the first time.

Sunday, September 3. A blessed day in the Park Theatre ; crowded house, especially at night, when perhaps one thousand people went away, unable to get even standing room. The Lord gave me a telling word on hell in the morning, because all His own word. Twenty-five confessions during the day. A day of power and blessing, long to be remembered.

September 4. The Dickson Brothers, lessees of the Park Theatre, have proffered its use for the week free—a noble offer. Lord bless them for this ! The afternoon service glorious, decidedly the best yet ; forty confessions, most of them for *crossing Jordan*. The work goes gloriously on in the hearts of saints. Brother Sharpe and wife took Jesus for power in going to their new home in Montana. At night, four confessions. Brother Walk sat on the stage—a kind indorsement we shall not forget. The gas company gives us the light free for the week.

September 7. Contribution-boxes at all the services is my present trial. Lord show me the right.

September 8. At afternoon meeting, forty-six for soul and fifteen for body—the very best service yet held.

September 10. At night we had to enter by the stage door for the pack. The dear Lord gave twenty-one in answer to trust. Read a letter from Colonel Ingersoll.

September 11. Brother Myron Reed preached against us yesterday. Afternoon, thirty-nine for soul and nine for body.

September 12. Second visit to a poor colored girl with rheumatism. I had great comfort in praying with and anointing her in Jesus' name. Afternoon meeting blessed as usual ; twenty-five for soul, eleven for body. Brother Leming is being persecuted by his conference.

September 13. One old gentleman sent me a confession by letter. He is blind, and unable to attend. His daughter reads the reports of the sermons, and he seems to have been thus brought to a decision. Praise the Lord. A confession by letter from Shelbyville.

September 14. A wretched fellow, who had reported me as wishing to charge him $5 to anoint him, promised Munhall to come with him and confront me with the statement. He didn't come, and we praised the Lord, as we had been trusting Him to straighten it all out. The devil is *so* mean.

September 15. Called on Brother Walk. He gave me a savagely abusive article from the *Christian Review* on him for countenancing me.

September 16. Afternoon, over one hundred confessed for a *trustworthy* plan, forty anointed for healing; everybody filled to overflowing. At night preached on Pentecost, and had liberty, but was too sharp on the poor preachers; confessed and put away.

September 18. The afternoon meeting the largest yet; fifty confessions and thirty-five anointed. Three were anointed for cancer.

September 19. I have been greatly gratified by people stopping me on the street and thanking me for the blessed gospel. The Lord has wrought a gracious work in Indianapolis, greater than we have dreamed of. A glorious afternoon meeting; over one hundred for soul and thirty-eight for body. I made a few words of answer to Myron Reed. I hope it will be blessed. I spoke without malice.

September 20. At 7.30 A.M. we went to Plainfield, Hendricks County. Preached at the Reformatory for Boys; three hundred and twenty-five present, and three hundred and twenty-five confessed. Governor Porter and lady with us. The Lord gave a glorious meeting—a real parting kiss from His lips. Fifty confessed the dear Saviour and ten were anointed, without a call for such. The Lord crowned this real "red letter" day with blessing.

September 21. A crowd of loving hearts bid us "God speed" at the depot in spite of the rain.

To the Stanford paper he wrote:

"A noble State charity near the city is the Asylum for the Insane. The grounds are lovely, buildings superb, everything as sweet and clean as money and care can make them, and all that tender ministry can do for the six hundred wretched immates is done. We made the sad rounds of the wards, and I do not want to visit an insane asy-

lum again until faith rises to the point where in Jesus' name I can cast out the devils that infest these poor distracted creatures. I am sure the power *to* do so is available now as in the days of our Jesus tabernacling in the flesh. And I will go on to know the LORD until I have that power yet, fanatical as the thought may be to some. I am sure that the root of insanity is demoniac possession, and to 'cast out devils' is in my commission. But the difference of faith was clearly seen even among the disciples of the LORD. John, loving and lovable as he was, never raised the dead as Peter and Paul did. And Thomas called Didymus, I doubt, could hardly cure a toothache with his 'seeing and believing' sort of faith. Yet those who practice what they have shall have yet more, as Jesus promises, and there is no limit to the growth of the mustard seed of faith if only we will *plant it*. That is our part. Long before being taunted with inability to empty a lunatic or a blind asylum, the longing came to my soul to be of use to these most wretched of my fellow-creatures. I make no boast, but I know JESUS is able and willing to save these from this living death, and I will go on until HE can use 'even me' in this blessed work. For now HIS power goes out as of old through human instrumentalities, 'the treasure committed to earthen vessels,' that He may have more joy. 'Greater works than these shall *ye do*, because I go unto my Father.' Is that true or false? If true, it covers all the ground I ask for."

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The stay in Cincinnati was short—from September 22d to October 8th, inclusive, as to services. Nath. Woodcock, the zealous Kentucky convert, made all the arrangements for the evangelist's coming, and procured by subscription money to pay the rent of Melodeon Hall. The interest of the public was in a glow when the evangelist took his departure. His farewell sermon was preached in the Grand Opera House to an overflowing throng. During the stay in Cincinnati he

was in a whirl of hand-shaking and greetings from friends from all quarters. An excursion came from Kentucky. The results of the work were about three hundred confessions; two hundred and fifty were anointed. The evangelist visited the House of Refuge. He had taken ninety-five confessions when the directors interfered. The awkward interruption left the children dumbfounded, and the evangelist and Marie retired regretfully. At the Home of the Friendless he had for congregation eleven of the inmates; one was already a Christian, two were Catholics, the other eight confessed. "A blessed meeting; the Lord opened my lips," he wrote in the diary.

On the way east by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, stopping over at Catlettsburg, the scene of his early labors, an unexpected and gratifying oration was given at Paris, Kentucky. In the darkness and rain large numbers of friends came fully half a mile to greet the evangelist and to say a hurried word of cheer.

CATLETTSBURG.

October 10. Lyde, Minnie, Cricket, Al. and Labe met us at the depot last night. It was "too sweet for anything." Such glad welcome overwhelmed us. Catlettsburg, the river, Sandy, all as familiar as yesterday. Was greeted by several with a PRAISE THE LORD, very sweetly. Services in Opera Hall at night; nine for soul, seven for body.

Thus the grateful and loving heart in the Stanford paper:

"But Paris can always do a lovely thing on very short notice. The evening was threatening, with a drizzling rain, the new depot was at the Maysville Junction, half a mile out of town, and darkness had gath-

ered before the train arrived. But there Paris was, as if friendship and love had turned out en masse to greet 'the troupe,' and as the air-brakes checked our speed, we looked upon such a crowd of upturned faces and outstretched hands that we were simply overwhelmed. It was the gratefullest ovation that even exacting love could ask. We bear it away, to think of a thousand times when in stranger lands we long for a memory of the past to refresh us. Even little children had insisted on being brought down to say good-by to us. I can see the little hands, eagerly outstretched, as I write these words, and the gathering tears call a brief halt in putting it all down. Oh, of all whom I shall meet on the other shore, there will be none dearer than the 'little children' the LORD has given me to gather for Him, and I shall see not one or two, but many tiny hands held out to greet me as I join them 'over there.'

"But the bell rings, the train moves slowly off, and the loving faces vanish in the darkness to reappear in the light that shall never grow dark, nor ever dim, when Jesus comes. Other dear friends would have met us along our route, but they knew not of our coming. We peered into the night at every well-recollected station, but saw only strangers. At Lexington we said 'good-by' to Nath. I never want to say as hard a one again,

"'Take him all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

"It seems now as if we had always known him, and scarcely believe that our acquaintance and friendship is only the brief growth of less than a year and a half. We miss him more than I can express. Sister Willie Lillard, which name I more often call Lily Nillard and think the title more appropriate, in company with her friend Mrs. Gordon, of Winchester, bade us adieu at that place. 'Praise the LORD,' came steadily though huskily from each, as they went their way and we ours. Dear Jesus, hasten Thy appearing, and the era of joy and gladness, where partings are unknown."

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

October 16, 1882. Brother Tinker met us at the depot, and did everything that was courteous. A live man, constant talker, prodigious worker. He took us to the house of one of the members to board—Mr. Nash's. The Yankee custom of the paterfamilias helping every one to everything observed. I rather like it, as patriarchal and hospitable.

October 17. Last night we had our first service with a few earnest people, who listened attentively, and after sermon we had a good hand-shake while singing. We felt quite at home very soon. At the afternoon service to-day, only sixteen attendants, fourteen of them women. Some looked astonished, others pleased, some perhaps a little disapprovingly. So must it ever be.

October 18. The newspapers gave a short, snappy notice of the service last night, describing me as a typical Southerner, lank, cadaverous, long-haired, but "worth hearing," and advising people to go to the meeting. The afternoon congregation much better. Twenty-two confessed for blessings of various kinds, falling in sweetly with the message, and eleven came for healing. At night a good attendance for this night of storm.

October 19. A long walk with Brother Tinker. We strolled up Washington Avenue and down Broadway, taking in the monument over Uncas, "The Last of the Mohicans," Benedict Arnold's homestead, Dr. Bacon's church, the Catholic cathedral, etc. A beautiful city beyond anything I know in this or any other country—the prettiest variety of architecture and landscape, the cleanest streets, and wildest scenery.

October 20. Brother Tinker called for me, took me to his study, "quizzed" me, looked a little startled, cautioned me. His folks had been after me about my "Calvinism," but good stirring meetings, by the Lord's grace, seemed to reassure him, though the night sermon especially was right across everything. Twelve for soul, five for body.

October 21. Another stroll with Brother Tinker. Checked the in-

flow of suggestions as to how a meeting ought to be conducted. Told them I was not Mrs. Van Cott. Fifteen for soul, six for body.

October 22. Saturday night and Sunday morning the baked beans of New England appear, a very delightful dish, as indeed all the Yankee dishes are that I have tasted. At night packed, and hundreds going away, not able to get in at all. At 3 P.M. I went to Dr. Palmer's Congregationalist Church, having nothing to do till 6 P.M. The building is of gray granite, with heavy square tower looking as if praise the Lord or any other sound of joy was foreign to it. The whole structure from without looks like a monster tomb, and inside, the sombre stillness, dim light, the dejected-looking worshippers, sprinkled sparsely over the great room, the whole dismal service seemed befitting only a sepulchre. The pastor has a good face, is a polished speaker, and seemed hungry for better things. The text, from "My soul cleaveth to the dust—quicken me," with opening hymn, "Oh, could I find from day to day A nearness to my God," with "Oh, for a closer walk with God" to finish, told the whole story. I fled from this burial-place of souls, and only breathed free when I came out as from a grave.

October 23. A lady called, and took the girls out riding. Brother Dimock, a grocer and member of Brother Tinker's congregation, did the same for me. Visited a wonderful cotton-mill. Fourteen for soul, four for body.

October 24. The combat deepens. Brother Tinker has been in twice, discharging himself like the contents of a Leyden jar. Explosive or nothing with him. A very dynamite of humanity he is. To-day clerical and lay—the Universalist minister and the editor of the *Bulletin*—agree in denouncing me as a "blasphemer" and injurious. Eleven for soul and three for body. At night, on "Pentecost," repelled the accusation of being a blasphemer and not preaching repentance. The Lord gave liberty and gentleness combined.

October 25. A lovely day and a cheery walk with Brother Tinker. He had his budget of advice about preaching; how fastidious New Englanders were; better drop slang, etc. Twenty-one for soul, one for body. Brother Baker, Methodist, read for me. Praise the Lord for one more theologue.

October 26. Brother Tinker and a lady prayed of their own accord. Nineteen for soul, seven for body.

October 27. "Now, brother, I know all about the slang, and all that. If the Lord wants me to change in that respect, I will do it, if not, not." "That is the Lord's way, so that no flesh may glory in His presence; so I think He will not have me abate one jot of my rough ness among this so-called refinement of New England, but go on with jaw-bone and ox-goad." Afternoon, twelve for soul, four for body. At night preached on the Second Advent. Brother Horr, of the Baptist, shook me warmly by the hand, saying, "I indorse every word of what you preached to-night." Brother Fellows in the pulpit. Two confessed the dear Name.

October 28. One poor fellow confessed, who has been lingering around for several days, a wretched victim of Methodism, who because he had fallen thought he was no Christian. Even after confessing to-night, he drew me down and whispered, "I want to be a Christian, if I only knew how." I assured him he was a Christian by the confession of Jesus, and bade him now go on his way rejoicing, and let love and gratitude make him a *good* Christian. After dismissing the congregation in much better spirits than usual, for we had three preachers on the platform—Baker, Brown, and the colored Brother Winn, who read the lesson for me, coming in late in black kids, but a good and nice brother. After the dismissal, without a warning, came what, for want of a better word, I call the

TINKER TORNADO.

After dismissal he came, in what I at first took for his usual nervousness, and said to me, "You shocked my people terribly to-night." I said, "Well, if what I said shocked them, it was what they needed." "But," said he, still more excitedly, "I think it all damnable nonsense, and I shall have to knock it all down, and will do it." I had put on my overcoat, and as I passed into the aisle merely said, "I think it the Lord's precious truth, but if you can knock it out of your people, you are welcome to do it." I thought to escape him, but he followed me into the street, again and again saying, "It is all the damnable Calvinism that still hangs to you

and unless you cease to preach it, you can't preach in my pulpit again." I replied, "As you please, but sleep over this and pray over it, and talk to me in the morning, and don't say anything more to-night." I don't know how many overheard his personal remarks as we walked along with others leaving the church. At Brother Nash's door I bolted in. He followed, after ten or fifteen minutes, in the lower hall. . . . I prayed for Tinker, and went to bed at the usual hour, sleeping like a babe. It is wonderful, the way the Lord kept me quiet. It was a less stormy interview than with Brother Watson in Cincinnati, but the storm was of the same kind—the irrepressible conflict between the truth of the gospel and the awful lie of Arminianism that Jesus cannot and does not save SINNERS. . . . Only a few preachers here and there will listen to "my gospel." We trust the dear Lord to get us out of this muddle and into a hall. Lord, this is Thy gospel! Provide a way that it may be fully preached.

October 29. Brother Tinker called in the morning. . . . I told him he would have to take the responsibility of breaking up the meeting himself; I would preach until put out. During the morning discourse he broke in once excitedly and aloud as I was talking of Solomon's and Lot's salvation, with "Yes, but they repented." I didn't notice it, but just went on. Of course the people saw that something was the matter, and the time was wasted inviting sinners to come to Jesus. Before lunch, another interview with him and young Morgan, who has been our steadfast friend. Brother Tinker wished to get me to commit myself to the horrible proposition that if a man once confessed Christ *he might go on to sin that grace might abound.* I simply denied everything, and defied him to prove it from any word I had uttered. It was the same old charge that Sweeny made in Frankfort, and that was made against Paul one thousand eight hundred years ago by Pharisees. I am in good company, and glad of it, though it saddens me to see theological rancor. Nothing can appease the awful "*odium theologicum.*" . . . Dear Lord, I trust it all into Thy hands. 5 P.M. PRAISE THE LORD for taking all into His own blessed hands. At the children's meeting blessing came in the very nick of time to save everything, as I fully believe. The blessed

little ones! How often have they turned the tide of battle, and now again as signally as in "Bloody Breathitt" four years ago. Fifty-eight confessions after a little talk on the "Good Shepherd," among them about ten half or three fourth grown girls. A clean sweep of every child, and two came from the rear just as we were about to close—not wanting to be left in the cold. . . . At night, when I reached the church door a few moments from the regular half-past seven, I heard the voice of shouting inside, and entering saw Brother Tinker in a state of excitement, at the top of his voice, moving about the stage, while at his feet on the edge of the pulpit platform several of his shouters were keeping up the awful din with such exclamations as, "That is right," "Give it to him," "That is the gospel," "Go on," "Amen." I understood at a glance what he was at. The pent-up fury at my Calvinism was pouring itself out. Another Tinker tornado. . . . The dear Lord gave me perfect calmness in it all, and I preached on "the Temple" with usual freedom. Of course no one came forward. The gentle heavenly dove refuses to light where strife is going on. Glad when the day ended.

October 30. Brother Tinker came soon after breakfast, and found me with Brother Dimmock, who had come to ask advice as to what the official board, which meets to-day, ought to do. . . . He spoke as a friend, and said the board should not shoulder the responsibility of turning me off, if he could help it. I told him that everything that made for peace would be welcome to me, and we parted. Then took a walk with Brother Tinker. The whole of his talk was to get me to drop "offensive" points. I said, "Brother Tinker, how can they be offensive when the congregations steadily increase, and interest is growing with every service?" . . . Steadily, firmly, but kindly I refused to compromise on the silence line, telling him I had no other gospel to preach but the one I had preached already, and so we parted at my front gate. We trust the dear Lord to get us a hall or some other place, so that the work in Norwich may not be suspended or destroyed. Well, the dear Lord has answered prayer. Afternoon meeting well attended. Seventeen for soul, three for body; evident unabated enjoyment of services. At night, house full, and many going away—galleries being closed. The Lord gave lib-

erty on the "Advocate," and after sermon I alluded to trouble in camp, and asked all who had been at all disaffected on both sides to pledge the Lord with me to sulk and pout no more, and allow the gentle, frightened heavenly dove to settle down upon us. I believe all the disaffected rose, Brother Tinker among the rest. All closed in a beautiful spirit—all rejoicing in the Lord, some even to weeping.

October 31. In the afternoon, fifteen came for specific blessing and five anointed for healing. Brother Tinker gave me another cautionary interview, this time telling me that the city preachers were beginning to come round, and might easily be offended. One man confessed at night. The storm seems really quieted.

November 1. The stupid newspapers muddled everything yesterday, and this morning made it worse by trying to explain. Had the best meeting of the series to-day. Twenty-nine confessed at the morning meeting for the soul, with Brother Tinker (from the pulpit) for a thirtieth. PRAISE THE LORD. He has behaved beautifully since the trouble. At night twelve came for the higher life, as I had been requested to give those who were working in the mills a chance to confess at the night meeting. The atmosphere of the meeting decidedly better than at any previous assembling.

November 2. Brother Wolf, evangelist, present at night. His ringing prayer told us he was walking in the light and in the same line of truth as ourselves. Twenty-six for soul and two for body.

November 3. Brother Wolf has the truth, learned from Moody and the "Brethren." It was joy to rest with one who knows the dear Lord's cross and resurrection. Afternoon, thirty-two for soul and three for body. At night, twelve for higher life, but none for salvation or restoration. "Labor and not faint" is the word.

November 4. At night the devil took a lot of my congregation to a political mass meeting in Breed's Hall, brass bands, songs, etc. Twenty-one for soul, ten for higher life, nine anointed.

November 5. The service in the morning was a communion one, and the Lord gave me an appropriate word of exhortation. It was great joy to break bread with the brethren, even unleavened bread—an abomination that has crept in with *fermented* wine—both by corruption, nullifying the typical and symbolical features of the feast

though, thank God, not the fellowship of heart with heart. Oh, blessed *instinct* of Jesus' life, that survives and rises above all forms and ceremonies. At Breed's Hall at 6 P.M. spoke fifty minutes to a packed house, then at 7.30 in Brother Tinker's church. House jammed, but no break. It was pitiful to dismiss such a congregation without a confession. Perhaps this Norwich devil goes not out without prayer and fasting.

November 6. Twenty-three confessions.

November 7. Twenty for soul, three for body.

November 8. Talmage in at the anointing part of the afternoon service. Forty for soul and six for body.

November 9. At the afternoon meeting, thirty-five confessed, Brother Fellows and Brother Tinker both forward for fulness of blessing.

November 10. "Of the chief women, not a few" have been our steadfast friends—the Lord bless their honest faces—all from the laboring class, as nine tenths of Brother Tinker's congregation are. This is the great obstacle to the spread of the work through the upper (?) classes. Brother Tinker's congregation has always been looked upon as composed of a "good sort of people, but awful ranters, you know." The "upper ten" look down upon them. The few from the aristocratic churches who straggle in look as if they felt that they had gotten into a queer place, and glance at each other and smile, as if to say, "*You* here too? How odd it all is." And the "riff-raff" don't come because they hate *preachers* in general. The preachers are at the license commission now every day, fighting every application fiercely. Dr. Bacon figures daily in the reports, and Montgomery is incessantly active against the "rummies." This *may* be all right, but it cuts this whole class off from the gospel—as they set down all preachers as their natural enemies. No, it is all wrong. Such fruit cannot come from a sound tree. The Lord tells His servants to be all things to all men, if by *any means* they may save some, and again "the servant of the Lord must not strive." Praise the Lord for showing me long ago that my "Πολιτευμα" was in heaven. So the upshot of the whole is this: the preachers keep me away from their congregations, and their political zeal keeps me away from the lowest classes of society, whom I could otherwise

reach. Afternoon, twenty-four for soul, none for body, the first service without anointing yet held. Three confessions at night.

November 11. Took a walk with Brother Fellows, whom I greatly love. He is a Vermonter, and reminds me very much of our missionary Brother Carleton, from the same Green Mountain State. He has been as true as steel to us, personally. Subject this afternoon, "Abraham and Lot." Took occasion to link the teaching of Lot's uselessness as a reprover of sin with the present disgraceful exhibition of the clergy-police in the city courts. It will perhaps "raise a row," but it is truth.

November 12. Afternoon, fourteen children confessed, about all the non-confessors present. At night in Breed's Hall to a great congregation.

November 13. Afternoon, eighteen for soul, four for body.

November 14. Driven out by Brother Nash to Pocotonoc, his birthplace. We visited the graveyard and Brother Nash's lot. Here, he says, he wishes his bones laid. I told him I hoped his bones would never taste death at all. He must keep light enough to fly when Jesus comes. I love dear Brother Nash better every day. He is a true man. Afternoon meeting, thirty-nine for soul, eight for body.

November 15. (Mrs. Nash breaks a leg by a fall; after dismissal of the doctors, the bone is set by one of the Sweets, a family with a remarkable inherited gift in this line.)

November 16. A breezy, bracing walk with Morgan and Fellows, and a talk about sin. The Lord gave me a word that seemed like a nail in a sure place. Telegraphed Thompson, of Waterford, N. Y., that we would be with him on Wednesday, "if the Lord will." Glorious meetings. Afternoon, on the "Great Tribulation," seventy-seven confessed; at night, seventeen more for blessing.

November 19. At 3.30 P.M. by request, at Dr. Horr's Baptist Church. At night, hundreds went away unable to find admission.

November 20. Afternoon meeting was a crowded one; over a dozen ministers present, and a unanimous stand up for advanced blessing and to meet Jesus in the air. Sister Draper led off when I called for testimonials, and soon the responses came like the pattering of hail, until on a call we made it unanimous. The Lord was present in

sweet power, and the people and priests were of one accord and one mind. As might have been expected from this, there was a blessing at night, and at a crowded closing meeting fourteen confessed the dear name of Jesus. Brother Tinker made a very handsome speech before sermon. I spoke a loving word for Brother Tinker, and every one seemed to be satisfied with everything and everybody when we broke up. About one hundred dear friends went to the depot to see us off, and waited an hour or more for a belated train. Results, one hundred and nineteen for soul, one hundred and forty-five anointed for bodily healing, and eight hundred and fifty-seven acceptances of specific blessings of the soul at the afternoon service.

To his newspaper the evangelist wrote fully concerning the "tornado":

"We feel much better to-day than we did last Monday. As the newspapers ventilated the whole thing, I may as well give you the '*straight*' of the late theological tornado that, one short week ago, threatened to uproot the meeting and blow us bodily out of Norwich. My Brother Tinker got on a Methodist *rampage* and stormed a while, but finally settled down, made the *amende honorable*, and has behaved beautifully ever since. After the affair occurred, I learned of strong pressure put upon him, which greatly extenuates his conduct. In fact, all things have been so fully atoned for that there is not a trace of ill-feeling on either side to-day, and the devil only threw a *boomerang*, when he stirred up this contention, that has 'come down on his own pate,' as Scripture has it.

"The occasion of the rupture was my supposed Calvinistic teaching as to what the BLOOD does for a sinner. I taught here, with my usual plainness, that when the LORD absolved a poor sinner, He did it on the basis of a finished work on the cross, that settled everything, past, present and future, and on the basis of a perfect knowledge of everything he had done, was doing, or should do in future. This is the old Pauline doctrine of justification by faith alone, that has always stirred the human heart to opposition, and the devil has always asserted that it gives a license to sin with impunity. In

Paul's time, he rebutted the malignant inference that false teachers strove to fasten to his doctrine, like a millstone, and submerge it forever, thus: 'And not as we be slanderously reported, and as some affirm, that we say, Let us do evil that good may come, whose damnation is just.'

"When I came to Norwich, one of the first announcements made was this: 'This is not a Methodist, but an independent union meeting, that only happens to be held in a Methodist meeting-house.' On that basis I went on, simply preaching the doctrine that has been so fully discussed and criticised in the newspapers, and which I supposed was so fully understood by Brother Tinker, when he invited me, that it would not be a novelty when I preached it. I do not think now, that he would have kicked, had it not been for threats from outside influential parties, to take steps before Conference to have him dealt with for bringing in such a preacher of Calvinism into a Methodist church.

"Last Saturday, a sermon on the 32d Psalm brought on a crisis, and my explosive brother went off with a fearful report. He gave me a tongue-lashing before leaving the church, followed me to our boarding-house, and when I had beaten a retreat to my own room, in the second story, stood in the hall, and in loud, excited utterances abused the 'damnable nonsense' of my 'tag-end of Calvinism.' Wife gallantly covered my retreat and bore the brunt of this last onset, but I heard it all from my place of safety, as I made my accustomed change of clothing after preaching. I hope I shall never again see a parson on a theological tear. The memory of it, as I write, gives me the shivers.

"You may imagine that last Sunday was a trying day to all of us. The pastor glum as midnight; the people, some looking scared, some savage, some grieved. At the children's service, in the afternoon, there was a blessed diversion, and I really believe the little fellows, as they so often have done, turned the tide of battle. Fifty-eight confessed the Saviour, ten of them more than half grown. I praised the LORD, took courage and said to Brother Tinker as I passed out of the house, 'That takes all the theology out of me; doesn't it settle all difficulties?' I went home jubilant, praising the LORD

that the storm was over. Imagine my horror, on going in to the night service, to find Brother Tinker in the most impassioned manner declaiming against 'my gospel' to a crowded congregation and a row of his sympathizers seated on the edge of the platform pulpit, applauding and urging him on. 'Go it, Brother Tinker,' 'Give it to him,' 'That's the gospel we believe,' 'Go on,' Amen.' It was a fearful exhibition, and for a moment I thought of leaving the house. But the LORD kept His dear hand upon me, and after the storm was over and the awkward prayer and singing a hymn by the choir, and the usual collection was taken, I preached as if nothing had happened. Of course no conversions that night. We broke up in sadness and dejection among all who loved the 'place of Zion,' and awaited the outcome.

"It was all over the city, of course. There was running to and fro and canvassing and consulting, and what passed pro and con I shall never know. But it was determined that I should be allowed to go on. At the regular Monday meeting of the Church Board, my name, by agreement, was not even mentioned, and at night the LORD gave me a soothing sermon that seemed to melt all hearts. At the close, I spoke frankly of the trouble in camp, and said that I hoped all would be peaceful in the future, but deprecated a false peace and a sore place only skinned over instead of healed. The Holy Spirit, like a frightened dove, could not alight to bless, unless the reconciliation was genuine, and I invited all who resolved that 'bygones should be bygones,' no pouting nor sulking, to rise and let it be known to all. This met a general response, headed by the now regretful pastor, and after services we had a general, cordial handshake. Brother Tinker apologized to wife, daughters, and myself, and the devil was fairly Waterlooed. Praise the LORD! The blessed cause rallied from the shock with marvellous rapidity, and to-day we are standing on firmer ground in Norwich than we occupied before the tornado. Thus, 'Out of the eater comes the meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness.' Samson's riddle, God's riddle, and we can only wonder and adore.

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"I have just returned from a long stroll with Brother Tinker, and

we are better, truer friends to-day than ever before. I could have hardly believed that we could have all recovered so quickly from such a shock, but our Jesus is a worker of wonders, and the very mountains are lifted and cast into the sea at His word, when we only believe.

"I only give this true narrative of events because garbled statements in the newspapers may create a false impression."

WATERFORD, NEW YORK.

November 23, 1882. Folks rather too solemn, but they will get over that, I hope.

November 24. Full liberty on "Our Father," and people astonished, but deeply interested. Alas! that simple gospel should astound Christians.

November 25. Brother Thompson's life is a very romance of trial. A poor Irish boy, driving a team on the canal, and then a bartender until eighteen years old; gradually awakening to the falsity of Romanism, then tossed on a sea of atheism, then gradually coming to Protestantism; converted at a camp-meeting by the persistence of a good man in talking and praying with him; then turned out of doors by his own mother; struggling for an education and winning it, landing exhausted at thirty in the Methodist ministry. He was sanctified by faith a year ago, so I have no fears of his opposition to the holiness meetings.

November 26. At afternoon meeting, forty-nine children confessed.

November 28. Went with Brother Thompson to a ministers' meeting at Troy, where for a couple of hours I was edified by a discussion of the best way to bring the *law* down on the Sunday liquor-sellers. One brother included the newsboys, who disturbed early slumbers with their untimely cries on the Sabbath. Not a word of *grace*, or how to save the souls of the "rummies" and ragged *gamins* of the gutter. I came away with a heavy heart.

November 30. Thanksgiving Day. Our afternoon service omitted for turkey's sake. I submitted with a wry face. At night had an excellent congregation. Some rather "strong meat" in the sermon,

that scared a poor pastor a little, for he told me I would "have to soften up" a little—that his faith was failing. I replied, "Let the Lord manage this meeting, and don't you meddle with Him." For a while I felt as if another, Tinker tornado was brewing.

December 1. At the close of the afternoon service Brother Thompson remarked that "Some might think these teachings of Brother Barnes were new, but there was nothing new to him. Perhaps Brother Barnes made injudicious remarks, etc., but in the main he was right." So at night I took occasion to say that "my gospel" did not stand in need of apology or indorsement from anybody; it stood on its own merits.

December 3. At night preached on the "Four Gospels." Brother Thompson said, after sermon, "That is the finest thing I ever heard." I kept silent, and only felt disgust. He informed me that the "official board" had resolved to close the meeting at the end of the second week—if there was no break. (The results so far have been eighty-six, a small proportion of whom confessed for the first time; thirteen had been anointed. The weather was cold, and the congregations often small.)

December 4. Slept well last night, on the announcement of "the official board." Our experience has some new feature in every place. A letter from Dayton this morning from Sister Hauk, with forty dollars in it—straight from the Lord indeed, for we were on our last five dollars, and a washing account coming in this morning. (The evangelist had sent seventy-five dollars to his son, Will Barnes, who with companions had set out to evangelize in Tennessee, and were in need.) Sent ten dollars, as requested, of Mrs. Hauk's forty dollars. Wonders will never cease; our washerwoman charged us less than half we expected to pay. In the afternoon thirteen came forward, Brother Thompson among the rest, for "a knowledge of God's word."

December 5. Eight for blessing at afternoon meeting, one sweet little girl confessing for first time. At night Brother T. dismissed *us*, but not the meeting. . . . I opened not my mouth.

December 6. Went alone to New York City. Brother Thompson came to the depot. . . . He said, "I didn't know you were

going so soon." I said, "Why should I stay after being asked to go?" There the subject dropped. We parted courteously. On the cars wrote a Christmas circular to friends appealing for aid to go on with the work.

NEW YORK CITY.

December 6, 1882. The evangelist meets with Rev. A. B. Simpson, and assists him in one of his consecration and healing meetings; finds friends in the Stoddards, and is welcomed by others; moves into rooms corner Forty-fourth Street and the Bowery; hires Clarendon Hall for services. For the first time since his missionary work began, the evangelist finds himself without the usual voluntary agencies which had been so helpful. He will strike for the people. He is for the moment almost without funds, and inadequately supplied for his immediate purpose.

December 16. Isaac (Kiggins, an old friend) gave me twenty dollars, dear, good, generous fellow-soldier. Wants all supplied as they arise in the most wonderful way by our dear, dear FATHER. Hall rent paid to Saturday night. Many came forward to shake hands after services; the Lord is rapidly raising up friends.

The newspapers had preconceived the evangelist as a ragged mountain man, and the wide publicity given to this estimate of him seemed to fix the false impression. The account of the first meeting in Clarendon Hall given by the newspapers was in large part absurd, as all must know who have read these pages. With this entry of judgment on the account, the following extract may find a place in these pages as an example of the exceeding fallibility of that system of news-

paper reporting which values the picturesque more than the true, deceiving itself and misleading the public:

"If the Rev. George O. Barnes, the Mountain Evangelist, had appeared at Clarendon Hall last night in a slouched hat, red neckerchief, his trousers in his boots, a brace of revolvers and a bowie-knife stuck in his belt, it would not have seemed out of character. He is the true type of mountaineer—loose-jointed, with long black mustache, flowing black hair, and piercing black eyes. In a long black broadcloth coat and orthodox white tie, he looked as if he were masquerading, but the disguise could not conceal his picturesque aspect. Among the commonplace types which made up his audience—the sandy-haired and whiskered men comfortably filling large overcoats, and women whom one associated with large families snugly put to bed before meeting-time—the evangelist appeared like one of a different species, as indeed he is.

"His delivery is as picturesque as his appearance. His favorite position is to bend forward, the left foot far behind, one hand resting on the cabinet organ, the other extended in front, the ends of the fingers turned downward—the whole attitude like that of an animal about to pounce upon its prey. It is easy to understand how, with his passionate manner and appearance, he easily kindled into flame the impressionable mountaineers, and still more easily since he is evidently a well-educated man for his region. His grammar has none of that idiomatic freedom which Mr. Moody indulged in, and he caught the long words, such as vicegerent and empyrean, in which he frequently indulged, on the right syllables. But though the audience was small and composed chiefly of men, it was fervent and responsive. Their stolid faces brightened under the preacher's words, and they nodded approvingly one to the other between 'Amens' and 'PRAISE THE LORD.'

"His daughters, Marie and Georgie, with another young woman, sat behind the preacher. They wore stuff dresses, hats with feathers, and Marie had on a cloak trimmed with fur. They all seemed to enjoy the services heartily, lending aid whenever it was required.

"If the preacher's theology could be summed up in few words it would be a religion centring in a person that can be compassed

about with our short arms—an expression which he frequently introduced. The expression is, of course, somewhat vague, except to those who already accept it, but in this it does not differ from the expressions of other evangelists. His method of arriving at it was the short cut of a special revelation, which also naturally leaves other people out in the cold, except as he gives it to them.

"When a thing is heavy and hard it's a sure sign it comes from the devil, and I won't touch it with my little finger. God never worked one of His servants so hard as to give him dyspepsia or liver complaint or lung disease. When darling and I started out, I had no lungs or stomach, and now I am sound as a dollar. My strength is renewed like the wings of an eagle. And so will dyspepsia and disease fly off like a covey of birds when God is taken as a person that can be clasped in these short arms.'

"Then the evangelist turned to Marie: 'Darling, read those names applied to Jesus in John 1. There are fourteen of them. Seven is God's perfect number, and fourteen is perfection doubly distilled.'

"Marie read them in a low voice, the evangelist dramatically commenting: 'That,' says he, 'is development—not that of Tyndall and Spencer. Experience is the birth of thought, old President Hodges used to say. You, brethren, are looking at me, and you, good sir; but we all wear masks. I don't know what, and it's well I don't. Now, I used to know everything these young ones thought,' pointing to Marie and Georgie, 'but now they are unfathomable. But when I read this word it is clear and understandable.'

"Here the fiddles were heard scraping up-stairs for the dancing-school. The evangelist heard them, and stopped suddenly. 'If they are going to begin to dance, it is time to stop preaching.' Then he fell on his knees and asked a fervent petition for the frivolous people up-stairs. After the prayer, Marie drew up to the organ, and, all seated in a line, the four sang an unknown hymn with piercing voices. Meanwhile the collection was taken up.

"After the meeting was over, a levee was held, in which the brethren insisted on shaking hands with the sisters, known and unknown, and a messenger boy, who accompanied a zealous young woman and was one of the most attentive listeners, was heard to remark, 'That was a bully preacher, and them was two nice gals.'"

To the Stanford paper he wrote after first service in Clarendon Hall:

"Georgia made her début as one of the troupe to-night, greatly to our joy and her own, after she found how easy it was to serve the Lord. She sings a very nice alto to Marie's soprano, all by ear, of course, as neither of the dear children knows a note. She promises to be quite an acquisition. She has been consecrated to this service for quite a while, but sang in public for the first time to-night. It is a little odd that, with her great timidity, she should begin on a New York audience, but the Lord gives needed grace always.

"You cannot imagine how glad we are to get to preaching and singing again. Just think of nine days without it, except the one service Sunday night. It seems a little age of inactivity. And yet we have been very busy.

"All well and happy in the Lord, trusting for daily bread, and getting it of course. How could it be otherwise with our Father knowing our wants? At present we are in the fourth story of a tenement-house of the better class, all in the same room, warmed with a grate and lighted with gas. We get our coal in by the bag, and keep it in a box in the closet. We take our meals at a house across the street. We are almost jolly in thus getting back to our 'higgledy-piggledy,' free-and-easy life that we were so familiar with when in the mountains. The name of 'Mountain Evangelist' is the proudest title I can wear, and it is the one the papers uniformly give me. I shall carry it gladly through life. Here is our handbill:

"GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE,
The only remedy for the world's unrest, the only antidote for its every 'ism,'
GEORGE O. BARNES,
'Mountain Evangelist,'
And DAUGHTER MARIE, at
Clarendon Hall,
13th Street, near 4th Avenue,
Every evening during the week, at 7.30 o'clock.
Also SUNDAY MORNING services at 10.30 o'clock."

[The Diary.] *December* 17. In much weakness the dear Lord gave strength to go right through, and victory perched upon our Jesus' banner. A fair congregation in the morning. About one hundred and fifty present. No invitations. At 3 P.M. preached at the Magdalen Home, Eightieth Street; sixty precious souls confessed; a clean sweep for our Jesus. Not one left for the devil. PRAISE THE LORD! It was a memorable meeting in every respect. The last one who confessed and who lingered longest, said she wanted to be *convicted*, and asked us to pray that she might be *deeply* convicted. Poor soul! what a snare of the devil to keep her away from Jesus. At last she gave her hand; plucked out of Satan's very paws, a pulling out of the fire. Brother Mackey, editor of the *A. B. C. Guide*, took us there. He is a live man, and not ashamed of Jesus. At night a full room for the first time; four confessions for backsliding—all men; sixty-four in all—8 × 8—full resurrection blessing.

December 19. [He visits Mrs. Tilton, a distant cousin.] She looks very much older. Her pretty hands are hard with labor, her hair very gray, her complexion is quite gone, but a sweet peace in every look. She has been under the teaching of Malachi Taylor since her troubles, and is in the higher life. I had a very happy talk with the dear sister.

Thus in the Stanford letter:

"She is a kind of cousin, though not of blood-kin, and has always been a favorite relative with me. She is and always has been a lady of rare refinement and gentle loveliness. Those who have only known her in connection with the horrible Beecher trial know nothing whatever about her. Well, I found her boarding-house in Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, after a little search, and she welcomed my visit as of old. She is fearfully altered by these awful years. Her personal beauty, once very marked, is almost gone—only here and there a trace. The soft, bright, innocent eye remains, but that alone. Her delicate hands, once soft as velvet, are hard with toil; the lustrous dark brown hair is very gray, and the pink and white of the old beautiful complexion replaced by a dull sallow. But her life is full of peace and rest that 'the world cannot give.' The seven times

heated furnace has purified, not consumed (save the dross), and to-day she has what others have not, a 'conscience void of offence toward God and man.' Oh! in the day when accounts are settled (and they will be, thank God!), let me be in her company and those like her, venturing all to keep everything right with God. I write this word for my dear cousin, of whom I am prouder than in the days when she was not the forsaken creature she is, but the centre of an admiring social circle, where all acknowledged her charms. I cannot say that 'time at last sets all things even,' as Byron does, but I know eternity does. And so I bid her good-by, with the radiant smile of the reflex of the deep soul-peace lighting up her faded face and for a moment glorifying the ravages of grief and despair."

[The preaching at the hall continued, with a few accessions. December 20th was memorable by reason of an unexpected call from Dr. Fulton, of the Brooklyn Skating Rink Temple, who invited the evangelist to preach for him on the following Sunday.] At 2.30 preached at the Colored Home and Hospital, Sixty-fifth Street and First Avenue; thirty-nine confessed. Only two colored and two white spectators (one a reporter, and one a young lady who said to her friend, "You can't get off that easy") remained for the devil. A blind girl, who led the singing in the darky fashion, a backslider, the hardest to reach, of course, but Ida Stoddard *sung to her* till she consented to confess Jesus. A young man from Jerry McAuley's Mission at the close of the colored service taxed me with not preaching repentance. I found he had passed a very miserable time before coming to Jesus, and (a very common case) wanted everybody else to be as miserable to begin with as he. Dear old Bunyan wanted the same. One confession at night made an even forty. Ida, Georgie, Marie, and I had a terrible time at night in getting to the Home of the Magdalens through the rain. Talked to the dear girls about Jesus' "Easy Yoke," as the second part of salvation. Five new arrivals all confessed the Lord.

December 24. Preached the morning sermon at Dr. Fulton's "Temple," in Brooklyn. This structure is the old Skating Rink, where Moody held forth some years ago. It will hold about five thousand people, seating four thousand. I had forgotten all about Christians,

and had not thought to preach an advent sermon, but a clause in Dr. Fulton's opening prayer put me in mind of the facts, and the Lord told me plainly to preach on the "Birth of Jesus;" and as is always the case on these sudden directions, promptly obeyed; the Lord's power was in the discourse, and He gave blessing. Three confessed the dear Name. A crowd came up to shake hands, and I could hardly get away.

In the afternoon he made a short address to about one hundred and twenty people at a temperance meeting in Trenor Hall. The occasion was something of a trap for him. He had expected to speak a few words to inebriates striving to reform, but found it was a meeting to educate the people up to the prohibition standard. "But," says the evangelist in his diary, "I shot off my gospel gun, and the Lord gave full liberty. I hope what I said did something to *un*educate some of them."

December 25. I have felt the sting of the newspaper reporting pretty sharply, but the "grinding agony" is reserved for the New York press. As infamous a hash-up of mendacity as the report of my temperance sermon of yesterday it would be hard to find outside a *Police Gazette* or *Thieves' Chronicle*. We laid it all on the Lord with one accord, resolved not to open our mouths in rebuttal.

In the mean time nightly meetings at Clarendon Hall are kept up to what congregations may be gathered. He gladly notes the receipt of money with such expressions as, "This will pay the hall for another day." The "Blue Ribbon" sermon was repeated to the inebriates at the Home in New York, and twenty-one confessed. Among the Clarendon Hall converts was a young man supposed to be one of the worst in New York City, a gambler and a pickpocket.

A miserable so-called Christian came to me after service, and warned me against him, denouncing instead of encouraging.

December 26. Brother Fulton and wife came to see me, and we had a long and frank talk, and I told him plainly what I would preach if he invited me. We like him very much.

December 27. At 3 P.M. went to the old Five Points, or Baxter Street, which is one of the lanes, yclept streets, that make the "Points." Recognized the localities familiar thirty years ago. Had some difficulty in finding it; asked a Jew clothier where it was, and he informed me correctly, but the entrance and dark stairs looked so villainously murderous that I hesitated to go in, and passed on. After getting from several the number, and finding this was the place, I ventured up; found a lot of ladies in a small upper room, and soon got into a lively discussion on healing by faith and the devil, the author of all disease. One lady and one gentleman opposed; majority with me enthusiastically. After a while Mrs. Doolittle, the good, self-denying head of the mission, took some of the ladies out to drum up the congregation. Soon by their diligent efforts a motley crowd, white and colored, thieves, drunkards, awful characters, were in the seats, filling the little chapel. The Lord opened my mouth in telling them of the dear LOVE of the Lord, and twenty-four confessed the dear Saviour; a few fairly *ran* for it, and those who remained were unanimous; about one half colored. One dear fellow, half drunkard, wanted to talk, but Sister Doolittle kept her hand on his head, stroking it kindly, and managed to keep him quiet till he confessed Jesus, and then he made quite a sensible little talk. One poor fellow had been drugged and his clothes taken from him. Another—a thief—said, "What I will do now I know not." My heart ached for him. The man who opposed me up-stairs opposed again my gospel in the chapel.

On Sunday, December 31st, the evangelist preached to fifteen hundred people in Dr. Fulton's Tabernacle, in Brooklyn, in the afternoon at the Twenty-fiftlr Street Baptist Church, New York, and at night to three thou-

sand people in the Windsor Theatre, Bowery. Thus his own letter to the *Interior Journal:*

"At night in the Windsor Theatre, Bowery, below Canal. It holds about three thousand five hundred people, and we had perhaps two thousand five hundred, three galleries and a parquet, with good acoustic properties and brilliant lights—all that one could ask, after an audience granted. My début before the 'Bowery boys' came very nearly being flat on my face, for in entering the stage side-door I did not notice the thin threshold required to keep the pasteboard arrangement together, and stumbled over it, following with a most ungraceful rush to keep my perpendicular. This entree was greeted with shouts of laughter and a roar of applause, rather calculated to upset a timid man. Had I shown the least confusion, it would have been 'all up' with me. The LORD kept me in His hand, and with perfect composure I looked up smilingly at the uproarious crowd and shouted at the top of my voice, PRAISE THE LORD! The hush was instantaneous. Such a sound had never before been heard in Windsor Theatre, and for once Bowery was abashed. I saw I had them, and continued, 'Dear friends! I am your guest in the Bowery to-night. It is a queer place for me to find myself, but I want to see how well you can treat me. My little girl will sing a song for you, as best she can. May I ask you kindly to be very quiet, as it is one weak woman's voice against the hubbub of a great crowd.' You ought to have seen how well they behaved after that. While Marie sang, all was quiet, so that all could hear. It was a sweet little solo, learned since coming to New York, and all seemed impressed. We had perfect order after that. They stamped and clapped freely when I made a good point, just as if it had been a play, but I didn't mind their good-humored ebullitions at all. The LORD gave full liberty, and on calling for confessions one after another rose before that great crowd and made the 'great pass from death unto life,' until fifty-four had confessed the dear Saviour. It was a glorious victory for Jesus. Thanks to the dear friends who made it possible to rent this theatre by their Christmas gift. This little Sunday-night meeting demonstrated the feasibility of the plan that the LORD has impressed

upon me ever since coming to New York. I feel satisfied that the theatre will be packed every time it is opened for these services. PRAISE THE LORD.

"An honest German, in the pit, created a little merriment at one point in the sermon, when I asked the question, 'Have you never met a Christian woman with a bad temper?' by responding nervously, like a cork flying from a champagne bottle, 'Oh, mein Gott, yas!' This brought down the house for a moment. We all saw the point, as plainly as if he had told us of 'mine frow' at home.

"New Year's day we had another glorious service at the Inebriates' Home, where on Christmas day all but one of the inmates had confessed Jesus. That one, who after the Christmas service had told the superintendent that he was not willing to be saved by Christ, even if he thought Christ wanted to save him, came yesterday. Eleven new inmates also accepted Jesus as Saviour. Twenty-seven were anointed for healing, encouraged by the marvellous and almost instantaneous healing of the superintendent, Mr. Bunting. He was anointed last Wednesday, and twenty minutes after threw away his crutches, by the aid of which he had been enabled to hobble a little with great difficulty. And now he is able to walk about and resume his duties. His medical attendant, one of the best physicians in New York, acknowledged the hand of God in the case."

The New York *Sun:*

"Mountain Evangelist Barnes sat close to the footlights of the Windsor Theatre last evening. The stage was set with a Gothic church interior and a piano. Mr. Barnes's two daughters and Miss Stoddard sat with him. The theatre was choke full. Nearly everybody there seemed to be a Bowery young man.

"'Dear Lord,' the evangelist said in his opening prayer, 'we need a friend in this devil's world. God is a friend to every man and woman in this theatre, though the devil denies it.'

"'Now,' he said, 'my daughter will sing a little solo. Kindly, be very still. It is one poor, weak woman's voice against the hubbub of a crowd. I am your guest in the Bowery to-night. It is a

mighty queer place for me to be in. Try and see how well you can treat me.'

"The audience was perfectly quiet while this song and another by Miss Stoddard was sung. The evangelist announced this text:

"'"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." In plain words, young man, that means God hasn't anything against you.'

"Several persons started to leave the parquet. One of a noisy group of women paused, and in a loud whisper said to a man several seats away, 'I don't like the show.' Others came in, but the bustle was soon over.

"'Four of us boys,' said the evangelist, 'were round a hot stove one winter's day toasting cheese, and we talked about God, as boys do, and we made up our minds that as God hated us, because we had all the time done wrong, we would hate him, and we four rebels agreed to curse God, and did it around that hot stove with our mouths filled with toasted cheese. And I was a preacher's son. I was fourteen years old, and that was an imaginary God.

"'I want to tell you two things which are on my mind. Some of you Pharisees will grind your teeth, but I shall not care. I had a friend who was paralyzed, and to earn money began to sell whiskey. I asked him to accept Jesus Christ. "The Lord won't take me as I am," he said.

"'"Yes," I said, "He will, whiskey barrels and all."

"'"Well, then, I will be glad to be taken." After he had decided to accept Christ, he said to me, "What am I going to do now?" "Well," I said, "you could get a crown, but I'm afraid you won't do it selling whiskey." He kept on selling whiskey for a year, but it suited him worse than ever. A railroad struck the town; he had a choice lot on the front seat, and sold it for a nice sum. He is now one of the best farmers in the country, and one of the sweetest Christians I ever saw. If he had believed that God never takes a man as he finds him, he would have gone to hell. Popular Christianity would have sent him there.

"'The man I will next tell you about dealt faro. You know what that is? Well, he dealt it honestly. The faro dealer was ap-

proached by a commercial drummer who had been converted, and who had played faro at his table hundreds of times. The drummer got him to our meeting, and the faro dealer was converted. Did he quit dealing faro? No, he kept right on about it, but laid it on the Lord. "This has been my living, and you have got to get me out of it," he said. He went on, praying to the Lord about it, for the Lord had saved him, cards and all. He was as patient with the faro dealer as He is with a woman who has a temper and a sharp tongue, or the Christian man who loves his toddy too well, and I have known many of them. Three months after his conversion he got into an office that paid $1200 a year. He dropped the faro bank like a hot potato.'

"After a brief prayer the evangelist said: 'Will some man rise up and accept Christ in the presence of this multitude to-night?' A young man in the parquet rose. The theatre was then densely packed and perfectly quiet.

"'Is that your first confession?' asked the preacher. The man nodded.

"'Do you take Jesus as you find Him to-night, to serve Him as best you can?' Another nod followed.

"'Then God bless and save you.'

"One by one men rose in the parquet and the galleries in the next twenty minutes. Most of the number were young men, who were evidently in earnest. Several were evidently past sixty. To each substantially the same questions were put. The evangelist kept a running record of the number as each arose. When a gray-haired man stood up, he said,

"'Praise God. Seventeen have accepted Christ. Is there another? As sure as God is God, He takes you.' I will risk my own soul on it.'

"The young women on the stage kept a close watch upon the different parts of the house, and frequently rose to their feet and touched the preacher's shoulder as they discovered a new figure which he had failed to notice.

"'Here are twenty-two,' he said. 'Dear Lord, we thank thee for them. We will meet them on the other side.'

"The number was at last increased to fifty.

"'We will take no collection,' said the evangelist. 'We expected to take one, but these people shall go out free as they came in free.'

"The order was not obeyed, however, for men stood at the doors with hats as the audience passed out, and said, 'Mr. Barnes pays $90 for this theatre to-night. Don't let him lose it.'"

The total in New York was two hundred and forty-one for soul, seventy for healing.

BROOKLYN.

January 3, 1883. The meetings at the Rink, Dr. Fulton's Tabernacle, were harmonious, and the evangelist left behind him a deep and lasting affection in the hearts of thousands. The people who gathered in such throngs at the Temple to hear the evangelist were, as he notes, "saints," and he longed rather to get at sinners. He met with courtesy on all hands. Pentecost, the noted evangelist, then occupying the Academy of Music, observed him one Sunday afternoon in a box, and came and asked him to lead in prayer, then to preach for him the following Sunday, then to exhort the people after the meeting. His little address on this impromptu occasion brought eight confessions.

January 8. Brother Fulton and I visited two houses—the second, a case of a bartender dying with consumption, who a few days before would allow no one to mention the name of Jesus, but who to-day confessed the dear Name, as did also his wife and daughter. It was a heavenly interview. Dear Brother F. is sorely tried by poverty in carrying on his Temple, but nobly trusts the Lord in all. He told me a very wonderful story about Secretary Stanton's conversion,

which was new and very interesting to me. He says that one day in one of his services he was unaccountably led to pray earnestly for Mr. Stanton, and then impressed to go to Washington to see him. He arrived, and learned that Sherman at a review was about to cut the secretary and shame him before the great gathering. At one point of the ceremonies Brother F. sprang forward and shouted, "Nine times for the saviour of his country, Edwin P. Stanton!" Five thousand vigorous lungs responded, and Sherman's plan of insult was defeated. Then Brother F. at a fitting time sought an interview with the secretary and found him seriously inclined, and, in short, he then and there knelt with him and gave his heart to God. Three weeks after he joined the Episcopal Church, and died in that communion.

January 9. Went to see Brother Bunting in New York, and was glad to find him on his legs and faith, all right and bright. He had put a tight shoe on a swollen foot, and brought on an attack of gout which sent him to bed. He had used remedies, too—liniments and the like—but he was firm in keeping Jesus as his healer. I have no doubt the Lord pitied his weak servant thus sorely beset, yet maintaining his integrity of purpose. He will soon come to the point of wholly trusting Jesus. I was unspeakably relieved with this interview, for I knew not his faith was thus bright and firm. Praise the Lord!

January 13. Little Saidie Fulton (about twelve) made a wonderful prayer. Some of the testimonies were very lovely. A remarkable meeting turned into an inquiry meeting. The first query, "How is the devil the author of storms?" led on to the general subject of satanic influence, and then the Lord led me to speak of all the harsh things attributed to God in popular teaching. I showed how the letter killeth. Forty rose to resist the devil.

Sunday, January 14. Brother Fulton preached a grand sermon on the "Sound of the going among the Mulberry Trees." The Lord gave me a fifteen minutes' talk after him. It seems clear that we have had fasting laid upon us as the best weapon in the quiver. "*This kind* goeth not out without it" is the Scripture for us. So a fast was proposed for those who fasted in the "joy of the Lord,"

and for the sake of others. About forty or fifty responded to the call for volunteers. At 3 P.M. a glorious meeting in the Academy of Music on invitation from Pentecost. Preached on the Prodigal Son. There were fifty-three confessions. There were twenty-five hundred present, at least. About the same number in the Rink at night, and the power of Jesus to cast out the devil manifested even before fasting commenced. I believe He accepted the purpose and gave an inchoate victory to-night. Thirteen confessed the dear Name. The invitation to fast was repeated for all who resolved to do it in the full joy of God, and not to hunger and conflict with their stomach.

January 15. A day of fasting and prayer for all who *delighted* in it —none others. A joyful band of happy ones out at 6 o'clock prayer-meeting—in the darkness preceding dawn. Marie, Ella and I cheerily took our way to the Rink, joyfully noting the exceeding brightness of the morning star, and thinking how one day, "as watchers for an earlier dawn," we should see Him in His beauty. The Scripture Jesus gave this morning, without my seeking a sign, was Acts 23 : 23, 24, where Paul has an *escort* to guard him, a *beast* to ride on, to go safe to the Governor, *Felix* (happy, blessed). It filled my soul when I read the spirit of the dead letter. Thirty glad hearts were of one accord at that early morning meeting.

He speaks of the fasting in the letter to the Stanford *Journal :*

"Monday we observed as a fast day, and it was the first fast day I ever kept when I didn't get hungry and cross. I have done a good deal of fasting, off and on, in my time, but only now know what real fasting is. 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting' was the Scripture that moved us to the observance of Monday in such a way. We were determined that we would be able to look in the LORD'S face and tell Him we had done everything we could to make the meeting a victory for Jesus. We had prayed fervently and labored diligently and cheerfully ; but while all who came were blessed, and a glorious work had been done among Christians, the outside masses were held fast in Satan's grip and kept away. To loosen that

grip we fasted. Not to please God by going hungry. That is penance, abhorred by God and man. But because we saw that thus only it comes to pass, in winning victories over the devil, that self-denial and suffering with Jesus was and is the appointed pathway. As it is written, 'If we suffer with Him, we shall reign with Him.' If, then, we 'endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ,' yet only at His call, and not by self-appointed tortures, by which the devil ever counterfeits true self-denial, the victory over the prince of darkness is certain. 'By death' our glorious Captain 'destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil.' And we are called upon in our feeble measure, to know something of the same conflict, even as Paul wrote aforetime, 'That I may know the fellowship of His sufferings.' So that if we may not mount the cross where He alone could hang, as He did, we may at least stand near. And if we may not know Gethsemane, with the agony that He alone could bear, we may at least 'watch with Him one hour' in fullest sympathy and love. And so there is a *true ascetic life* in Christianity, its very presence proven by the counterfeit, in convents and monasteries; no counterfeit can exist unless there is a true bill somewhere, even as every heresy on earth points like a finger-board to some precious truth that the devil adroitly manages to hide from good people, by linking it with some monstrous perversion of his own.

"So the LORD exhorts, 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good,' and let the evil go. Not 'reject all things that have evil in them.' That is to lose the grain of wheat buried in the chaff. I see, therefore, much in fasting, at the LORD'S call, ahead. It is a new line of service and victory against the devil, opened up, and I gladly enter in, as I may be able. Certainly, as the word declares, the devil in certain forms is only dislodged 'by prayer and fasting.' Those who 'live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God' will not dispute this. And so every stage in the great conflict has its appointed means, and those are wise who understand them all. Blood will loosen Satan's hold on a lost *sinner*. Water will loosen his grip on a *saint*. Oil will make him let go an afflicted body. Fasting will detach him from a victim, else hopelessly given over to him.

"I write this for those who are able to bear it. Jesus wants no one to do anything for Him unless it be in the joyous consecration to every service: 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,' is the Spirit's cry to saints. Not all are addressed: only such as are able to bear it. Children are expected to be children, and grown men to be grown men. The devil reverses all this, and sets babes to fasting, while he feeds the adults on milk. Alas! what confusion this causes.

"So we had a joyous time last Monday. No hunger; no wanting to eat, but couldn't; no feeling as if 'Jordan is a hard road to travel;' no secret falling out with God, as though He wanted his children to feel uncomfortable but a glad consciousness that we were ranged alongside the Captain of our salvation and 'counted worthy' to stand with Him in the fight; a delight in thus 'coming up to the help of the LORD against the mighty,' that so filled the soul that the poor body could not find a place to get hunger in, nor thoughts of food."

January 16. Out on a visitation to the sick, but drawn by the dear Lord just to "put in an appearance" at the Rink for a moment. I had sent my apology for absence by Marie. When I opened the door, whom should I hear but Marie speaking. She had been troubled the day before for her cowardice in not opening her mouth, and now was repairing the mischief. She spoke without tremor or embarrassment. As soon as she was done I uttered a brief prayer of gratitude and went out immediately to my work.

January 17. A young man named Greenwood, pastor of the Identity Congregation, came to see me, and I am to preach for him next Sunday afternoon; also for Rev. Miller in the morning. The Lord be praised for these open doors right and left!

January 19. Had a loving talk with Dr. Fulton about beginning the meetings promptly. He is a loving soul, affectionately kissing me when he said something he thought might hurt me. We love him more and more every day.

January 20. A lady over from New Jersey on healing. The devil tried to get up a controversy on Forgiveness.

January 21. At 3 P.M. went to Music Hall to preach for Brother Greenwood. A glorious meeting, and twenty-six confessions. A

beautiful little hall, holding twelve hundred. I believe the dear Lord will open it for us. It is the first "Identity" Church in Brooklyn, but Brother G. found that identifying lost Israel didn't save souls, so he has changed his tactics, and resolved to put the cross first. Brother Greenwood is also editor of *Heir of the World*, an Identity monthly.

January 22. Last night I had the usual advice to try some other plan to draw the net after preaching. This time an old brother advised me to dismiss the congregation and invite Christians and sinners to remain who wished to *seek the Saviour*. O my Lord, remember me for this. It is one of my trials.

January 23. Brother Greenwood made an early call to tell us of a triumph of the Lord in turning his deacons in his favor who had come together to annul his action. He has *carte-blanche* now for the Music Hall meeting. Dr. Fulton also had the hall on his mind, and mentioned it *before we told him a word about G.'s offer*. So "we gather assuredly" the dear Lord's hand was in it.

January 24. Inquiry meeting in the afternoon. It came very near being stormy, but the good Lord kept us all. The questions were all about God as only good, and the devil the source of all evil. One old brother quoted Isaiah 45 on us, but was hoisted by his own petard when I asked him if he believed God was the author of evil.

January 29. Brother Greenwood and family received us with open arms, and we were soon comfortably settled. "Shelly," the good truckman, did us the kindness to remove our organ and baggage for the dear Lord's sake, and sat an hour with us telling how the Lord had led him. He is a dear old character, and has the rare virtue that he is not ashamed of his Saviour, but intrepidly confesses Him on all occasions. I believe he will have a high-up place in heaven, when the settlement day comes. He brought us bag and baggage from New York when we came here.

February 7. After service a gentleman, whom I afterward found to be Mr. Pirie, gave me one hundred dollars for personal wants. PRAISE THE LORD!

February 8. Brother Pirie came for blessing. His gift returned in blessing already. The Lord gave me a good sermon on "Our

Healer," with many more fresh teachings on the subject. I see that taking up *Jesus'* cross *can't* include sickness, for He *never was sick;* also that *having borne* our sicknesses He no more wishes us to be sick; then having "borne our sins" He wishes none to *sin*. How crystal clear all is in the light of His dear Lord!

February 9. Afternoon congregation excellent, and the Lord gave me a sweet message on "Increase our Faith," looked at as a *devil's prayer*. Twenty-seven for soul, eighteen for body. At night spoke on Joseph, and four came to Jesus—I think through Marie's singing more than my preaching.

February 10. Preached on Abraham and Isaac, and more plainly than ever on the devil the author of all ill. I think the Lord will send us away from Brooklyn soon.

February 11. I could not see the way clear to stop, and gave out meetings for another day and night. Mr. Pirie offered me one thousand dollars to go to Europe, if I was led of the Lord to make the trip. How good in the dear Lord thus to open the way I long have sought. PRAISE THE LORD for His wonderful works and ways! I believe we shall go soon.

February 12. Went over to the city and secured passage, conditionally, on the Pavonia, Cunard Line. Brother Pirie told me at the afternoon meeting that an investment made by his confidential clerk on Saturday, without his knowledge, netted one thousand dollars profit by Monday morning. So his money came back to him in forty-eight hours. PRAISE THE LORD!

February 17. The France, National Line, goes to London direct, but I don't fancy the name at all. The Lord has made it plain the Pavonia is the vessel. The devil tried hard to drive me from the Cunard Line. We shall perhaps see why hereafter.

The *Journal* letter gives this account of the remarkable, unselfish, and unsolicited offer made by Mr. Pirie:

"Saturday afternoon, after the 3 o'clock service, a gentleman whom I had never seen three weeks before, stepped into the little robing room of Music Hall, when I was donning my ulster and overshoes,

and asked a few moments' conversation. I sat down with him on the sofa, and this is what passed, substantially, and also nearly *verbatim:* 'Do you want to go to England, Brother Barnes?' 'I do, sir; I am, and have been, trusting the LORD to send me there, when the time comes.' 'Well, sir, I shall be happy to send you there, if you will allow me, I cannot promise beyond the present; but I have a thousand dollars at your disposal, which I give to the LORD gladly, through you. You have my heartiest good wishes and prayers, and although you will doubtless be tried, I believe they will receive you in the old country after they get at your teaching. God bless you.' And my new friend made his exit without more ado, leaving me in quite a flutter of excitement, and just able to gasp, 'Praise the LORD.' For here was the coveted opportunity sooner than I had dreamed of, and brought about in such a way that I could not fail to see the hand of the LORD in it, and the dear, familiar, 'Exceeding abundantly above what you can ask or think,' that has so often been 'my song in the house of my pilgrimage.' . . . I will now give the outcome of the Christmas appeal to Kentucky, so that all may be transparently known. . . . These gifts came from less than two hundred persons, and we have expended about six hundred dollars of the amount already. Including the one thousand dollars after passage is paid, we have about nine hundred dollars to start to England with. But we have no fears about support. I want the dear donors of the Christmas gift to know that a part of their bounty will go to help the establishment of the pure gospel of love in the 'tight little island' that rules the world. I am sure they need to know it as much as in America. Happy those who have a hand in spreading the good news in these 'last days.'"

The closing meeting at Music Hall was full of joy. There were seventy-six confessions. To prevent confusion in the parting, those who wished to say a word to the evangelist and touch his hand in farewell were requested to pass the platform in a given direction. Thus did hundreds bid him and Marie God-speed.

More than one little child was lifted up to be kissed by him, and once and again did a loving brother press his lips to the hand of Christ's envoy. The saloon of the Cunard steamer Pavonia was thronged with friends, who brought with them benedictions for the journey. The family was reunited.

In all there were about six hundred and fifty confessions during the nine weeks in New York and Brooklyn.

February 21. A lovely, bright dawning. Shelly, dear fellow, came after the baggage at a convenient hour. He has done all our moving *gratis*, and a heavy job it has been. From New York to Rink, from Rink to 39 Oxford Street, Oxford Street to Schermerhorn, and now to the Pavonia. We go to dine at Dr. Stoddard's, sail at 3 sharp. Last day of our sixth year this is. The seventh perfect year of blessing begins with the broad Atlantic, with a boundless, fathomless blue, above, beneath, type of God's love, for me, for all. God is Love, and NOTHING ELSE. Praise the Lord! That is my war-cry henceforth, emphasis ever on *nothing else*. Adieu, dear land of Manasseh. I go to Ephraim with Love's message.

CHAPTER XVI.

EPHRAIM.

THE soul and fancy of our evangelist, spontaneous and pure in utterance, will be felt in the following extracts from his letters written to the Stanford, Ky., *Interior Journal* since he left America—the land of Manasseh:

"The first thing I noticed about our comely vessel was the flag flying at our masthead. A golden lion rampant, with the world in his paws, on a blood-red ground. This lion stands on one leg, as much as to say, 'I can hold it all in my grip, and not half try. You should just see when I put that other foot down.' It is a rampaging, exasperating king of beasts—this British lion—but the emblem does not exaggerate. England does hold the world, and not half try. And the world can't help it, be the world never so angry. For England is Ephraim, and America is Manasseh, and although the abler is to be 'a great nation also,' 'the elder shall serve the younger,' for so it is written in Scripture, and Scripture cannot be broken. This royal device meets one, on their ships of this line, at every turn. You see it at the bottom of your soup-plate; you find it lurking under your salmon trout of the second course; of course it is hidden by your slice of English roast beef, in the third; and if you don't wish to see it again, do not eat your pudding, nor lay bare the bottom of the nuts and raisins. If you do, you will meet the amiable monster—ever balanced on one leg, ever showing his teeth, ever embracing the planet in his paws. Will the Frenchman write 'This world will not eventually be Russian, nor German, nor Spanish, nor (alas) French?' How easily and naturally this British lion rampant assumes all that.

"Everything gives us a word of comfort as we begin our 'round-the-world' voyage for Jesus. 'God is LOVE, and nothing else,' is our shout and song now. We shall stand by that 'until He comes.' Emphasis heavy on 'nothing else.' To put the only living and true God in the place of the demon so successfully dethroned by Colonel Ingersoll, that is my wish and purpose, as the LORD shall give grace and light in coming days. No more time wasted in defending an indefensible God. The time past shall suffice for that. Henceforth to plant both feet, where the heart long has been, upon 'God is LOVE, and nothing else,' bending every energy to prove it; living a life that shall demonstrate it; testifying the truth of it in season and out; going to 'earth's remotest bounds' to tell it—behold the LORD'S programme as far as I know it. And to do this as His 'grace shall be sufficient for me,' to do it with a single eye and undivided heart, I stand ready, saying, 'Here am I, LORD, send me.' And hereunto, this 22d of February, 'being well in body and sound in mind,' I set my hand and seal. Amen! and Amen! Praise the LORD. Ever in Jesus."

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"Of course now, being at sea, I must do as sailors do, and grow intensely nautical. So I proceed to tell how, about 3 P.M., we sighted a steamer off the port bow (Neptunian for 'to our left'), which, after much guessing among the ignorant, much squinting at through an opera-glass by the knowing ones, and after flags on both vessels had been run up, was finally pronounced the Werra, from Bremen, bound to New York, with emigrants, of course. What is our great, elastic country for but to receive all, of every name and nation, who seek refuge from oppression, or wish a fair living for light work? While our younger but greater brother Ephraim is conquering the world with his lion courage and strength, Manasseh will be the nursing mother to the nations, receiving in her capacious lap and hugging to her ample bosom all the foundlings of the planet, and transforming them by maternal love into useful citizens. This is, of course, rather what ought to be than what is, but I am glad it is not wholly a fancy sketch."

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"Occasionally we took a turn around the forecastle and enjoyed the grand way in which the Pavonia went through the water, crushing huge waves under her fore-fort, as the sailors call the lower prow, and keeping her nose pointed to 'the land of our longings.'"

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"Toward evening the freshening wind 'hauled round,' and when we retired for the night we were scudding before a stiff gale from the N. W., the steamer rolling heavily, with foresail, foretopsail, and flying-jib set to keep her steady."

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"Up at the ringing of the rising gong, but while dressing, as best we could, the well-known symptoms began to appear in us all. By hasty robing and a staggering rush, I got on deck, to find myself in a driving snow-storm, waves running the traditional 'mountains high,' deck wet and cold; a few forlorn passengers trying to keep their legs, and succeeding indifferently; sea of ink, with scattered crests of snowy foam, and the Pavonia 'dead drunk' and no mistake, but going through the water at a noble rate, perhaps fourteen knots."

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"At 1 o'clock managed a slice of cold tongue heavily coated with mustard, and half a cup of weak tea. Willie took his seat by me, ordered cold roast beef, looked at it a moment pensively, and fled incontinently, though returning after a while and forcing a few mouthfuls down. Then wife and Marie yielded unconditionally and went to bunk. George fought it out on the music-room sofa cushions, as did Will and I. From this point of observation we could watch others at odd times. The eating-room almost deserted. Pallid wretches staggering around holding to anything permanent; some trying to keep up courage by laughing and talking, followed by ominous silence and lugubrious faces; one poor young fellow in *abandon* of misery lying flat on his stomach and at full length; and all profoundly miserable who were feeling old ocean's revenge for the past two and one half days' exemption from his clutches. Met one steamer to-day, bound for Boston—an American vessel—rolling and pitching fearfully, and the sea washing her decks as she breasted the 'norwester' we

were running before. I am glad we are going east. The homeward-bound vessels are having a fearful time getting into port."

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"The whole ship is cold, too, though furnished with steam heaters under settees and lower berths. But the furious cold wind comes through continually opened doors and searches every part of the ship with its chilling breath.

"No music to-night, but the shrill whistle of the wind through the vessel's cordage. 'All the daughters of music are brought low' by the common scourge, and our 'Collard' upright is as dumb as an oyster. Music needs surroundings to make it musical. 'Is any merry? let him sing psalms,' is the divine direction. We are not merry. I hope the rest 'pray' a good deal, as I do, following the other direction, 'Is any among you afflicted? let him pray.'

"Praise the LORD. I have only missed one meal yet—breakfast this morning. That is a grand record for such weather, and surely the reward of simple trust, nothing else. I have never for a moment yielded to the enemy, even at the sickest point, but met him steadily with faith in God. I shall win. Pray for me. Ever in Jesus."

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"This morning the sun put in a glorious appearance, the sea is much less boisterous, and all hands begin to look brighter. I swallowed my mutton-chop at breakfast with something of an appetite. Wife, who was the sickest of the troupe, is now the best off, and comforts others. She has just come down from the upper deck rosy and cheerful, approaching Will, who is prostrate on the settee: She—'Oh, Willie, come up on deck; the sea is so beautiful.' He (in a weary *sotto voce* growl)—'Oh, don't talk about the sea. I have no use for it.' Marie (*loq.*)—'Oh, mamma, how did you stand it four months going to India? I feel well, but I can't bear to look at the ocean even!' Georgia (with a grimace and affected whine)—'Baby don't like to travel by water; baby wants to stop the ship and get off somewhere.' Papa (with affected cheerfulness)—'Be of good courage, dear ones; we will have a good deal more water to cross in going round the world.' At which they all glare indignantly at me for suggesting such an unpleasant feature of our circumnavigation. *Paterfamilias*

smiles grimly, and the subject is changed. But we all keep praising the LORD, just the same, 'blow high or blow low.' For He is good, if the sea is bad, and never, never can we cease to love Him. We lay all the sickness on the devil, and hate him worse with every qualm. Ever in Jesus."

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"There is quite a show of plate at all the meals, all with the inevitable British lion, on one leg, tail cocked defiantly, and the round world in his paws. Audacious beast! but I like him for all that. Get it all, good lion! The world will be all the better for good, honest British rule—America, of course, always excepted, whom thou wilt never rule again, but call as thy fellow 'heir' of the world 'in the good days coming.'"

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"Our glorious day passed away with the indescribable sunset at sea, the half of which was never told on 'paper and ink,' nor indeed can be. No painter can copy it, for no pigments ever mixed can give the mellow glow of the 'light of God,' which gives it its chiefest glory. A good dinner followed; tables filled again with happy eaters, and some of us, at least, full of 'Praise the LORD.'

"I hope the sociability will be a little more marked from this on, and that little meetings for Bible study may grow out of it yet. The captain is opposed to preaching. He says he once agreed to it, but there were clergymen of different creeds aboard, and the whole thing came near breaking up in a regular row, and since then he has favored only the regular services for prayer on Sunday. I can't say I blame him. I know the accursed spirit of sectarianism myself too well to wonder at anything coming from it. Oh, how these dissensions among the saints are making infidels the world around."

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"Storm-racks on the tables do not prevent soup and other fluids from cascading into one's lap, if not very careful. We run tremendously on one side to-day, yet putting up every rag of sail that will draw. Marie, sitting at the piano, has to 'strike an attitude' with her right hand, like Ajax defying the lightning, before she can keep herself from rolling off the stool."

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"How the gulls flock off the Irish coast, as if the famine had reached them also, turning them into the most importunate of beggars. They scream and whine at turns, like young puppies, and they follow the steamer in great flocks, many hundreds together. The sky astern is almost 'dark with pinions.' These shore gulls are heavier and darker than the out-to-sea birds. On a bit of garbage they pounce in a bunch, and the luckiest gets it. The rest don't fight him, but show fair play, and exact it in turn. If there is more than one, the contest grows quite furious, until the morsel is torn into bits. The lucky ones rest to digest their breakfast, the empty flying on with tireless wing till they get something."

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"There were four hundred and sixteen two-bushel bags of mail to transfer. Fancy eight hundred and thirty-two bushels of letters and papers. The bags were blue and white striped, something like bed-ticking, sealed and labelled. At last all was aboard the Jackal, and the little craft cast loose and skipped out, glad to escape more bumping from our huge hull. During this ceremony our ship was flying the British lion (with world aforesaid in his playful paws, cocked tail, on one leg, not half trying, smiling with every tooth in his head) at the mainmast head, the Stars and Stripes at the foremast, the cross of St. George at the flagstaff at the stern—all pulled down as soon as the transaction was over. This flag business is a ship's lingo, and says, 'How d'ye do?' 'Pretty well, I thank you,' and 'Good-by.'"

London, *March* 7. The first thing this morning, Marie and I drove down to Westminster Abbey. London is Jerusalem to me, and Westminster Abbey is its Temple. The thing nearest my heart I did first. Monday and Tuesday are free days at the old Abbey, *i.e.*, the public come and go without question. Other days an avenger is at your heels, and fees the order of the day. We struck a free day without knowing it. It suited my purpose exactly. There were a dozen or more people strolling around. Two or three artists, male and female, were sketching in various parts of the building. But I had not come to inspect the Abbey. We went straight for the 'Stone of Israel,' under the

coronation chair. Strange old chair, where the sovereigns of England have been crowned for 500 years. An old, upright, Gothic-backed bit of ugliness. Seat and back carved up in rough inscriptions like a schoolboy's desk, in a school where the law reaches not that point. The arms half bare, half covered with what looks like greasy coffee sacking; the points of their back ragged and worm-eaten; and under it, securely fastened, and resting on a platform on the backs of four rudely carved lions, was the object of my longings. The '*Scone Stone*,' '*Lia Fail*,' call it what man will—to me the very stone on which my father Jacob slept and dreamed that wondrous dream, and saw that ladder reaching from heaven to earth; the stone set up for a pillar after serving for a pillow; the stone that Moses smote in the wilderness and water came out; 'the rock' in Horeb; the rock spoken of by Moses when he said, 'Their rock is not as our rock,' our enemies themselves being judges; the stone kept ever by Israel, laid up in the temple, brought by Jeremiah to Ireland; a royal stone from first to last; on which St. Columba laid his dying head, because he knew what it was; the stone yet to play an important part in the future as in the past—this was the stone on which I laid my hand this morning, and would have kissed and laid my head upon but for the railing that kept me from it; but laying my hand on which, with uncovered head, I said, 'God of Jacob God and Father of my LORD Jesus Christ, God of this stone of witness, keep me, guide me, bless me in this land of my fathers, this land where thy people Israel dwell; give me favor with my brethren, and use me to spread the sweet knowledge of thy gospel until Jesus comes again to take His own—Amen.' And then we came away. That was enough for one day. I expect to see the wonders of the Abbey another time. But this was what I wished to do the first day and first thing in London.

"For the stone itself, it is just what it is—an abandoned building-stone, 'the stone which the builders rejected,' on which that night, when, arising at Luz, too late to enter its closed gates, 'our father Jacob' laid his weary head to dream of angels on a wondrous ladder and hear a promise not yet fulfilled, but surely to be, if God be God, true to His holy word.

"In all of which I expect to be misunderstood by ignorance and misjudged by bigotry; but 'the day will declare it,' and for that I wait and watch continually.

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"Our exhausted housekeeper (Marie) sinks into an easy-chair and closes her eyes wearily, the reaction of dinner off the mind being a greater strain than dinner on the brain had been. George meanwhile we hear bumping things round at a great rate up-stairs, and we are expecting every moment to hear her enter, saying, 'Now all of you come and see how baby has fixed everything, and pet her for it.' Upon which we shall inspect her work and lavish adulation upon her infant head. George is like our old Aunt Katy, of blessed memory, at Pink Cottage—it takes a heap of praising to keep her going cheerfully. But we are glad to encourage the little creature (she nearly collides with the gas-burner now as she walks under it). And really she is a splendid room-arranger, and the only 'accomplished' person we have in the troupe, having developed a pretty gift in painting, embroidery, and ornamental work generally. She is authority in matters of taste, and we gladly turn over that department to her. In a little while she will be a great help to Marie in singing, as she gets more courage to sing out. At home she accompanies delightfully.

"I have never known a more rapid growth in grace than in Will's case. We hardly know our 'boy' in the thoughtful man of 22, with us again, we trust, for life. How perfectly happy we are thus brought together by the LORD'S hands; and without prattling on to the point of impertinence about our family, I want all who read these lines to stop a moment and think of the dear LORD'S ways of grace. 'Boasting is excluded.' By what law? By grace. So, boasting apart, and only 'glorifying in the LORD'—just think of it, my friends. Just six years have passed since, to follow Jesus fully, I said 'good-by' to the little startled household, and 'went out not knowing whither I went,' only hearing His voice saying, 'This is the way—walk in it.' First he sent Marie back to me—not me back to her. There are no 'back tracks' in following the LORD fully. Then, after a while of patient waiting, the wife and baby; then, after what seemed a separation for life (for how could Will and I be to-

gether again with both working incessantly in different places for the Master?), He gives me back my boy, changed in all that a father could wish a son to be changed, so that the beginning of the seventh year finds us all together, happy, blessed, provided for, and with a fresh plane of glorious destiny before us. Now think, dear friends, how faithful is our God. How good He is. Does it pay to serve and trust Him, even putting it down on that low plane? PRAISE THE LORD, and ever in Him."

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"At the Abbey we found a jam, without standing room in the 'Poet's Corner.' At last a gentleman left his chair, and I pounced upon it for Marie, the only one of the ladies with us. Willie and I stood throughout. The sermon was an earnest one, delivered in a good, clear voice, but so vast is the audience-room that the most of it came like a sound without import, and was lost in the naves and arches of the great building. The subject was the history of the prophet Jeremiah and his times, tracing the analogy with our own and urging the need of a devoted, faithful prophet who would 'cry aloud and spare not.' It was really a most faithful and earnest discourse, of which I could only catch enough to trace the barest outline; but one sentence was worth the long waiting, as with raised voice and impassioned energy he cried out, 'O God our Father, send us one prophet who shall awaken Thy slumbering church; O Redeemer of mankind, send us one prophet who shall be true to his mission and speak fearlessly the truth; O Holy Spirit, send one prophet who shall speak without fear or favor!' As he paused for a moment after uttering this impressive cry to God, I bowed my head, and the deep down cry of my whole heart responded with muttered groaning in the spirit, 'O God of thy people Israel, God and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, let me be that prophet, to speak in the ears of Thy people what Thou hast to tell them.' I worshipped more fervently in Westminster Abbey than in the Tabernacle. Wonderful to relate, I felt more at home in that old vaulted church of the many centuries than in the more modern offshoot from the parent stem. After all, rail at her as we will, in spite of all the formality that has degraded her worship and the loose lives of many of her ministry, and

the dark days of decay akin to death, there is no church on earth like the Church of England, no holy army of martyrs like to hers, no ritual so pure and uplifting, no giants in theology like hers, no history, on the whole, so honorable.

"Am I like a chameleon, taking on the color of my surroundings? Be it so: this is the honest expression of my soul's thoughts this Sunday night.

"We linger after service, listening to the lovely organ notes until a servitor came to tell us the doors were about to be shut. I felt the presence of the 'God of Israel,' 'of Jacob,' in that house as I never felt it before. The 'Stone of Israel' was there too, and it was to me a deep reality. In fact, there is no spot on earth to me like Westminster Abbey. How I longed to deliver a message to the thousands I saw under one roof, morning and afternoon! But be it through many a day of patient, prayerful waiting, this shall come. Only come it will; I am sure of that. Ever in Jesus."

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"At Carshalton, visited by Willie and me, the graveyard is exceedingly ancient in its stones and inscriptions. I have only space to copy one among many curious epitaphs. The whole place is an antiquarian study. Here is the epitaph:

"'Tom Humphreys lies here by grim death beguiled,
Who never did harm to man, woman, or child;
And since without foe none ever was known,
Poor Tom was nobody's foe but his own.
Lay light on him, earth; for none would than he
(Though heavy in bulk) trip it lighter on thee.
September 4, 1742—Aged 44 years.'"

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"In the afternoon I went to Bethshan—Dr. Boardman's 'Faith Cure' in Highbury, a suburb a mile or two to the east of us. There I heard a sweet talk by a good lady—name unknown—who spoke like my good old friend and father in the gospel, John Darby, of blessed memory. I judge her a pupil of his, with 'Dr. Boardman's Higher Life,' added to her knowledge. She spoke for an hour in a delight-

ful way, yet with the one omission I notice in most of the works and addresses on 'Holiness'—viz., a failure to define what a thorough surrender means. A vague exhortation to 'surrender all' means nothing unless explained, and an attempt at explanation mars everything generally. For it goes into such detail that the poor soul is discouraged at the outset; like the sinner, who is told to do this and trust in order to be saved, whereas if only they could be shown that the LORD asks but one thing—the heart, the will, and the confessing mouth—all would be clear. For, indeed, as justification only means willingness to be justified, and the confession before men of Jesus the Justifier, so sanctification means willingness to be sanctified, and the confession before men of Jesus as the Sanctifier. This is all. The fact after that remains on the eternal basis of God's word, and not on the fluctuating frames and feelings. These blessed feelings, indeed, will follow, if faith simply rests on the word of the LORD, but the fact in no wise depends on that feeling. Blessed be God for a salvation that abides in the midst of all our changes, with a steadfastness its own, and knowing no vicissitude."

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"We had a hearing in a small way last week. Mr. Geo. C. Needham, known in America as the 'Irish Evangelist,' and well known to many who love the LORD he so faithfully preaches, is now here. We came across him last week, and he gave me the first opportunity of preaching I have yet had. Wednesday night, the 21st inst. (3 x 7), in a locality known as 'Dirty Lane,' to an audience of forty or fifty, I had the joy of once more preaching Jesus. The result was the confession of nine souls (3 x 3), and on the next night, after another short sermon, six took the steps. I am sure I shall be used in leading many thousands of souls to Christ in Britain, but I shall never know a sincerer joy than filled my soul that night in 'Dirty Lane,' when these 'first-fruits' of the LORD'S work in England were presented to the LORD of the harvest. After precisely one month of silence (for we sailed on the 21st of February) the dear LORD again sent me into the vineyard to reap a handful as a type and earnest of the harvest yet ungathered, but to be garnered to the praise of His grace in due time. Friday night

some one else's turn came in 'Dirty Lane,' by appointment, and I have not been back.

"Friday night I took tea with Mr. Wm. Noble, at 'Rose Villa,' Foulden Road, by invitation. He is at the head of a very important religious movement, known as the 'Blue Ribbon Gospel Mission' older than either the 'Murphy' or the 'Salvation Army,' and perhaps inferior to neither. I found Mr. N. just in from a tour, and quite spent with hard work. Told him plainly the devil was after him to kill him before his time, with overwork. That is the way he gets some—not many—for the average Christian is in no danger on that line. Laziness kills most of them. But when a red-hot worker like Noble or Booth comes to the front, the devil immediately tries to kill him with overwork. The worst of it is, that one good 'first-class' man, known to be such, worked to death does more harm than his work does good. For the testimony in this case is that Jesus is a 'hard master' and an 'austere man,' and works His best servants to death. And so the impression is deepened that Wisdom's ways are anything but pleasant ways, and her paths the reverse of 'paths of peace.' No one wants to come to a Master who works His servants to death to begin with. But, I repeat, not many are in danger on this line; only Brother Noble is one of that kind. I tried to warn him faithfully, and he could not deny what I said. I hope to know this dear man of God better.

"Brother Needham received me very cordially, and has helped me to get to work as best he could. He is to hold nightly services in April in the 'Mildmay Conference Hall,' which is a noble building near to our abode, put up by Rev. M. Pennefather, the good man who first invited Moody and Sankey to England, but died while the evangelists were on the voyage. His wife still owns this hall, I believe, but it is devoted to gospel meetings in the freest manner. It is a great affair, with many rooms besides the great audience-chamber, and there is a school for 'deaconesses,' which is the centre of much blessing.

"So I am at last gradually getting acquainted with the good people of London.

"Last Friday night I went to a Salvation Army meeting, which was *sui generis*. The gathering was in Congress Hall, in finding which

I got lost again and again in the tortuous London streets, but at which I at last triumphantly landed. Well, with all my trouble was the repayment of the strange but blessed meeting. The room is a pit, reached by deseending short flights of stairs on four sides, which are also lined with rows of seats. About five thousand can be seated in comfort, I judge. On the front of the building, above the great Corinthian pillars, in huge red letters appears the word SALVATION, and a banner floats from the peak of the roof. This banner of the S. A. is a blue border with solid red centre, save a single golden star with words upon it I did not decipher. These banners waved everywhere and are a distinctive feature of the meetings. About six were in use Friday evening. The Standard Bearers had a lively duty to perform; almost like hard work, waving them to and fro on the least provocation, to intensify a chorus of applause, or encourage a speaker, or what not? When I entered the room it was three fourths filled, and a steady stream pouring in by every door. By the time appointed every seat was occupied and many standing. My first thought on entering was 'Bedlam broken loose!' A quick measured song with wild chorus was being sung, with the accompaniment of tambourines, four or five, and scores of uniformed leaders wildly gesticulating. The din was deafening, but so well ordered that it soon ceased to shock and began to steal upon you. I have felt the same influence at uproarious colored meetings, after the ears had been educated a little. In the wilder parts, as if no other accompaniment would do, the leaders waved white handkerchiefs and the audience responded, as it did emphatically to everything, till the room was a billowy ripple of cotton, silk, and cambric. But all in time, and kept in perfect control. Soon an added crash came in the shape of a full brass band, marching in quick time and taking up the song that was being sung at the time. Then came a perfect roar of applause as Gen. Booth took his place with sundry subordinates upon the platform. One was hardly prepared for the perfectly ordered quiet that reigned while a brother led in a fervent prayer. Then a solo was sung by a strong, clear male voice, with chorus given *con amore*, banners, tambourines, brass band and all going like mad. I never heard anything like it. Then Gen. Booth gave an excellent talk. He looks, from the back of the room,

very much like our dear is-to-be Governor, Mike Owsley, Esq., which resemblance did not set the General back in our esteem, you know. A near inspection dispels the illusion, but from a little distance the likeness is wonderful. After the General's speech a duet by a pair of good Salvation sisters very well sung, and chorus rendered by the audience in the same stunning way as the others. Then an address with prodigious action and 'bodily exercise' from a brother in uniform. Then a banjo solo by a good man, who told us he once belonged to the 'Zulu Minstrels,' and blacked his face to serve his old master, and looked and acted as much like him as he could, but who was now a follower of the Lamb, and consecrated his little gift the best he knew how. He then gave a solo, admirable in tone and words, but in real 'Jim Crow' style, that offended less than I could have thought possible. Then a sister spoke admirably and eloquently. The Salvation Army has *Holiness* on its banner, and teaches it as boldly as Wesley did. This is the secret of its success. I came away saying with all my heart, 'God bless the Salvation Army!' They reach 'the poor,' and that's the class Jesus Christ came to preach the gospel to especially. What is the use of quarrelling with a brass band and tambourines, and wild choruses and banners, when thousands of men and women are rescued from gin and rum and brandy and debauchery of a still lower grade? 'The tree is known by its fruits.' And the fruits of the S. A. are good—no one can deny that. God bless them!

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"Sunday Marie and I went to Westminster Abbey to worship. The dean preached a solid sermon, and the communion, always observed on Easter Sunday, was the most delightful and impressive I ever remember to have enjoyed anywhere. Don't think I am either 'High Church' or 'crazy,' but Westminster Abbey is the place of places to me. There is the 'Stone of Israel,' and there to-day I feel the presence of the Shepherd of Israel as nowhere else. Blame me who will, I still repeat these words of 'truth and soberness.' 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

"At night we all went to hear Dr. Joseph Parker, the world-wide famous Congregationalist ('Independents,' they call them here) preacher of High Holborn. We were well repaid again. His 'London

Temple' is a huge building, second only to Mr. Spurgeon's 'Metropolitan Tabernacle.' I judge it will hold five thousand, packed, as Spurgeon's holds seven thousand, in a jam. It is, like Spurgeon's, a perfect oval, with one gallery running all around, S.'s having two of the same. The pulpit is also like that of the Tabernacle, almost in a line with the lower seats of the gallery, and in one end of it was the speaker, visible from every seat, though some only see his back, of course. Three hundred gas-jets brilliantly illuminate the elegant room, glorious in gilding and paint, exquisitely laid on, and not of the sombre hue so uniformly disfiguring places of worship. The organ is grand, the choir well trained, the cornetist a master of his instrument, and the congregational singing the very finest I ever heard, far surpassing Spurgeon's, Beecher's, and Talmage's—finer than all of these latter. The anthem 'Awake, thou that Sleepest,' as rendered by the choir last night, was simply of indescribable sweetness. Dr. Parker himself looks very like my dear old friend John C. Young, of Danville, having the same powerful flexibility of mouth and the same brow of genius; close shaven as a monk, and not unlike one in his flowing gown, and a round bald surface in the exact place of a monk's tonsure, gradually encroaching on his otherwise bushy hair, now rather long. He is an orator of no common order, a first-rate actor, and very dramatic in all he does from first to last. His voice is very like Edwin Forrest's in his palmy days, and he manages it with great skill. Coming into the pulpit, in a very deep, impressive tone he makes the 'invocation,' as it is called in clerical parlance. In all his prayers, besides this deep tone he has a habit I never knew in any one else, of waiting a long while between the last words and the 'amen.' It is most impressive, and at once pointed out to me a defect we all are guilty of, so far as I have heard—viz., the robbing the word of its true import and solemnity by hasty utterance. The pause is sometimes almost painful in Dr. P.'s prayers, but it is ever impressive. After reading the hymn so that the words remain in your mind in spite of yourself, he stands in a rapt posture, gazing upward while it is being sung, swaying his body to and fro in time and then softly nodding his head, exhibiting the most intense enjoyment in the exercise, and drawing the whole audience after him to share it, as they

singly watch his motions—I will not write 'manœuvres,' for they are manifestly genuine. He prays as sweetly as Mr. Beecher in his better days, when I knew him while I was at Princeton, and loved to hear him so much. The growing resemblance to my friend John C. Young greatly affected me. An undercurrent of memory went all through the remaining exercises, disarming all thoughts of criticism. He preached a lovely sermon on 'the LORD'S death'—1 Cor. 11. These three words he enlarged upon in the most original and beautiful manner, his audience spell-bound from beginning to ending. But enough for the present. We all liked Dr. Parker, and this uniform liking among seven varying tastes and capacities is the best way of telling what he is. We sat on camp-stools in the aisle. Not a foot of standing room, even, unoccupied; and it is uniformly so. Ever in Jesus."

CHAPTER XVII.

SERMONS.*

I.—The Sinner's Salvation—Simple Acceptance.

Romans 10.

Dear Friends, God's ways are all ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are paths of peace. Now, that is the ear-mark by which you will know His ways from all other ways; that is the characteristic feature of them. His yoke is easy, His burden is light, His commandments are never grievous. Oh, how simple the test! What is the devil's is not the Lord's, and what is yours or somebody else's is not the Lord's. If a thing is hard, why, it is the devil's or yours, it is not the Lord's; for He says all His ways are ways of pleasantness. If it is not pleasant, it is not His. All His paths are paths of peace. If there is turmoil and excitement in it, then it is the devil's: don't you see it is bound to be? for the Lord says all His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are paths of peace. After you get into His service, His yoke is easy and His burden is light, and His commandments are never grievous. Now, you see what the devil has done. There is not a thing connected with the salvation of Jesus Christ but what he has turned it into regular torture—not one.

First, repentance toward God, which ought to be the sweetest, simplest thing in a creature who needs God as his portion. Repentance toward God has been turned by the devil into getting sorry over your sins and feeling bad for a spell about them, and then may

* Reported by special phonographer at Dayton, Ohio, to be edited and published by Rev. George W. Greenwood, Brooklyn. The selections in this volume were given by the evangelist.

be you will feel better, and may be not, but you are bound to feel bad. So, dear friends, let me warn you again against allowing the devil to make your definitions. There is where he works his mischief for you. If he can make you believe that repentance, instead of being the most delicious, delightful privilege, is a torment, is bitterness, is penitential—I do not know any word in our language that suits it so well as that—then he can make you do anything that is uncomfortable and unhappy ; but if God's ways are ways of pleasantness, then God's ways are pleasant things. The devil tortures us with acts of self-denial that God never sets upon us. God's self-denial is the most delightful thing in the world. There is no greater luxury in the earth. But the awful burdens we put on ourselves, and allow the devil to weigh us down with, that is horrible ; and I make this broad assertion, that I undertake to prove in detail, that the devil has made every pleasant thing of God into an instrument of torture. That is his method—to turn light into darkness, sweet into bitter, God's joy into sorrow. He is never so happy as when he is doing that sort of devilment. I want to unmask a little bit of devilment in connection with this believing with the heart. Oh, yes, what a rack of torture the devil has made out of that. "Believe with the heart." "Oh, yes, very easy. I could come up and confess Jesus," you say. "I understand all that ; I could come up and say, in answer to your question, 'Do you take Jesus as your Saviour?' 'Why, certainly, I could say yes ; I have got a tongue, and I know how to use it. I certainly know how to say yes, but I am afraid I will not believe on Him with the heart ; and if I come up heartlessly and do that, why, I had better stay away.'" I quite agree with you ; but I do not agree with you when you try to make out believing with the heart is some devil's believing with the heart. I am not going to follow the devil. I do not allow him to make my definitions. I do not allow him to take God's sweet and pleasant things and make them tortures for me. I have let all that folly forever go out of my life. I would to God I could persuade you to let it go out of your life to-night.

So, the devil is at his tricks. He is an old practitioner ; he has taken you in, my brother. He says, "Oh, yes, you must be very

careful what you do, for if you do not do it with the heart, why, remember it will be a solemn mockery before God." And he has got such a great way of saying solemn things that you would think that he is Solomon himself. He has got such an awful way of making religion a solemn thing. "Oh, yes, be very careful how you take up so solemn a subject." A very solemn thing it is to eat bread when you are hungry, a very solemn thing to drink water when you are thirsty, a very solemn thing to take the joy of the Lord instead of the wretchedness of sin—a very solemn thing. This old devil has got a habit, when he turns preacher, of being very solemn. He just wants to fool you and trap you; so he says, "Be very careful how you take up so solemn a subject. Consider well; look before you leap; do not do it inconsiderately, and remember if you do not do this thing with all your heart—remember what is written." And then he takes a false text, which I think my God has been pitched out of the Bible, and that people have been believing in. The old devil's text used to be this: "If thou believest with all thy heart," and you know it was the devil clapped that in—the devil and some old ecclesiastic wanted to make the way for the sinner to be saved as hard as possible—wanted to draw a poor wretch over the gridiron and roast him before he wanted to allow him the luxury of being called a child of God. It is out of the Bible, and I hope that it will never show its dirty face again. "If thou believest with all thy heart"—that is the devil, I know it is. Dear friends, we have got a large sect in Kentucky that just take that old devil's text and make that a reason for making a poor sinner come up and confess that Jesus Christ is the Son of God before they let him into the church, and so on. Don't you see what the devil is after? He wants to make it very difficult, so he will ring the changes on that sort of business: "If you don't do it with all your heart, you had better not do it at all; be very careful to see that the Lord is in the matter, be sure of that." Oh, what a devil he is, and he knows how to quote Scripture; and so the poor soul that is ready to go out almost, the sweet invitation accepted, takes two steps forward and one backward. The invitation is unconditional. Jesus says, "Come to me and I will give you rest." "Oh, no," says the devil, "it is a

very solemn step you are going to take ; be very careful ; it is awful solemn." What a devil he is. How I hate him ! I wish I could annihilate him. Thank God, he is going to a place, a hot place, too, pretty soon. I am mighty glad of that. How I hate him !

I want to show you, as the Lord shall give me utterance to-night, how the devil has made a barrier out of nothing. I want to show you that giving your heart—and understand me in all that I say I am just as emphatic as the devil tried to be in telling of the importance of doing a thing with your heart—and if you do not do it with your heart it is all in vain ; but I want to take that devilish solemnity out of it ; I want to show you that it is the easiest thing in the world. I want to show you that it is only a part of that sweet salvation that consists in eating when you are hungry, and drinking when you are thirsty, going into that room where glorious odors are stealing your senses, where sweet strains of music are filling your ear and a loving Father meets you with open arms just ready to say, " Sit down, my son, have anything you want." That is God's way. If the devil makes it any harder than that, he is a liar. I love to call him a liar. Next to saying God is good, I do love to say the devil is a liar. I hate him. He is a liar and a murderer. I want to show you that giving the heart to God and believing with the heart are but another use of sweet and pleasant things, like eating and drinking. I will do it as the Lord shall give me utterance to-night ; I trust in Him alone. Let me tell you a little about the devil's ways. The devil says, " Give us your heart." Let us see how the old Aztecs gave their heart in the land of Mexico. Part of their old worship used to be giving the heart to God. Do you know how they did it?—took a poor victim up on the altar of stone, and bound the poor wretch, and then the priest of the horrid rites took a sharp knife, made one cut across his breast, put in his hand and tore out the palpitating heart, and said, " There, take it." Oh, God, there is devil worship, isn't it? That is the way the devil wants you to give your heart. [Illustrating by hesitating manner.] You say, " Well—yes—if I must have religion—now—now—here goes—now, I will do it"—like you are going to have a double tooth taken out by the dentist. " Now, hold on, doctor—if I have got to have it—now—hold on,

doctor! Now! now!" That is the tooth-drawing called getting religion. Ah, friends, the devil is in us all. Are those ways ways of pleasantness? Are those paths paths of peace? No, my friends, do not be ignorant of his devices. And so the devil, whenever he talks about giving the heart, that is about the way he wants it given—torn out of the palpitating bosom and given to God. He delights in bloodshed, delights in misery. He sets up himself on God's throne, and when the poor miserable sinner is howling and yelling, he says, "Oh, that is the sweetest music in my ear; keep awake at nights, keep on praying, go ahead. Ah, that is the sweetest music. Oh, yes, I love to see the scorching tears coming out of your eyes." Don't you see who that is? Don't you know that it is the devil that men have hoisted into God's throne? Are those ways of pleasantness? Are those paths of peace? Is that God, whose name is Love? Why, you know it is not. Oh, dear friends, how the devil has entrapped us all. And so, when you go around to other parts of the world, what do they mean by getting religion? Always something uncomfortable—lying down on a bed of spikes, crawling along the ground a hundred miles as a worm would crawl, holding up your hands till your arms stiffen at the shoulder-blade, putting flesh-hooks into the muscular parts of the back. If you die, you go to heaven. If you are crippled for life, you are a very holy man, as the poor Indian casts himself under the wheels of the cars of Juggernaut. That is the devil's religion, for the devil, whenever you are going to serve the Lord, makes you suffer a great deal in doing it. The same thing is the penance of the Romish Church—penitentia—the penance at the convents of France: some flogging themselves until the blood runs down to their heels, starving themselves until they are skeletons, kneeling down on the cold flagstones until they get rheumatism, walking with peas in their shoes. Mercy! mercy! will men never have done with this? No, not as long as there is a devil, because he is the author of it. Then you come down to Protestant countries, and the devil teaches men that giving God their heart is shedding a great many tears of sorrow for sin, and reading a great deal in the Bible that you do not understand; that it is an awful penance to read a chapter, for they would rather read the newspaper

any time. Don't you see it is all the devil? Is that a way of pleasantness? Is that a path of peace? Oh, no, that is not, because God's way of giving the heart is a very sweet and blessed thing, as I want to show you. The devil always makes it hard.

Let us get at what God means, then, when He says, "If the heart of man believeth unto righteousness." Remember, that instead of taking away the importance of the heart being given to God, that is the centre. If you do not come up here with your heart, you had better stay away. I say that with all my heart, but I want to show you that the devil's difficulty does not exist at all. You can give your heart just as easy as you can turn over your hand, just as easily as you can eat bread when you are hungry, or drink water when you are thirsty. It is important that I give my heart to God, important that I believe in Him with my heart. Let us see what the heart is. We cannot take a single step or turn a single wheel until we find out what the heart is. Very well, thank the dear Lord that He has given us the thing that is seen. There is hardly ever a word that is used oftener than the word heart. You will find, by using a concordance, the word heart between three hundred and fifty and five hundred times. What does it mean? Let us get the thing that is seen. Here is this heart, a thing that we feel, here. It is right in the centre of my body. That is, the centre of circulation is as near the centre of my body as you can measure it with a measuring line. I mean the heart proper, the place where the valves receive and discharge the blood, which God says is life. That is in the centre. So, dear friends, if you want to kill a man, hit him in the heart. Be sure you do not shoot on the left side—you might miss it. Don't you shoot on the right side—you will miss it—but right in the centre —in the centre of his body. You see you have got to walk by faith before you will believe all this, just as I give my sight the lie every time the sun rises. Sight says the sun rises and sets. Science says no, that is a lie. Well, you say, What must I do? Walk by faith. We tell you the sun does not rise and set, you are moving yourself; do not walk then by sight; give your eyes the lie every time the sun rises and sets. If you put your hand on the left side, you say, "Dear me, my heart lies on the left side." How do you know? I know I

feel it there. Feeling tells you a lie, my friend; your heart is right in the centre of your body. Any doctor can tell you that the centre of circulation is as near the centre of the body as can be, and God intended it to be there. Now, another little word. This little instrument called the heart, about five inches long, or something like that, lies right in the centre of your body. It pulsates about seventy times a minute. By a little arithmetic you will find that that is forty-two hundred times an hour, or one hundred thousand and eight times a day, or thirty-six millions and some odd numbers over thirty-six millions of times in a year. Now, here is a second lesson that I ask you to lay to heart to-night, my friends. How would you like to manage that little instrument? How would you like to take that little machine under your supervision for just one hour? You would say, "I would not do it for five hundred thousand dollars. God works the machine. Don't talk to me about taking charge of such a thing as that, that is to beat seventy times a minute or forty-two hundred times an hour." You would kill yourself in fifteen minutes, because when your heart stops you would stop as sure as the world. It is the centre of life. The blood is life, remember that. The second lesson that I ask you to receive from God to-night is this: if you would not take charge of this heart that you can see and feel, if you would not take charge of that for any conceivable amount, then, for God's sake, don't take charge of the other heart, but put it into God's hands. He says, "Give me all your heart." He don't mean, cut open this bosom and give your heart—that is devilment. People that don't know anything about God at all, of course the devil can persuade them that that is what He wants. That is not the meaning. When God says, Give me your heart, He wants you to give Him something that corresponds with this heart. In other words, He gives you the thing that is seen to find out the thing that is not seen—the thing that is in the centre, or the soul—He asks you to give Him that. Now, my dear friends, that is the second lesson. Please observe it. If you would not under any conditions take charge of this natural heart, do not, under any circumstances, take charge of your spiritual heart. This is the same instrument that we are talking about that beats so many times an hour, a day, a year.

This wonderful instrument, that receives and discharges seven tons of blood in a day—ah, it is a very lively little member! Fourteen thousand pounds of blood this little heart takes in and gives out in a day. Every pulsation sends the tide of life to the remotest extremity of your body. Prick your head with a pin, the blood spurts. Prick the point of your finger with a needle, the blood spurts. Prick your foot with a pin, and the blood spurts. The blood is life. Here is the reservoir of life, this wonderful little instrument. Oh, how does it get that tremendous power? Where does it come from? How does it keep it up? This heart receives and discharges fourteen thousand pounds of blood in a single day, and the blood is the life. It is the centre, therefore, of life, as all will admit. Now, there is one thing about this heart, and I want you to notice it, for the devil is a mean devil, and right at this point he has done a very mean little trick. He will testify to anything to gain his point. He is always taking mean, little underhand advantages. You have heard of people talking about the vitals, haven't you? There are no vitals. That is a lie of the devil. You say, "Oh, well, pshaw!" I say it is a lie of the devil, and I can prove it, because I have been in the habit of trying to find out the secret of all these mistakes that are current in society, and I can trace them every one to the devil, and I am glad to do that because I want you to trace it. I want to trace it right past you and everybody else straight to the devil. If you talk about the vitals, I ask you what they are. Your lungs are generally called one of the vitals. Your brain is generally called one of the vitals. Your liver is generally called one of the vitals. That is a lie of the devil in order to cover up the truth, my friends, as I shall show you directly. I want to show you exactly how all this comes in, and how this little sneaking lie has wrought terrific mischief. Men talk loosely about their vitals, but you have no vitals. The lungs are not vitals. There are five thousand men with bullet-holes through their lungs to-day that are living and hearty, that have pieces of lungs shot away, and get along about as well as they did before the piece was shot away. So the lungs are not vitals, because a vital is a thing that it kills you to wound. I know a man with his blood in a bad condition may prick the end of his little

finger and it will turn into a gangrene sore. Many a man that is cut through the lungs I grant you dies, and so they are called vitals. So a man's liver is supposed to be vital. Men have had the liver lacerated and have lived. The brain is supposed to be a vital. Many a man in this last war had part of the brains shot out, and the doctors cured him up, and he gets along just as well with half his brains as he did with the whole of them. I will venture to say there are fifty men in the United States living now that participated in the war that left part of their brains in Northern or Southern battle-fields. So it is all exploded, that idea of having vitals. Let me tell you there is a vital, although there are no vitals. There is a vital. You never heard of a man with a lacerated heart getting well, my friends. You touch that heart, and see if you get well. You never heard of a man with a bullet-hole through his heart that lived; you never heard of a man with a sword-thrust through his heart that lived; you never heard of a man that had his heart pricked with a cambric needle that lived, because God has established it in the animal economy that there is but one vital. Remember that. Remember that whenever you use the word vitals you are playing into the devil's hand. I will show you why directly. The lesson is not so important, my friends, while we talk about this animal economy, but when you come to the thing that lies beneath it, then I will show you the vile traces of this infernal serpent of hell. He is the author of this plural number. God says there is but one vital in the body, and but one vital in the soul; but the devil, when he talks loosely about vitals, and gets the word vitals current in society is not striking at your body; he is striking at your soul. On this lie he has based another, that there are vitals in the soul, the old liar; whereas there is only one vital in the soul. Now, dear friends, let us come to what this vital, what this heart of the soul is, and without further circumlocution, I say it is not, as the devil wants you to believe, the affections, the emotions, the feelings. The devil is telling you to believe it is. The devil says, If you do not love the Lord, and feel that you love Him, you ought not to come and make that confession —the old liar! Then he says: "The heart is the centre of feeling and motion. You ought not to come up on a cold collar and confess

Jesus Christ; you would be an infernal hypocrite if you did that. What! come up with your feelings stone dead and cold? Don't do that; you are only offending God, and mocking Him"—the old liar! That is another of his lies. He is a liar, my friends. I want to call him that till you will believe he is a liar. He is a liar, and so you see, if you let him define what the heart is he will get you into no end of trouble. I say to-night that the heart is synonymous all through the Book of God—and I can prove it by the introduction of texts—the heart is synonymous with the will. There is but one thing in the spiritual economy that will at all compare with this king of the body, for here it sits a king, administering everything. God has put it in the centre, to show that it is the king. There is but one king of the spiritual nature. That spiritual ruler is not your feelings, it is your "I will." I am not going to read you a lecture on moral philosophy now, nor going into details. I make that statement without the slightest fear of contradiction. There is but one king of the soul, and that is, "I will." God put it on the throne. It is the dispenser of life and death. It is the one thing that settles our eternal destiny. It is the thing that ruined Adam. You can see how the will is supreme. Many a man has killed himself, blown his brains out. I remember once, in a town where I was preaching in Kentucky, a young man went out in broad daylight, quietly ascended a hill near town, and in full view of the public square pulled out a revolver and quietly cocked it and put it to his head and drew the trigger. The cap snapped. It didn't go off. He quietly took it down, turned the chambers, threw out the old exploded cap, looked in to see where there was a nice new load, looked to see whether there was a nice new cap, and the second time he pulled the trigger, and he killed himself. Do you suppose that man felt like killing himself? No, but there was something in him said, "I will die—I will." I could go up on this rink and throw myself from it. Every emotion in me would protest against it, but I have got a king within me that would cause me to do it. To will may be present with me, "but how to perform that which is good I find not," Paul says. But remember God has emphasized this fact even in the fall of man. When man fell, he fell with his will upon

the throne, powerless to do good, but in every evil transgression the administering thing, the reigning monarch ; as the heart is king of the body, so the " I will " is the king of the soul. Now, come to the Scripture that bears upon this point, and you will see Jesus says, " Wilt thou be made whole ?" " What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee ?" " How often willed I to gather you as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but you willed not." It does not say " you could not—you would not, you willed not." God knows where the king of the soul is. There is but one, and that is the only strength within me. The only thing that will damn a man is " I won't." Now you see why the devil wants to have vitals in the body instead of a vital. He wants to bring this down to the spiritual nature, and accordingly he has made a great many vitals. If you don't feel right, you are going to hell. If you don't feel you have got a change of heart, you are going to hell. If you do not have a profound and deep feeling of a change of heart, you are going to hell. He has made lots of vitals—made vitals out of the lungs, out of the liver, out of the brains. He has hidden the fact that there is but one vital ; but God stands and wrings His hands, and says there is but one vital ; there is but one thing that will ruin a man—" I will not." He never says, you cannot. I defy you to find it. " But you will not come unto me that you might have life." Ah, brethren, these witnesses are clear and distinct in proving this point. Ye will not come unto me that you might have life.

Now, dear friends, do you know the reason why Grant was President of the United States twice, and came very near being President the third time ? I will tell you, if you don't know. It was because he alone of all the commanders of the Union forces knew where the heart of the Confederacy lay. Sherman went galivanting from Nashville down to the seaport, and he did not stop the rebellion. Other men skirmished around, and fought here and there, and did gallant service, but did not stop the rebellion. This man of destiny knew where the heart of the Confederacy lay, and, said he, " I am going for the heart of this thing," and he struck the heart. He felt its beatings, and said he, " I am going to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." His men fell by thousands, for the Confederacy

also knew where its heart lay, and defended with a desperate tenacity, but he said, "Send me more men, that is all I want;" and he fought and fought and fought, leaving thousands in his train as he went, but at last he laid his iron hand on the heart of the Confederacy, and it stopped beating. That is the way to stop life—go for the heart. Do not be skirmishing around among the liver and the lights and the lungs and the muscles, but go for the heart. Everything has got a heart. You have got a heart, and God has a heart. A tree has a heart. When we want to girdle trees down in Kentucky, we cut them into the heart. If you want to kill a tree, you must do that. I have seen many trees with the bark skinned off that lived, and were just as lively as ever, but you never saw a tree that lived after it was cut into the red. There is but one vital—remember that, absolutely vital—to touch it is to kill it. That is the reason President Grant was President of the United States twice and came very near being President the third time, if he does not become it yet. That is the reason he crushed the heart of the Confederacy. He was wise enough to see where it lay.

That is the reason God says, "Give me your heart." The devil says, "Give me your head, your hands, your feelings, your emotions." God says, "I do not ask you for them, I only ask you for one thing; give me your heart." The devil tries to make out the heart to be all these other things. The heart, my friends, is a distinct thing. "Give me your heart," and if you give Him your heart and He does not save you, He is telling a lie. He will do it. If there be first a willing mind, God accepts a man just as he is, and not as he is not: so declares the blessed Word of God. A willing mind, not an affectionate mind. No, no; but a willing mind. It is not even feeling. It is not emotions—not at all.

Ah, my friends, the very moment the will is yielded everything yields, and you are just as bound to make a confession to Jesus Christ as that the sun shines. People say, "I believe with my heart, but I ain't going to confess with my lips." You are deceiving yourselves. I know you better than you know yourselves. God has taught me in this blessed Word—you are deceiving yourselves. The man that gives Him his heart always confesses Him with his lips, and you

might as well talk about a tree living without leaves as a man living without the confession of our Lord. Self yielded, everything follows.

I want to make a few remarks to-night in order to encourage a change of will. It may lift up some poor heart in these days when Colonel Ingersoll's views have been spread all over the country so freely. You can get Ingersoll's lectures just as easily as you can get the Bible. You can get infidel works wherever you want. They are just flooding the country. Do you know, my dear friends, it is simply taking the life of this great country of ours. This wave of infidelity that is flowing over it is making our boys infidels. Our men of mind are infidels, our thinking men are infidels. Colonel Ingersoll has captured them all. I tell you he has got more influence this day than any five hundred preachers in the United States, and you may start with Talmage or any of the great ones. Ingersoll to-day has got the heart of the people more than any five hundred preachers you can mention. No heart is more sad than mine at knowing it. I am not libelling the community. No, my friends. Good mother, your child, your boy, your manly, splendid, handsome fellow, he is an infidel. You do not know it. He knows it. He would not tell you or let you know it for anything in the world. You don't suppose he is going to tell you anything? No, not at all. He is an infidel all the same. You mothers that are little suspecting this, your houses are filled with infidels. Colonel Ingersoll has got a death-grip on the young men of America, and is sweeping it as a forest goes down before a hurricane. It is so, whether you believe it or not. You may say, "Peace, peace," but there is no peace. I tell it you as a simple fact. I know that there are thousands of men in America that do not want to be infidels, but Colonel Ingersoll has attacked an indefensible God. Christianity has chosen an indefensible position, and a thinking man soon finds that out. The man that reads Colonel Ingersoll and then Judge Black's and Mr. Talmage's weak, weak answers to his mighty arguments, finds it out. Thinking men find this out, reading men all over the country find this out. I do not wonder that there are so many infidels in the country. I do not wonder there are hundreds of thousands in this country that are

infidels. You cannot read one of Colonel Ingersoll's lectures without being more or less of an infidel, unless you have got Jesus Christ in your heart. It is bound to leave its mark on you. It is a fact that there are tens of thousands of men that have drifted into scepticism that do not want to be sceptics. They come and say, "I must believe in so and so and so; I must believe in the divinity of the Son of God, believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God, believe the doctrine of the Trinity, believe this and that proposition," and the man says frankly, "I cannot. I am very sorry; I wish I could. I have been over the ground, and it is false." You need not ask him, he can't do it—can no more do it than he can make himself over. What is the matter with him? His head is all wrong. You cannot change the head unless you bring an operative power in to do it. The only thing is to get a whole heart. If you get my heart right, then my head will go right. If you go and batter away at a man's head that is full of scepticism, what do you make out of it? "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." I cannot argue him out of it. Your books of evidences are all useless. What the man needs is a new heart. You cannot get it by battering at his head, therefore leave that; and I speak these words for many a man that does not want to be an infidel. I speak this for the comfort of those who think themselves shut out because they cherish sceptical views in their heads. I say no, my friends, that is not fatal. You are mistaken in your brain. It may go down, and afterward affect the heart, but there is only one thing that is fatal, and that is, "I will not." Dear brother, it is just the same as if your hand went bad. Suppose your hand was red with the blood of your fellow-man, would you say, "I am deterred from God's salvation, I have killed a man"? David and Saul of Tarsus had killed a man. Saul had killed Christians by the hundred. Your hands will become white. Do you believe it because the blood of Jesus Christ has paid for it? Very well; so you see, if the blood of Jesus Christ has paid for that, I just take it it has paid for the other thing that is not vital. The blood of Jesus has paid for all scepticism that you have got in your wicked head. He has paid for the sin of the head, just as well as He has paid for the sins of the feet. The blood of Jesus Christ

His Son cleanseth us from all sin. But there is one vital point. If you say the blood of Jesus Christ cannot cleanse you, the blood of Jesus Christ cannot save you, sceptical in your head, the Lord does not mind that any more as a barrier to salvation than he minds the sins of your hand or foot—not a bit. I say this for the comfort of those who say, "It is written in the Bible, Unless you believe you cannot be saved, and I suppose that I am booked for damnation ; I have tried to believe, and I cannot." Oh, no, my friend, you have escaped one little word that lets you out completely. "With the heart a man believeth unto righteousness." As long as you say, "I will," and not "I won't," you are safe as the blood of Jesus Christ can make you. There is nothing but wilful rejection of the Son of God that will damn a man. He that believeth not shall be damned. You think you cannot believe with your head, and God has shut that door by saying you believe with the heart, and you cannot believe with anything else. You believe with the "I will," so, brother, if you are just as cold as stone, if you are just as hard as a rock, and yet your will says, "I will come to Jesus"—and does not know anything about divinity—"I have got that all wrong up here, but I have got it all right down here ; I don't know anything about it, but I will submit," you are saved. It is not how little you know or how much you know that saves you. It is the blood of Jesus Christ that saves you. The minute you say "I will," then you confess the Lord Jesus Christ. You cannot help doing it—you can't help doing it. These two things are joined together, and no man can put them asunder. God knows, if you confess with a willing mind, you have given God your heart. With the mouth confession is made unto salvation, praise His dear name. So, my brother with the sceptical views, those sceptical views of your head are no bar from this sweet salvation. There is only one thing will condemn, and that is, "I won't." That is the one vital established by God in the body and soul. Here is the lesson : read it. Here is the thing that is seen from which we learn of the thing that is unseen.

I will illustrate this by one or two little incidents that occurred in my own ministry. They will illustrate this better than an hour's talk, and I trust it will give courage to some man that does not want

to be an infidel, but thinks he is an infidel and an unbeliever, and is so barred from salvation. You cannot be an infidel in your head. You cannot disbelieve with your head, because God has said there is but one unbelief, that is the unbelief of the heart. I remember a case like this, dear friends. When we were down in one of the Southern States preaching this blessed gospel, we lived at the house of a man who was an open and avowed infidel. His father was an infidel before him. He was raised on Voltaire, and Tom Paine, and Rousseau, and later had read all of Mr. Ingersoll's effusions. He was a thorough infidel, was a bold, brave man, that never held an opinion without proclaiming it; had spread infidelity all over the county where he lived. We put up at his house, not to make the story too long, and the fourth night of our meeting that man came forward to the front seat. His face was flushed and crimson, but there was a steady, determined look in the gentleman. He was a gentleman, every inch of him. He was an educated man, a refined and accomplished gentleman. He stood and faced the audience, and said, "My friends, I suppose you are a good deal surprised at my coming forward here, and I do not know that I entertain any different views from what I did this morning, or last week, or last year. I do not know that my views have undergone one particle of change, and I do not want you to be deceived; but this man has got something that I have not got, and I am going to have it." And there, dear friends, for the first time God revealed it all. The man had given all that God wanted him to give. There he was, in all sorts of a muddle, but he had come and submitted his heart. There for the first time I saw the difference between the heart and the head. You may have your head in one county and your heart in another. They do not need to be together. That is all he wants to gain, your heart. I know he will right the head after a while. I went to him and said, "God bless you, brother, Jesus receives you." I knelt. "And will you take him as your Saviour the best you can?" He answered, "I do not know anything about Him. I do not believe any theory about Him. I am going to submit. I want what you have got, and I am going to have it." I said, "God bless you, brother, and you are my brother henceforth. Jesus Christ saves your

soul this minute." How did it turn out? I was perfectly satisfied, and knew that the man was a saved man, but he was a little scared about it. The next night he came forward. Said I, "What have you come forward now for?" "I believe I believe some." Such were exactly the words. It was so ridiculous, every one laughed. Said I, "Is that all you can say for Jesus?" Said he, "Every word." "Ah, brother, you were received last night, not to-night; I praise the Lord you are going to believe." The next night he came up, and said I, "Brother," and I brothered him up hill and down dale because I saw what he had done. Said he, "Lord, help Thou mine unbelief." "Praise the Lord!" I said; "Jesus saved you on your first submission, but you are getting along." The fourth night I was speaking of coming to the Lord, and he came up and said, "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I am going to wait for Him till He comes." Said I, "God bless you, brother; that is glorious. In four days you have grown up like the calf in the stall. I did not get that in thirty-five years." That man was saved on his first submission.

Another case occurred in my ministry up the Big Sandy. A bright young lawyer came up to court. The Big Sandy got on a rampage, and the lawyers had nothing to do but to go home. This man, who was a kind-hearted man, had drifted into infidelity like hundreds and thousands of others, like many of our best men. He did not want to be an infidel, but was too honest a man to be ashamed of his opinions, whatever they were. I think he was attracted by hearing Marie sing, and got to like her singing, and thought a good deal of her. The third day of the meeting, one morning he came to me with a sheet of legal cap, I believe they call it, about that long. "Well," said I, "what is the matter?" Said he, "I did not get much sleep last night, and I came to read this document to you, to see if there was anything in it. Somehow or other you have got me into a new train of thought. Here is my confession. I want to know if you think there is anything in that. It is my level best. It is just as far as I can go." I can repeat it.

"I, ——, having in this and other countries scattered the seeds of scepticism, not wantonly, but generally, in answer to inquiry as to

why I could not receive, or did not receive Jesus Christ as my Saviour as He was set forth in the New Testament and in the teachings of His ministers, and having of late had my mind somewhat changed by the preaching of the Rev. George O. Barnes, and by the sweet singing of his daughter Marie, I deem it right to make this my confession, so that if there be aught of good in it, it may neutralize any evil that I may unwittingly have done, for I do now believe that no good can come of denying the moral teachings of Jesus Christ''—that was negative—"I therefore do confess that I believe as a historical fact that there was a man named Jesus Christ, who lived in Palestine nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and that He lived a life of exceptional purity, that He had the purest system of morals that the world has ever seen, and that at last He was cruelly put to death upon the cross—crucified between two thieves—that He died and was buried, and whether He was taken away by His disciples by stealth, or whether He was raised from the dead, I do not know. All I know is that if He was taken away by His disciples, no history, sacred or profane, telleth where they laid Him. And now, having thus had my mind turned by the preaching of Mr. Barnes and the singing of his daughter, I am willing to put myself as a pupil in his school, and to be an obedient pupil, and to learn what I can learn.'' Signed ——.

Said he, "What do you think of that?'' Said I, "It is as good as gold. Will you say that before the people?'' "Why,'' said he, "yes.'' He just stared at me. He thought, of course, I would say, "My dear friend, you do not acknowledge the divinity of Jesus, and do not call Him the Son of God; do not do anything. You do not mean to say that will let me through?'' "It is as good as wheat in the mill. It is the best you can do, isn't it?'' "Yes, I am honest, that is just as far as I can go.'' "Brother, let me read that before the congregation, and you come up on the front seat, and if God doesn't save you on it I will be willing to be damned in your stead.'' I saw it just as clearly as can be that the man had given his heart to the Lord, and I knew that all God asked was the heart. He was all muddled up, just the same as my other friend was. He came up that night like a man. I read that before the congregation, and said

I, "Is this your confession?" Said he, "It is." Said I, "God bless you, brother, give us your hand; we are members of the same family, and if the dear Lord does not save you I will be damned in your stead." I wish you would see how that man grew like the calf in the stall. A few weeks after that he joined the Methodist Church; did not care about Methodism or anything else, but his wife was there, and children were there. Three or four months after that I went down into the town where he lived. There were twelve hundred and fifty-eight souls converted in that county, and I believe five hundred of them gathered in by that one man's work. He worked like an apostle, lived like an apostle, talked like an apostle, grew and wrought steadily. It was the most ridiculous confession in the world. He was ashamed of it in twenty-four hours afterward. It was the best the man could do, and under cover of that poor silly confession there was yielded a heart, and God gave him a spiritual heart, and to-day he is one of the best Christians in the town where he lives. If I were asked who is the best Christian, I would put my hand right on that man. He started off believing that Jesus Christ would take a poor fellow in on any ground when he was willing. My friends, how fast a man will grow, if he will give the dear God credit for being good. If there is any man here that is willing to-night, that does not want to be a sceptic, and that is willing to be saved on God's own plan, ignorant as he may be, and not being asked one single theological question, but who only says to you, "If there be first a willing mind, just say so, and I will save you"—you would be saved as sure as His name is God, and I am His ambassador who make this offer in His stead. I say, if God don't save you I will be perfectly willing to be damned in your stead. I make no irreverent use of the name of God in this connection. I have said it hundreds of times, and I will say it a thousand times before I go to meet my Saviour. I know it. I have got testimony of His Spirit to-night that He indorses it fully. I know my Jesus. I know His love. I know what His grace has done. His grace covers thy whole heart. Are you willing to let God save you? Then come and confess Jesus. I do not ask you if you believe that He is the Son of God. Come and take God at His word, and take His Saviour as best you know

how. It may be a miserable best. All our bests are in a varying scale of intelligence. God never makes intelligence or lack of it any bar at all. There is no bar but "I won't." If you are willing, God is willing. His arms are willing when you would rush into His arms, and lean your head on to the breast of God. For He has let down the golden chain so low, praise God, our salvation is suited to our wants. All you need is a willing heart, believing unto righteousness, a mouth confessing unto salvation. Oh, Lord, that men would believe in Thy love. What a fearful disclosure it will be when the curtain lifts, and this salvation, placed at our feet in all its rounded completeness pressed upon our acceptance or rejection, is rejected through some flimsy pretence of Satan, or through some false trap he has set for our feet. May we know that Lord, accept Him, rejoice in Him. May that blessed mercy fill our hearts to-night, and Thine shall be the praise forever. Amen.

II.—The Sinner's Salvation, the Saint's Crown.—The Tent Life.

Genesis 12.

What a beautiful position that is, dear friends, between Bethel and Hai. Bethel means the house of the Lord, the house of God, and Hai means an overturned heap—type of the world that now is, which to the Christian is a thing that has nothing it it. It is a squeezed orange. It is nothing. It is laid on the shelf. It is not worth pursuing; it is not worth having after you get it. The Christian has found something better than Hai. We are all in that land some time or other, running after something that is in the world, thinking that there is something there that will satisfy us; then by and by we pass that city, and the world is behind our backs, and then we pitch our tent and erect our altar between Bethel and Hai. Mark the position, my friends. It is the pilgrim position. It is the one, dear children, that you and I ought to occupy every day—between Bethel and Hai—having Hai on the east and Bethel on the west. That is to say, Hai is in the direction of Mesopotamia, where Abram came from. To illustrate. Yonder is Mesopotamia, and

this pilgrim turns his back upon that, at the call of God, and goes on, on, on, and as he journeys, still going westward, he passes this Hai, represented by that stand, and there is Bethel, where the reporter is sitting. That is the position. You are mistaken if you think that Bethel was on his right hand. Hai was on his right hand, and Bethel was on his left. Here, here, is the position ; evermore in the direction that God calls him to go, out of the east going toward the west, and now he stands fully facing Bethel ; that is in front ; and as for Hai, that is behind him. The world, an overturned heap, is to his back. The house of God is full in front. Right there he builds his altar. Right there he pitches his tent. The tent, type of the pilgrim that refuses to take root on earth. A tent can be pitched or struck in a few minutes. It is not a great house, with deep foundations, with all of your property invested in it. It is a loose thing that you can fold in ten minutes, and away you go to some other spot where God calls you. It is for the man who refuses to take root in this earthly soil. So Abram is represented as still journeying with a tent and altar. These two are always found together ; for where a tent is pitched—the type of that life that refuses to take root on earth—God's altar is erected. No permanent structure. Anybody can afford a tent, and then what ? God comes down in His great power and places the great hollow of His hand over the tent. Did you ever hear of Sarai and Abram being robbed of anything ? Never. A man that lives in a tent cannot be robbed, because God puts the hollow of His hand over him. No, my friends, the devil has not got the entrée of a tent. That is one place he cannot stick his dirty foot into ; nor a Canaanite. They were in the land ; the land was swarming with them. They were by no means gilt-edged persons. They were thievish and dishonorable, but I never heard of one of them harming our Abram, with his back to Hai and Bethel, the house of God full in front of the door—the pilgrim position. God grant that you and I may know it in the sweet practice of our lives and be another Abram, the man of the tent and of the altar. The tent the type of an unearthly life ; the altar the type of fellowship with God. Oh, brother, what a sweet place it was, and what a happy life they lived. Would that they had always

lived thus, and been so provided for by God. Blessed life of security, where God keeps this life of love and of joy, where we dwell in God, and God dwells in us. There is nothing like it this side of heaven. Indeed it is a little heaven to go to. God does not call everybody to this pilgrim life—I mean right off—not until they are able to bear it. Jesus Christ did not preach all His sermons to everybody all at once. He preached the word to them as they were able to bear it. The devil is a great devil for calling a poor young Christian, just started out in the divine life, to lead the pilgrim life. He is the devil to do that. He is also a deceiver, and deceives the whole world; tries to clap a pilgrim life on the new-born infant, as if I would require my new-born child to swallow a pound of beefsteak. It would kill him as quick as arsenic. A child has got nothing to do but suck milk—then what? Sleep. Then what? Get somebody to take care of it. All a child has got to do is to lie in its mother's arms, look up in its mother's face and laugh a little laugh. If you want to be a child of God you must learn to laugh. If I had a child that did not laugh, I would want to bury it sometimes. I would think it was an idiot; but let those little muscles relax—that is what we all want to see. God looks for the smiles of His children just as much as we look for the smiles of our children; and a Christian with his mouth drawn down in this way—what sort of a child of God is he? Dear friends, learn to let the corners of your mouth go up. Do not try to look as if you were at a funeral. This is a skating rink, it is not a church. It is a skating rink, where you have full liberty to laugh or smile whenever you want to. My God, teach these people how to smile. Do not think because you are at religious services that you have not a right to smile. You have. Your mouth has got a right to be filled with laughter. I would rather have you laugh out in meeting that to sit like dummies, like poor, frost-bitten creatures, who like to look this way [illustrates]. Now you are all right. I wish you would all laugh just a little bit as a matter of courtesy to me. Thank you. Just keep that up; keep the corners of your mouth drawn up. That is the way God loves to see you. Oh, dear friends, I am so sick of seeing Christians with long faces; so sick of seeing people that think that religion

means looking as if they were always at a funeral ; thinking religion is such an awful solemn thing. Oh, yes, it is. I remember, when I was first converted, there was a dear old elder that came to us once—a parcel of us boys had been converted at this meeting in Dayton. There were not many of us. We were huddled together like partridges, sitting on the top-rail of a fence, laughing merrily. We felt a little strange in our isolated position. The rest of the boys had gone off, and there we were, huddling together for a little warmth, and were laughing when this old elder came out. I can see him today as he said, "Boys, I don't think you ought to laugh so loud, now you have made a profession of religion." That is the way I was started out. I only wonder that I did not backslide sooner than I did. What can a boy do but laugh ? God made him to laugh. He made a colt to kick up his heels. "When I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." When I got old, I put on old ways. I do not want to play marbles now. I used to be a dabster at it. When a boy held his marble that way, I could just break him every time. I have won a thousand right in this town of Dayton. Gene Parrot and I could beat the world together. You could not hire me to play a game of marbles now. Marble playing is very nice, but I have got something better. I put away childish things. So God wants us to be children while we are children. He does not want us to eat beefsteak till we have got teeth. The Lord does not want you to be old before your time. An old head on young shoulders is abominable. There is nothing so abhorrent to God as a thing out of place. Divine appropriateness in everything belongeth to the Lord, and so a child ought to be a child. Do not let the devil wheedle you into the idea that you are called to be a pilgrim the minute you are born. You are not, any more than the child is called to eat a pound of beefsteak. I can eat a pound of beefsteak, and digest it, too, but I have got a man's teeth and a man's digestive apparatus. If you could only learn to look down into the natural life, and learn to look at the thing that is seen, just open your eyes and see what the Lord expects you to be in the natural life, and then bring it to the spiritual life, you would get along. I want to talk to you a little about getting things in their place.

The devil tries to get a man to reading the Bible before he understands it. The devil puts a man on his marrow-bones to pray, pray, pray, when he cannot enjoy prayer, and has not confessed the Saviour, and has not got anybody in whose name to pray. The devil sets a man to doing right in the wrong place. That is a diabolical devil. He does not always set you to doing wrong. No, sir : that sort of thing would not take with a certain class of people ; but the devil gets them to doing right in the wrong place. A lady came to me the other day and said, " Brother Barnes, you are talking about praying being a work of the devil." I thought I had better explain that more fully. I will do it now. I do not mean to say that when a poor sinner is praying he is doing wrong, that therefore it is wrong to pray. I do not mean to say that because a sinner does wrong in reading the Bible instead of accepting Jesus Christ, that it is wrong to read the Bible. I will venture to say I pray twice as much—I will not say that, because I have got a lot of holiness people here—but I will venture to say I pray as much and as often as any man in the rink, therefore I cannot hold it to be wrong to pray ; but it is wrong to pray under some circumstances. When God tells a sinner to come to Jesus Christ and be saved right off, if he stands five minutes in prayer he is five minutes an infernal rebel. If he stands five minutes reading the Bible he is five minutes an infernal rebel. It does not matter whether he gets drunk, or prays, or reads his Bible. One is pious rebellion, and the other is abominable rebellion, but both are blank rebellion on their face. For there is nothing outside of rebellion but obedience. Obedience is doing what the Lord tells you to do. If substituting something He did not tell you to do for something he did tell you to do is not rebellion, tell me what it is. He tells me to repent and change my mind right away. I say, " Lord, wait till I read the Bible, and get it a little clearer." That is absolute rebellion. The right thing in the wrong place can be just as much rebellion as the wrong thing in the wrong place. Suppose your child is dying with croup, and your wife says, " John, run for the doctor, my child is choking to death," and you say, "Why, wife, don't you know that from seven to eight is my time to go into my closet and pray ? At eight o'clock I will go for the doctor," and

when you come out the child is dead. Who killed it? You did; murdered it on your knees—that is what you did. Or suppose you say, "Wife, this precious Epistle to the Hebrews, I have just commenced the first chapter. I never knew it was so lovely before. Wait, darling, till I read through the thirteen chapters of Hebrews." By the time you read them the child is dead, murdered; and who murdered it? You did, with the Bible in your hand. Is it right to read the Epistles? Yes, yet it is wrong to read them in the wrong place. Is it wrong to be reading the Bible when you ought to be doing something else? Yes, a thousand times yes. A right thing may be turned into the most diabolical and wrong thing, and it will be if you allow the devil to set your reading lessons in the Bible, and you may be dead sure your Bible reading is as wrong as he can make it. When God says these words plainly and distinctly, "Believe on my Son, take my Son," if I presume to go off and do anything else I am a rebel, and am acting rebelliously. That is what I mean by saying prayer may be wrong, or Bible reading may be wrong. Everything should be taken in its right place. When you are a child, think as a child. When you become a man, put away childish things. A child with the manners of an old person is no more abominable than an old person with the manners of a child. There is a time when a man need not be a pilgrim, and there is a time when he needs to be a pilgrim.

The thing is to listen to the call of God. If you think that when God said to Abram, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house"—if you fancy that was conversion, salvation, or a sinner saved, then you never were more mistaken in your life. God never made such a call as that to a sinner since the world was made. That is the first thing we ever hear of Abram. Suddenly the Lord says it to Abram in the twelfth chapter, as if he had known him all the time. Do you think he was seventy-five before he had known God at all? Nonsense! God never calls a child to spiritual life before he is a spiritual baby. We have no account of Abram's conversion in the popular sense, but, thank God, we have an account of this call of God, which was not a call of God to a sinner to be saved, but was a call of God to a saint to lead the pilgrim life—

to get into the land of Canaan, "into the land that I will show thee," and there—what? I will save thee? Nonsense. "I will make of thee a great nation. In thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed. I will curse him that curseth thee, and I will bless him that blesseth thee. What do you say, Abram, would you like to have that?" And Abram said, "Yes, Lord, that suits me." Thank God, we have got an account of what sort of a call that is. Turn to the seventeenth chapter of Acts, listen to Stephen in his speech before the Sanhedrim: "Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken," etc. (And I say, dear friends, to you in this rink to-night, hearken to what the Lord says.) "The God of glory appeared to our father Abram, when he was in Mesopotamia, saying, Get thee out of thy country and from thy kingdom." God of what? God of glory. Do you know the difference between grace and glory? That was not a call of the God of grace at all. The call of the God of grace to a sinner is, "I want you to take everything for nothing. I want you to take free salvation. I want you to let me call you a child. I want you to let me write your name in the Lamb's book of life. I want to give you a mansion in the skies." What shall I have to pay with? Nothing in the world. God never bought a single sinner. No. "I do not give it to you because you do right. I give it to you because you are just what you are, a sinner, needing to be saved. I can save you just as you are in your sins, red hot." "Very well," I say, "thank you, dear Lord, that is a good call. I accept it." That is salvation. That is what this front seat means. Will you receive Jesus as your Saviour—not as your Leader, not as the Captain of your salvation, not as your Shepherd and Guide—will you take the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? Will you receive Him? Will you let Him save you? "I will," and you are saved. Then what? The Lord comes to us when we are able to bear it, after we have enjoyed our salvation, and can feel that we can take another step, perfectly satisfied; never hurries you, any more than you hurry your child through the sucking age, or anything of that kind; then the Lord comes to us and says, "Now, my children, what do you say? If you will quit your bad habits, or if you will let me kill your bad habits for you; if you will let me form good habits for you; if you will

accept me as your Guide and Leader, and come into the land which I will show you"—then what? "If you will do that, I will bless you. I will tell you what I will do with you: I will give you a crown. I will give you a hundredfold of everything here. I will tell you what else I will do with you. Make your usefulness extensive, and everybody that curses you shall be cursed." And what then? "Give you a crown of life that shall not fade away, and I will give you a principality and a dominion. I have appointed unto thee a kingdom that shall never be removed." Then what? "In the eternal ages you shall administer part of Christ's empire, of which I am everlasting Head." What do you say? I say, "Lord, I will agree to that. Good-by everything—Pink Cottage, father, mother, everything else, good-by. I am going to the land of Canaan." That is a call of the God of glory. It is "counting all things as lost," as Paul says, "for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but nothing that I may win Christ." That is it, brother, praise the Lord! that is the call of the God of glory; that is the call to Abram when he was living in the land of Mesopotamia, for a long or short time. I cannot tell how long or short; but when he was ready for the call, then he got it, and when he went out and came to the land of Canaan, what did he get? Why, he became the friend of God. What else did our Father Abraham become? Why do you call him our father? Because he became the father of the faithful, and he has been the father of the faithful ever since, and he won the glorious title of "Friend of God." And lo, Lazarus goes to his bosom. "Then in heaven he saw Lazarus, lying in Abraham's bosom," in full fellowship with the highest one in heaven that we know anything about. It does not mean lying asleep. It means lying down on the golden couch of heaven at a heavenly feast. Lazarus was eating his dinner, just as we generally sit. Abraham was there, and Lazarus was lying in his bosom. Not in a state of unconsciousness, not fast asleep. No; they were reclining at a feast, such a feast as God can spread in a house that Jesus brings in the golden kingdom; perhaps a dish of the fruit of life, and sipping a glass of nectar. Ah, brother, there shall be eating and drinking in

that day. Yes, I am going to a heaven where there is eating and drinking. None of your sitting on a cool cloud and singing a psalm for all eternity for me. That is not my enjoyment in heaven. I shall praise God in eating and drinking, and for everything that I have given up for the good God here on earth I am going to have a hundredfold—going to have a hundredfold. Daughter, won't we have enjoyment there? Oh, how we will chase the hours with flying feet. She loves dancing. We do not dance, for Jesus' sake, but won't we dance forever! and such an orchestra! We would not go to the opera for ten thousand worlds—because we do not love music? We do, but we love Jesus more. We are gathering in the orchestra that shall burst upon our senses up yonder. Everything that is glorious and beautiful, my friends, is eternal.

In the father's house, when the elder brother came near, he heard the sound of music and dancing. They were not all sitting around in a row looking for the return of the poor prodigal. Oh, how solemn he is! He is under deep conviction of sin; there he is howling, and all the rest sitting around. That is not heaven. Not the heaven of the Bible, my friends, or the heaven of my God. No, no, music and dancing. "On with the dance, let joy be uncontrolled." Well, where was I? Oh, Abram answered the call of the God of glory.

The God of glory said, "Abram, if you will do so and so, I will do so and so and so;" and the Lord and Abram said yes. Then he went out, not knowing whither he went. He did not want to know whither he went. All he wanted to know was his leader. That is all you and I need to know. I do not care where I am going to-morrow. I do not think about to-morrow. I take no thought of it at all. I know Jesus, and He has got me by the hand. That is all I want. Abram went out, not knowing whither he went, but, thank the Lord, he knew the Lord, and after little ups and downs—for Abram, though a perfect man in intention, was by no means a perfect man in execution, for he stopped in Haran a while and took poor old Terah along. Terah interrupted the Lord's labor, and Abram came off a little handicapped in the race, and by the time they got to Haran Abraham had seen enough of pilgrim life, and stopped there

till Terah died. Then they went unto the land of Canaan. "Into the land of Canaan came he." That time he made it, praise the Lord! I have been there. There am I to-day. I would not be anywhere else for the round world. That was the call of the God of glory. There is where Abraham earned his crown. That was not where he was saved. He was saved in his sins way off there in Mesopotamia, for doing nothing. He was saved because he was bad. He was crowned because he was good. If you cannot see the difference between them, then I despair of making any difference plain to you. A sinner is saved because he is bad. A saint is crowned because he is extra good. After we are saved, our reward is strictly according as our work shall be. In the first there is no work at all. In the last there is nothing but work; and I want to show you this difference, and, dear friends, again I entreat you to see it. God makes this difference everywhere in His blessed Word. You can take up any word you please at random in the blessed Word, and I undertake to show you that this duality, this double distinction, is always present. You take up the word "eternal life." That is one of the commonest in the whole Bible—"eternal life." "He that believeth on the Son"—nothing else, not baptized, he does not take a single step—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall not be committed unto judgment." That takes you right to heaven—because you are good? No, bad. Because he has passed from death unto life. That is the reason He is never going to come unto judgment. It gives the positive of it; gives the negative of it, then gives the reason. My friends, there is not a more logical verse in the whole Bible than that. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall not come unto judgment," because he hath passed from death unto life—has it *now;* does not have to wait till he gets to heaven to have it. Just take another passage where that word "eternal life" appears. "If a man leave father and mother and wife and children and houses and lands for my sake, and the gospel, he shall have in this age a hundredfold and in the age to come everlasting life." There is just the same word in the Greek—same word in the English. Do you not see the difference, friends, between the sinner's everlasting life and the saint's everlasting life?

The one is simply by believing ; the other is by leaving father and mother and wife and children and houses and lands for Christ's sake and the gospel. Oh, dear friends, do you not see the difference? The one is a sinner's everlasting life ; the other is a saint's everlasting life. The one is possible right here and now ; the other in the world to come—*shall have* everlasting life. You see one is in the future, one in the present. One is the sinner's everlasting life that I get for nothing because I am bad, for Jesus' dear sake. The other is the everlasting life that I get because I am good for my own sake. I do not get it for Jesus Christ's sake. There I get it for Jesus' sake, because I am a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. "Well done, my good and faithful servant." Jesus Christ is not going to say that of every man that believes, to every child of God, because every child of God is not a faithful servant. There is a child, and there is a servant-child. "Servant-child, go and work, and whatever it is worth I will pay you." You work for wages, and if you do not work you will not get your wages. Let us understand this distinction. Take up another word, that will make it just as apparent as the other. Take up "kingdom of God." That is a very common word. "Unless a man is born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." There I see the kingdom of God by just being born. No attempt of my own, no straining of my own. You do not have to do anything in order to be born children—just born. God makes it so plain. Unless a man is born again. That is the kingdom that you are born into. Let us take another text, in the tenth of Luke. "If a man put his hand to the plough and look back, he is not fit for the kingdom of God." The same word in English, same work in Greek exactly. The one is the sinner's kingdom, the other is the saint's kingdom. One I got by being born again ; the other by holding the plough-handles steadily to the end of the furrow, making a straight furrow and never looking back. The Christian race and Christian warfare are all included in that one sentence about holding on to the plough-handles. Sometimes you will get very tired, it may be, like a man ploughing all day. I was looking over some fields where I used to work when I was on old Father King's farm. It made the sweat start to think how I used to go over this ground, ploughing old

Charley, "gee" and "haw." It had to be done, for you have got to plough at the right time or you will not make your corn. I know what it is to hold on to the plough-handles till evening comes; yes, indeed, and then go to bed so tired you cannot sleep for the aching. The Lord's services are not quite as hard as that; but, dear friends, unless you hold on to the plough-handles you do not get the crown, for holding on to the plough-handles is being a good servant, and you are crowned for being a good servant and faithful in a few things. If you are not, He will not make you ruler over many things. Do not think, you slack-twisted Christian, that God is going to make you a ruler in the coming kingdom if you do not learn what it is to be faithful in a few things. You will get to heaven for Jesus' sake, and for the blood's sake, but remember you will be on a platform forever and forever different from what you would have been if you had only been faithful and true. I tell you, as I told you yesterday, I do not think of my own soul's salvation one single minute in the whole three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, but I am thinking all the time of my crown. I am thinking all the time of the crown that Jesus holds in His hands at the end of the race. That is not gotten yet. Let not him that putteth on his armor boast as he that putteth it off. Ah, no, my friends, there is no use of boasting until you are ready to lay it down like holy Paul. Then you can go off in a shout of glory, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is a crown of righteousness laid up for me, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day." He has not got it yet. He will not get it till body and soul are united in the resurrection, when we all get our crowns that are to get them. Let us learn the difference between the call of the God of grace and the call of the God of glory. Let us remember the difference between everlasting life and everlasting life; between the sinner's everlasting life that he gets for Jesus Christ's sake, and the saint's everlasting life that he gets for his own sake; the difference between the sinner's kingdom of God that he gets by being born again, and the saint's kingdom of God that he gets by holding the plough-handles to the end of the furrow. God makes the first eternal life everlastingly certain. I have no

trouble in getting it at all, but I do not want to get into the life where I am. I do not want to just drag through it like a snail. God has given me an intelligent soul that can harbor ambition. He has given me an aspiring ambition. There is the crown of life that I may or may not get, there is no certainty about it till I get it, except the steadfastness of purpose with which I am resolved to have it, and in that case I can say as Paul did, "So run I not as uncertainly, so fight I not as one that beateth the air." I know what I am doing. I am keeping my body under and bringing it into subjection, lest, after preaching to others, I should be laid aside as a castaway vessel, unworthy for the Master's use. I am not afraid of losing my everlasting life. "Things present or things to come, nor height nor depth, nothing can separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord." But my crown depends on my holding fast from the beginning, steadfast to the end. That depends on whether I hold the plough-handles. Salvation—God makes that a settled plan: the other an unsettled question. That awakens within me all holy ambition and emulation. That gives room for a loving, loyal heart to play in. In the matter of salvation, God could not dare to make that uncertainty to hang over it, so He does not.

I thank my God that the one is easy and certain, and the other so uncertain. If the one eternal life were uncertain, I would be of all men the most miserable. Every day as I knew the precious value of heaven, and the horrors of hell, the thought of my eternal life being uncertain would be one of everlasting sorrow, and I would be of all men most miserable. And I thank God with equal fervor that He has made the other uncertain. I do not want to be lifted into heaven remorselessly, but I want to have some play for a loyal heart to work in. I want to show Jesus I can be obedient and loving of my own accord.

Praise the Lord for certainty and for uncertainty; for the distinction He makes between the call of the God of grace and the call of the God of glory; between the kingdom of the sinner and the kingdom of the saint; between justification by faith and justification by works. Do you see that? Was not our Father Abraham justified by faith? Yes. Without works? Yes. He believed God. James,

looking at the other question in the higher life epistle, says, "Do you not know our Father Abraham was justified by works?" Paul said he was justified by faith. Ah, do you not understand that there are two things that a man can be justified by—by faith wholly, and by works wholly. Neither interferes with the other. Abraham was justified wholly by faith in the matter of his soul's salvation. Abraham was justified wholly by works in the matter of his crown. Praise the Lord! And so the two do not clash, do not cross; run parallel, and all to the glory of our God. I thank Him for His perfect work. I thank Him for His glorious salvation. Oh, brother, sister, can you obey the second call?

Just one word before we close this afternoon, lest some should be frightened, for I know from experience how the devil tries to frighten us. The poor soul that is feeding on milk, and just wants to be saved by Jesus' precious blood, and does not know that there is a crown, or anything of that kind, the moment you talk about a crown of glory, becomes frightened. If you think the blessed God when He talks about self-denial is going to put on something you do not like, is going to kill you, you are mistaken. Why, the devil used to torment me with self-denial and cross-bearing like Roman Catholics. I never was a Roman Catholic, but that is human nature, doing penance. Now, my life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentations, full of grace, full of self-denial, and just as full of joy. Why? Because every cross is a joy, and every trial is a pleasure. Certainly. It is the chloroform of pain. It is like a pleasant dream, and do you know how it all occurs? Let me give you an illustration of it. When I was living at the Pink Cottage, five and one half years ago, raising fifty-four kinds of grapes, raspberries as big as a saucer —everything just as nice as nice itself could make it—I hollowed out my little nest and said, "Here I will die. This is such a nice place—a front yard, three quarters of an acre of blue grass." You know what a nice thing Kentucky blue grass is. Sugar-trees, umbrageous, lovely; a fine orchard; nice stable, carriage, horses. "Oh, yes, I shall live here in this nest." Into this nest came the dear Lord one day and said, "George, it strikes me you are wasting life." Says I, "It strikes me so." "What do you say to Eastern Kentucky?

Preachers will not go there to preach ; no salary, corn bread, hard tack. Will you go for me?" Said I, "Lord, what will you give me?" "Well, I will give you a crown." Good-by, wife ; good-by, children ; good-by, Pink Cottage ; never saw it afterward ; did not care about it. I turned that day, and I have got my Eastern Kentucky crown. Got it ! got it ! Brethren, I wish you had one as bright. Do you suppose I can ever lose it ? Never. Suppose your servant did you good service to-day, and you paid him full wages, and to-morrow he shirks his work, and says he will not do it, do you take away the wages he has already earned ? God never takes back what He has given once. He is no Indian giver. He never takes back salvation He has given ; and, thank God, when you have got wages you have got them forever. I will have my Eastern Kentucky crown, but I am just like a man that is making money—the more you get the more you want. You will not be content with ten thousand dollars or twenty thousand dollars, but you must have forty thousand, and then eighty, and then a hundred and sixty thousand. The principle is all one, only perverted by the devil, and that principle God has implanted within me, and wants me to make it apply to heavenly possession—"lay up treasures in heaven." I have a passion for earning. I want to be a millionaire in heaven. That is the reason I want to add everything I can ; and the way the Lord begot this intense desire to acquire heavenly wealth was just this way : One day He came to me and said, "George, I have got a crown for you, and you shall have it. Will you work in Eastern Kentucky ?" I went and visited every town in Eastern Kentucky, and God knows I did it faithfully. God knows, whatever man may say, that I did it as best I knew how. I never grumbled at the hard fare ; never growled, never took a backward look ; went right through till every mountain county in Kentucky was visited. I want to get a crown in Ohio. I want to get one in Illinois. I want to get one in New York. I want to get one in England. I want to go to my old land, where I once preached in India, and preach to eighty thousand English and twice eighty million Indians. I want to have a New Zealand crown, a Zululand crown, and if Jesus Christ "tarries" I will have it, because when a man makes up his mind to make money he is going to

have it, and I have made up my mind to die a millionnaire, if die I must. I want to go to heaven as right as William Vanderbilt is for an earthly man. Why should they lay up treasures that the moth and rust shall corrupt—spend their lives at it? I seorn to let men lay up dollars where I can lay up God's golden treasures and not do it. I tell you, every once in a while when I would see a drummer working for perhaps seventy-five dollars a month, or a hundred dollars a month, coming in, perhaps spattered with mud, splashed from head to foot, eating hard fare, I thought of that man doing that for a hundred dollars a month, I said, "Shame on you, George Barnes, if you eannot go where a drummer goes for a hundred dollars a month," and I never growled after that. That is it. It is no hardship. The man that is making money does not count hardships. The hardships are there, that is true, but they are all forgotten. You never think of them. You think of the reward: like Jesus, for the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame, and now He is seated there. I have got that already, a hundredfold in this world, and in the next world a saint's life everlasting. I know what a saint's life everlasting is. God is a good Master, no servant ever had a better. I delight in the God of glory, so do not be frightened.

If you are a child, God does not want you to go on a pilgrimage until He calls you; but when He does, it will be just as His call to Abram: "I will make thee blest in all nations, and curse him that curseth thee, and bless him that blesseth thee; and in me shall all nations of the earth be blest." God bless you, friends. I hope you will not only be saved, but win your crown.

*III.—The Living Temple.**

1 *Chronicles* 22.

David and Solomon were types of the Lord Jesus, but types of Him in different parts of His glorious salvation. Nothing could be more distinct and different than the reigns of these two kings—the

* From "God's Love Story." Charles T. Dillingham, New York.

one filled up with strife and bloodshed, that unfitted him to be the builder of the temple ; the other a reign of peace and rest and glory. The reign of Solomon was the grandest, the most dazzling reign that there was among all the Hebrew kings. Silver and gold were as plentiful as the dust of the streets. The magnificence of that wondrous reign has been not only the theme of Holy Writ, but of historians from that day to this. And so, dear friends, it needed just these two types to tell out the various wonders of Jesus, for David is a type of Jesus in His first coming, in His first advent, when He laid the foundation of His glorious empire in blood and suffering ; that was the sword of David clearing the way, laying the foundation deep and wide ; for Solomon's reign would not have been possible but for the stalwart arm of David and the good sword of the giant Goliath, with which he cleaved his way to the kingdom, and by which he settled himself after he got through. So the reign of David is a type of Jesus in His first coming, while the reign of Solomon is a type of the Lord in the second coming, when His kingdom shall be set upon the earth, constituting the millennial glory of which we all have heard—the good time is coming is an expression you have often heard. I want to talk to you a little to-night about the building of Solomon's temple ; for in this reign of peace and glory occurred the erection of a building that has no equal, never has had an equal on the earth, and never will have, and is itself a type of what ? A type of the house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Solomon's temple was made with hands, but it was the type of the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Now, my friends, here was the grand thing that made Israel different from all nations in the world. It was not that they were victorious in battle ; it was not that they had brave men and fair women in their midst. There have been nations of that kind all the world over, but there never was a nation outside of Israel that had God to dwell among them. That was the distinguishing feature of them as a nation from the time they came out from the land of Egypt ; it did not matter whether it was manifested in that little tabernacle, with curtains in the wilderness that was portable, and could be carried about on the shoulders of a few men, or in the gorgeous temple of

Solomon. In the one case it was a durable lesson, in the other a temporary lesson, although the tabernacle was very grand—the grandest thing that ever went about the wilderness country. It matters not whether temporary or permanent, the thing to be taught was just this same thing, that God Himself dwells with men. That was what made Israel the unique nation. There was none like that in the world. God dwelt in their midst, and, dear friends, that is going to be the everlasting glory of Israel, that God is going to dwell with them and be with them, as it is written in the 22d chapter of Revelation ; so you see the winding up of things as far as the Lord permits. So that you will find that the last thing that was accomplished is this : the tabernacle of God is with men. God shall be their God. He shall dwell with them, praise His dear name forever ; and this fact, dear friends, was not only emphasized in the old tabernacle in the wilderness, not only set up in glory in the temple of Solomon, but even down here in the midst of all wickedness ; this fact is emphasized in the Sacred Word, for, know you not, brethren, that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost ? The meaning of the word temple is a place where God is, as your house is the place where you live. The temple is the place of God's residence, and God is just giving us the rehearsal of this lesson on all suitable occasions. Just as soon as a man believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, that moment God enters in and dwells in him. Know you not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you ? Now that is a fact in Christianity. That is a glorious fact. I am not talking about a pentecostal filling of the Spirit—that belongs to the higher life. We ought to be filled with the Spirit, to be sure, but I am directing your attention now to the common heritage of the saints, and I do not want to go beyond that, the fact that God dwells in His meanest saint as well as in the best saint. The distinguishing characteristic of His life is that God dwells in Him. There never was a man that believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and confessed His name, but God took His residence from that moment, never to depart, in that man ; and then, when we are all gathered together, this lesson that has been taught in the individual shall be realized in the assembled church, for God shall dwell in that.

Just as we are the house of God down here on earth, so we saints shall be the house of God forever and ever, and the temple where He shall abide and dwell. His house is His dwelling-place in the eternal ages, exceeding magnifical of fame in all the generations that are to come ; just as Solomon's temple, in which God resided, where He took up His abode, was exceeding magnifical of fame in all generations, drawing such a one as that elect lady, the Queen of Sheba, from the uttermost parts of the earth to see the glory of that name that was in all countries. It was the centre of the globe in its way, and so rich and magnificent that language fails to describe it as I want to show you. It is not simply to describe the temple of Solomon. All I do that for is to give you some idea of the glory of that, so you can make a stepping-stone of it, and then go up to the glory of the upper temple. Whose temple are you ? Whose house are you ? Do you know the Holy Ghost abides in you that are to be the everlasting dwelling-place of God, and more than this, God's magnificence is to be seen in the magnificence of that house that He lives in. According to a common lesson that we learn in daily life, a man's standing in society is told more plainly by the house that he lives in than anything else. Now I am speaking about the general lesson. I know that there are plenty of rich men that are too penurious to live in a good house, because they want to accumulate vast sums of money, and they are poor miserable fools, and plenty of people that have got no money go to the opposite extreme and live out of all proportion to their means. I have been that kind of a fool myself. I was never rich, but I went up like a rocket, and came down like a stone. I have learned I am a fool, which is the first step toward being a wise man. Men that are stingy, and those that spend more than they are able to spend in making a figure above their station are exceptions. The general fact is this : a man's house tells what he is and where he is better than anything else. So that a poor man lives in a wooden structure, and especially if he is married. If he gets a little better off he gets into a two-story, and then when he gets a little more money he will have to build a brick, and if his wife lives he will have to build a three-story brick, and by and by he will have to build a brown-stone front. That is the way

things go—a man's wealth is told by the house he lives in. You pass along the street, and say, "Who lives in that house?" "Mr. Smith, the banker." "I thought he must be some wealthy man; that is a very fine house;" or, you say, "Mr. Jones, the manufacturer," or "Mr. Robinson, the retired tailor," or "shoemaker," if you like, but at any rate that house expresses the standing of that man. If it is a fine house, he is a great man in the community. So God is going to do in the eternal ages. He is going to be known, His grandeur is chiefly going to be known, not in the magnificence of his creation that spreads itself around us, but his grandeur is going to be everlastingly known by the glory of the house He is going to live in. Jesus Christ is going to be admired in all of them that believe in that day; that is, He will put such magnificence upon us that we shall reflect glory upon Him. I am glad the dear Lord is going to use such poor worthless creatures as we are for His glory. He knows how to do it, and I am going to let Him do that, and rejoice in it. In the second chapter of Ephesians we are represented as being built upon the foundations of the apostles and prophets. Here is the common heritage of saints; I am not talking about higher-life saints, or bright particular stars, but the heritage of the saints. God does not dwell in some saints, and not dwell in others. He dwells in all saints; then He has bright particular saints. To be sealed with the Spirit is one thing, and indwelt by the Spirit is another thing. In the common heritage we are sealed, and then to be filled with that Spirit is the heritage of those who choose to come, and go on into the life more abundantly. Let us get down to the common heritage of the saints. We, "being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into a holy temple in the Lord, in whom (that is, in Jesus) ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit." Praise the Lord! Then Peter brings that same idea out when he says, "You being living stones—in contradistinction from dead stones—of the temple which was the mere type—you being living stones in the holy temple"—praise the Lord, that is enough. Out of the mouth of two witnesses everything shall be established.

You do not want better witnesses than Paul and Peter. If you want any better you will have to go further. Now, when we have got the plain, simple declaration of the Word of God, I stand on that. "I am a living stone in the temple of the living God;" God signifying by His dwelling in me that He is going to dwell in me forever. "He shall be in you, and abide in you forever." This sweetly clinches the whole thing; eternity is written upon this lesson. That is all I want: God dwells in me now, God shall dwell in me forever. Oh, blessed, blessed God, give thy servant words to speak the glory of this blessed hope! Now, dear friends, in order to get out the spiritual, for God always gives us some external thing to put our feet upon as a sort of stepping-stone, the thing which is seen reveals the thing which is unseen; as Paul says, "While we look on that thing which is seen"—you do not suppose Paul was merely going around the world with his eyes shut and was never noticing anything? Bless your soul, he noticed every leaf, every drop of water, every bird that sang; there never was a more observing man in this world than Paul, but he did not stop at the thing which was seen; he turned everything into Jesus Christ. The thing which is seen is temporary, and teaches a lesson, but the thing which is unseen is eternal, and I am robbing eternity in every step I take if I only see things that are going to perish. But, thank God, He has given us these external lessons so we may learn blessed interior lessons of life, and see "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." When God once tells about this spiritual grandeur that shall overtake us one of these days, sets before us the temple of which the temple of Solomon is the shadow—that is the type of the glorious thing you are to be in the everlasting ages. Let us look at the type in order that we may understand the antitype; the thing seen, that we may gather some idea of the thing which is unseen. Praise the Lord that He has given us the particulars of this temple of Solomon. Jesus says, "I in my poverty have prepared for this temple," just as our Jesus, in His humiliation and adversity, in His life and shame and in His death of horror, laid the foundation wide and deep for all. But for David the temple would have been impossible. Solomon would not have had peaceful times to build it in. He

would not have had the material wherewith to build it ; but David, while he was conquering countries and cleaving his way to a grand throne with his good sword, kept that steadily in his view, the one thing that was on his mind. He went to work preparing the materials for the grand temple that should outshine every house that was ever built on the face of the earth. There was never one built like it, never will be, for when Jesus comes there will be no need of a type, and away go all types.

So, don't you imagine there will be a house in this world at all comparable to the house of Solomon. David went out in the time of poverty and gathered the material for building this temple, first gold, hundreds of thousands of talents. Go to any good commentary, and you will find that a talent of gold was equal to—I am not counting cents or a few dollars, but just in rough numbers you will find that a talent was $27,000. Then it is a mere matter of arithmetic. A hundred thousand times that made twenty-seven hundred millions of dollars and over. Think of that in gold that he put upon that one house—in the one single item of gold. David says so, and I believe every word that the mouth of the Lord hath spoken. If you say it is impossible to collect that sum, then you fly right in the face of revelation. If you say that c nnot be, you give God the lie, and you are a bolder man than I am. It is all true or it is all a lie ; and it is just as true that David collected a hundred thousand talents of gold as that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. If one is a lie the other is, and if one is true the other is, and I trust the Lord. There is no marginal reading or anything else to make this at all obscure, as though some figure had been dropped out. When you try to make this less than it is you mar the grandeur, but you cannot mar the grandeur of the antitype. David gathered twenty-seven hundred millions of gold to put on this house. My dear friends, we never saw the one hundredth part of that at one time in all our lives. Twenty-seven hundred million dollars of gold ; I think I can bring that home to your mind. Don't you have a visit from the sheriff every year with unfailing regularity ? And you only get rid of him by paying the taxes. You don't know what you are paying taxes for. I will tell you. You never heard of a nation get-

ting out of debt, and you never will. America will be no exception. These politicians presenting you plans for paying the national debt is mere talk. They want to get in to steal something. That national debt will never be wiped out; but you will be taxed, and your sons will be taxed, and your sons' sons will be taxed to pay the interest on the debt. When Jesus Christ comes He will find you paying taxes to the sheriff every year in order to pay the interest on the debt. They that dance must pay the piper, and people that will go to war must pay the soldiers. Remember what that debt is; not that you are taxed for anything, but just taxed to keep the interest up. What is that debt? It amounts to about twenty-three or four hundred million dollars—not by five hundred million dollars as much as the gold that went into that one building, Solomon's temple. Think of that tremendous national debt, and that does not come within five hundred millions in the one item of gold, of the bullion that David collected to put in that one temple.

He says, "I will gather together a thousand thousand talents of silver." A talent of silver is three hundred and forty-two pounds sterling; multiply that amount and get it into dollars and cents, and you will find that a talent of silver is seventeen hundred dollars. A million times that would be seventeen hundred and ten millions of dollars. Add your silver to your previous twenty-seven hundred millions of gold, and you are within a fraction of forty-five hundred millions of dollars in gold and silver, as David says. As for brass and iron, there is no numbering it; and as for stone there was no numbering, and no account kept; and as for cedar of Lebanon, Solomon kept a hundred and fifty thousand men cutting steadily, I don't know for how many months, in order to get the wood, and bring it around by sea, and float it around by Joppa by rafts. There was no calculation of the money that was spent to do all that. Here we have two items, gold and silver, and all the rest left to your imagination. I cannot tell how much costly work there was about this temple. Forty-five hundred millions of dollars in these two items—twice the whole amount of the whole national debt in the simple items of gold and silver.

Why does God give us all this figuring, this calculation? He

wants you to look at the thing that is seen, and then the thing that is unseen, the grander temple, shall be told out. This temple is eventually to be destroyed, but the temple that God is building, and in which He is going to live forever and ever, in which he is going to show His magnificence, how rich and great and glorious a God He is, will stand in the eternal ages. It is God's ambition to live in a fine house, and He is going to have His ambition fully satisfied by having such a house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, as will strike with terror in all the coming ages; and you, my sister, my brother, are living stones in that dwelling-house that God will abide in. Does it send up your pulse just one beat? Does it? I am afraid if I were to take hold of your pulse it would be beating just about the normal way. The fact that God can tell out these things in the imperfect way that I am telling you, and yet the pulse not go up half a beat, shows how dull we are. Could not Jesus come to-night into this assembly, and say to it, "Fools, slow of heart to believe all that the Scriptures have told"? Couldn't He say that? Let us look at it, and look at it until our hearts do go up a beat. Here is this gold and silver. The fact seems to be that the temple was built in this way. It was built of stone; and I want to show you what these stones were directly, because we have got the measurement of them; got the way in which they were made—great stones and costly stones. These stones were laid one upon another, and then the costly cedar of Lebanon, not simply planed, but carved with all the delicate skill of the finest manipulators of that day—carved by men who were inspired, perhaps, by God to do the blessed work Bezaleel was in the olden times; for, remember, in those times these workingmen had heavenly skill, could carve the most delicate tracery—nice flowers, pomegranates, lilies, and most beautiful designs ornamented in this costly cedar wood—that covered all the stone, so that you never saw a stone. There was not a stone visible in all the gorgeous temple of Solomon. Then, outside of that, solid plates of silver, that consumed seventeen hundred and ten millions of dollars of silver; and then, over that, great thick plates of gold—thick enough to consume twenty-seven hundred millions of gold, that we know of. Think of what a magnificent man he was, what a grand

king he was! You may be sure he had authority. I will just take the figures. I will not take anything that I do not absolutely know. It is certain that Solomon did add to its magnificenee, but take the naked figures. There were simply stones laid one on top of another, and then over that the fine cedar wood, and then over that the silver, and then the gold. First, the silver, which, if I am right, represents that which is communicable of the blessed Jesus, for we are partakers of the divine nature as well as the human. So Peter tells us there is something of the divine that God can communicate to us. We are covered up, as it were, in fine gold, which is the communicable tabernacle of divinity. When we hear of these grand stones, which are never seen—that is what they are, grand and magnificent even in themselves. They are completely covered up, for you never saw a sign of a stone without or within. Do not think this magnificenee is not within as well as without. The stones covered with costly cedar wood, covered with magnificent plates of silver, all indented and deeply carved just as the wood was, and then covered over with these thick plates of gold, still presenting that magnificent appearance that it did in the cedar wood—one over the other, outside and in, nothing but flashing gold, fine gold—the gold of Ophir. Praise the Lord for that! That is what we are going to be. You never saw such a house. You never heard of but one place, there never has been but one place in this world so grand. Succeeding monarchs, whenever their exchequer was low, all they had to do was to go into Jerusalem and chip off enough gold and silver to make them rich beyond their fathers, and perhaps for nearly a century these raids were made by these monarchs, robbing the temple of Jerusalem of all that they could carry off. That was the occupation of kings for centuries. That is just how magnificent it was; and the reason it was made so grand, and why expense was not spared, was that it was a type of the house that God was to live in in eternity. It must needs be magnifical, says David. I like that old English word. It has got more meaning in it than magnificent. This house must be exceeding magnifical of fame in all kingdoms, in all countries. Oh, gracious God, that the time might speedily come when that house should be finished, when the scaffolding shall be

taken down, when the glorious temple in which God shall find His resting-place forever might be finished! Oh, the glory of that house! Oh, the grandeur of it! Oh, exceeding magnifical of fame in all the eternal ages! There never was anything like that temple of Jerusalem in this world, never will be, and, let me tell you, that you and I shall belong to the structure up yonder, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, the like of which can never be seen in all the eternity of God, and all the universe of God. Don't that satisfy you? Does your pulse go up a single beat? to get you where you would not grovel? Gracious God, to think that one of these living stones in this glorious temple will go and grovel, and burrow just like a mole, away from the shining bright sun. It is as if the salvation of God had broken out, and the fool moles would grovel and grovel and burrow and burrow instead of going out into the light and glory.

Great stones, costly stones. David set masons to hew wrought stones—remember that. How large were they? Let the Book tell us. Go back to the 1st Kings 7th chapter, and there you will find that these stones were stones of eight and ten cubits. Now when God says length, breadth, and height, he is always particular to give it; the length of it, the breadth of it, and the thickness of it was given. God is very particular in giving the right measure. So when He says stones of eight and ten cubits, He means eight and ten cubits square. The measure of a cubit used to be considered eighteen inches, but recent measurements have shown that a cubit is a little above twenty-five inches, or two feet. Then here is a stone of ten cubits, which means twenty feet square. Not a stone twenty feet long and about four or five feet high, but twenty feet each way. Those are the great stones, those are the costly stones. Ah, my friends, it was wonderful. What in the world did they take so much trouble for? Why didn't they take little stones? It would all come to the same thing as far as the consolidated structure was concerned. Nobody ever thinks of cutting out such stones at that. Ah, my friends, God did not spare expense in that temple. God intended to represent these grand and glorious facts that we are living stones within that. Brother, look at that: living stones to be

built up in this glorious temple that God is to dwell in forever. You see you are covered with a glorious cedar wood, covered over with gold, but then you are costly stones, great stones. Think of the trouble in order to get these stones out of the pit. Does that not bring back what it cost to save you? Does not that bring back Calvary? I verily believe that Isaiah has reference to that when he says, "Look to the hole of the pit whence you were digged." You can always get a better idea how large a thing is by looking into the cavity from which it has been taken, than by the solid substance itself. Look at this hole of the pit from which we were digged. They had to first smooth off the top a little, cut down twenty feet, then saw down twenty feet each side of it, and then underneath. How they ever got it out nobody knows. There is not a hoisting apparatus in the world that we are familiar with that would take out such a stone as that. Think of the power that was necessary to lift those great stones, twenty feet square, the like of which the world has never seen and never will see. And then, dear friends, these stones were all arranged at the quarry, all squared, sawed, hammered and chipped and chiselled so exactly, that when they were laid up into this gorgeous structure, there was neither sign of hammer, saw, or chisel, or any tool of man in the building. Don't you see what a lesson this teaches. That is what I am doing to-night; I am cutting the stone out of the quarry. I am a workman under God's own directions, and if you and I knew all the secret histories, we would find there was a spiritual history going alongside of this earthly history, God chiselling, sawing, and hammering, trying to fit you as glorious stones for this temple—that is what He wants you to be. But remember this, after the preacher has done all that he can, has presented the truth, whenever this stone is to be lifted into the temple, God does that Himself. There is no sign of human tool. I can tell you His words, and their sweet, hidden meaning, but after that is all done, then, my friends, it is you and God for it; and when you are laid up in the temple of the living God, then God comes, and the preacher stands aside. I cannot bring you there; I can do nothing but persuade you to let God lift you there, and after a while, when you get to that point where you say, I will let God do

His work, I will let Jesus save me, then, brother, there is no more sign of a human tool. I stand back; everybody stands back; and God by His almighty power elevates you, puts you in your place, and there you are for good, a perfect stone. You do not need to be chipped after that, do not need to be made fit. There is plenty of adorning afterward, plenty of work, but remember a stone laid in its place had to be laid without the sign of chisel or saw or hammer. Remember the blood of Jesus makes you perfectly fit to be a living stone in the temple of the living God. You may have just as much ornament put on you as you please after that.

So, when I come and take Jesus as my Saviour, I am fitted that instant to be sealed by the Holy Spirit—as long as I behave myself? Not at all—until the day of redemption. That is the *sine qua non*. After you believe, you are sealed by the Holy Spirit. Do not grieve Him. Why? Because He may leave you? No; He is to abide with you forever; but grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. By Him you are sealed unto the day of redemption. That takes you to heaven, praise the Lord for that! These glorious stones, these great stones, these costly stones—how much it cost to fit them for their place, how much it cost to lift them there, you and I will never know "till we stand with Christ in glory, looking over life's finished story." Then shall we fully know, not till then, how much we owe. I am so glad that the hours of this dulness are passing so swiftly. I am so glad that soon I shall know even as I am known; that I can tell out with an unstammering tongue the praise of Jesus who has bought me with His precious blood. Remember that you are to go into the temple. This grand temple, dear friends, is going up to-night. It is nearly completed; but let me tell you, soon the top-stone will be brought forth. The top-stone remember: that is Jesus Christ, the chief corner-stone—praise the Lord for His precious love! It is a temple built by Christ; it is to be a dwelling-place of God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Ah, brother, what a glorious dwelling-place it will be.

Let me remind you that this temple was built upon the margin of a dreadful precipice. Josephus tells us that there were six hundred feet of sheer descent from Solomon's Porch right down into the

Valley of Jehoshaphat. They could have very easily set the temple back, so as not to have gone to that fearful expense. No, God set it right on the edge by commandment, and made them build up the wall from the valley below, six hundred feet. One hundred and fifty feet is a good height for a tall steeple ; now, pile up four such steeples, and you have got an idea of the precipice. Four times the height of a tall steeple was built up by solid masonry, dovetailed into the very structure, and held by delicate joining, so that when you came to look over in that glorious porch of Solomon you beheld that sheer descent, six hundred feet, a bottomless abyss almost. My brother, God ordered that so just to teach us the lesson of this new temple that He is going to dwell in forever. It is built upon the margin of a fearful precipice that cannot be crossed. As Abraham said to the rich man, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed ; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence." God's temple will be of living stones, made so by the blessed blood of Jesus. We will always be known as those who are saved with the blood. Our sign should be as those who are washed from sins by the precious blood. I thank my God this glorious temple is built upon the margin of this tremendous precipice. That was built on one of the margins of Moriah. The word Moriah in Hebrew means the bitterness of God, and it has another meaning, chosen of God. It means when it comes to the cross, the cross that was chosen of God. That place of suffering was the chosen place of God. God so loved the world that he sent His Son for one object, that was to die to save poor sinners. Moriah was a chosen place, but also a place of bitterness, for on that fearful, fatal spot came that awful cry which rang through the ages—yes, and will ring through the eternal ages, for it is the centre of all the glory that is to be revealed from God—"Why hast thou forsaken me ?" Why ? I will tell you, dear Jesus, in order that He might never forsake me. That is it. He bore it a little while that the Father might never forsake me, might never turn away from me with a frown as black as hell. I can give the answer in my poor way. "My God, why hast thou forsaken me." It was the bitterness of God. Moriah, that is a name of evil import in the

Eastern countries to-day. It is a name of terror. I remember when my first-born was given into the hands of the nurse, I had called her Maria, after her grandmother, my mother ; and when I put her into the hands of the nurse and told her what the child's name was, she almost let her drop, and says, "Don't ask me to call her that." Said I, "Call her what you choose." She said, "I will call her Marie, but not Maria. Something unhappy and miserable will happen to her ; don't call her that." That was the idea of the Moriah, for all those words are cognate. The word Maria is a name of terror in the East to this day, a name of ill-omen, a name of horrible import. That is the way she got the name of Marie. It is not a corruption of the French name Marie. It is Marie because her native nurse gave her that name, because she would not call her Maria, that awful name, that terrible word so full of ill-import to this very day in all Eastern countries. You may ask me, Where did all these great stones come from? Recent travellers have made a discovery, down underneath the foundation of Jerusalem caverns have been discovered as vast as the catacombs under the city of Imperial Rome. There are in these caverns stones with the mark of Solomon's saw and chisel and hammer on them, marked out of the dimensions called for in the Scripture, and with the saw and chisel and hammer marks on them. Have these any meaning? I pray God they may never have a meaning for your soul. Oh, friends, what I have said will leave its mark on many. The marks of this sermon will be upon thousands, perhaps, who never heard my voice—God's mark of His saw, of His hammer, of His chisel—they are upon you, and will be forever and forever. But I want to ask you this question : Will you be everlasting blocks in the cavern of eternal darkness that God tried to save you from? Will you bear His chisel and saw marks on you forever and forever, down in this dark, gloomy cavern, or will you be a living stone, lifted out of the darkness, out of the pit? I declare to you, in the name of my God who has sent me to speak to you, that solemn question can only be answered by yourself. Will you let God put you in His temple, or be an everlasting witness of His attempt to do what He failed to do? God have mercy. Oh, may His Word strike into your heart the answer to that question.

IV.—Our Healer.

Exodus 15.

"For I am the Lord that healeth thee." Not the Lord that makes you sick. The devil makes you sick. The Lord makes you well. I can prove that by Scripture, I think. I want to resume the same subject that we spoke of yesterday: "Who forgiveth all our iniquities; who healeth all our diseases;" not who sendeth them. Jehovah Rophi; I pray God that name may be written in all our hearts. That is a sweet name. I am the Lord that healeth thee; that is what the Lord proclaims; that is what He is. Praise His dear name forever. Jehovah Rophi, the Lord that healeth thee. Somebody else makes you sick. Jesus Christ came into this world to destroy the works of the devil, and sickness is of the devil. He has that Pandora's box, with all its infernal accumulation of horrors, and he lets them out, and scatters them broadcast over this world; and we make the way for them, dear friends, for they never come uninvited. The devil himself cannot come anywhere unless he is invited. I can keep myself in the love of God, as the Scriptures say, so that that wicked one toucheth me not; but if I go out on his territory, he has a right to scatter broadcast these troubles. That is the solution of all the difficulties. Stand simply to that declaration that God is love, and that He is nothing but that. That is His name. Now, mark you, my friends, God has never said that He is lovely, or that love is one of His attributes. God is never said to be justice; God is never said to be holiness; God is never said to be righteousness. Those are all attributes of God; but God is love—essentially so. That is not an attribute of God; that is not one among His attributes. That is God. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." I know that God is just; I know that He is righteous; I know that He is a jealous God; but, dear friends, all of these are attributes of God. There is one thing that is God Himself, and that is L-O-V-E, love. God is love. That is the way He has revealed Himself. He has revealed Himself with but one name. I defy you to find any other name but that one word, and that is love. It is as

if He said, "Take my revelation of Myself in that one word I have given you. That is myself. 'God is Love.' Now, whatever you find going against that, do not believe it, because that is my declaration."

My dear friends, I cannot tell you how happy I have been since I found out that God is love. You say, "Oh, I knew it from my childhood?" May be you did, and may be you did not. I did not know it until lately, my friends. I thought God was love, and something else. But the discovery I have made of late is that God is love, and nothing else. That is His name, and always His name. Hear, I pray you, patiently what I have yet to say, for the Lord is maligned and libelled in these sad days of ours; and men have gone so far astray as to their knowledge of God that they have opened a door wide for the entrance in of those who blaspheme the holy name by which we are called. I assert it with sorrow, but with perfect confidence, that if the Church had not opened the door, Robert Ingersoll would never have walked in. Ingersoll is exactly what theology would make a man if it just carried out its infernal tenets. That we are not all Colonel Ingersolls this afternoon, let us thank God with all our hearts; for I tell you there is enough infidelity in the Church to make everybody infidels. I say this sadly, but confidently, and I can prove it. The Church opened the door through which such a one as Colonel Ingersoll has walked, and debauched the nation. That is what he has done. Do not let us be blind to the facts in the case. I tell you he has debauched the nation. I tell you he is skimming the cream of this great nation of ours. I am a close observer of these things, and I tell you, you parents, you do not know what your children are up to. Your fine son is not going to come home and tell you he is an infidel. He loves you too well, and he knows it will break your heart, but he believes it all the same. He reads Colonel Ingersoll's lectures, and believes them all the same. Colonel Ingersoll is not getting the ignorant in the nation. He is getting the talented, the ingenuous, the intelligent, the refined, and the cultivated. He is skimming the very cream of society, and, my friends, I know it better than you do. Why, this awful leaven of infidelity is beginning to leaven the whole mass. My mother and my father did not know

what I did when I was out of nights. I never told them. I talked to them as if I had meal in my mouth. I was all over sweet at home. They did not know what devilment I was up to ; and, so, fathers and mothers know little of what their children believe ; and they go on and say, "My children are getting along so nicely." If you only knew the truth you would not say that. "My boy, thank God, still believes in his mother's God." No, he does not, mother. His mother's God is the very thing that he has been driven off from ; and I do not know that I would advise him to believe in his mother's God. But the worst of it is that he has not got anything better than his mother's God ; and Ingersoll has torn his mother's God all to pieces ; torn it into a thousand shreds, and held Him up for that young lad's scorn, because he has had a chance to do it. I would not advise him to go back to his mother's God if he could get anything better. I would not go back to Him. Would not go back to my father's God or my mother's God for anything in the world. I would no more assert what my mother and my father have said many a time, and what so good a man as Job has said, setting the keynote, which all Christians have copied, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of God," for all the kingdoms in this world. One half of the sentence is true. God does give ; and one half of the sentence is as black as the devil can paint it—"God has taken away." That is no such thing. A straightforward, level-headed woman like Job's wife saw the point at once. She was Ingersoll in petticoats. That is exactly the sort of God that Ingersoll's father taught him to believe in, and he revolted from such a God ; and when he saw this God riding ruthlessly over millions of humanity, a great car of Juggernaut, crushing out the lives of the millions, he said, "I will defy this God, and I will curse him." Job's wife said to Job, "You don't mean to say the Lord has taken away all your children?" "Yes, the Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord." "What, Job, you do not mean to say the Lord took away every penny of your property, and in your old age?" "Yes, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord." "You do not mean to say the Lord has covered you all over with boils?" "Yes, the Lord has given good ; shall He

not send evil? certainly." She says, "I will tell you what to do with this sort of a God—curse him and have done with him." Job's wife was level-headed. She exactly saw the point. "Curse him and die." What is the use of living with such a God as that. What is the use of loving a God that just snatches away everything that you have got and makes you miserable? What is the use of loving a God that takes away your children? What is the use of loving a God that takes away your property—a God that puts boils all over your body, and makes every nerve and sinew a vehicle for torment? I say to Job's wife, I do not blame you a bit for advising Job to curse him. I should rather have that God than be a blank infidel like Ingersoll; but if he only had a God like our Lord Jesus Christ, I would stand shoulder to shoulder with him, and speak just as hard things of that God as ever he spoke of him. I would not stand where he stands, because he gives you nothing in the place of Him. He takes away a God who is after all no God, but has got some part of God about him; He wipes God out of the universe, because he cannot endure the God of theology, and then gives you nothing in his place. We are all sceptics. We have a theological God that we believe on with our heads and do not believe on with our hearts. That is the reason we get along so well. The reason our mothers and fathers died in the blessed faith of the gospel is because of their hearts and not of their heads. It is far better to have the right kind of a God in the head as well as in the heart. It is far better to have everything right.

Now, my friends, I lay this fact upon you, any of you that have suffered. I have been a pastor of fifteen years' standing. I have tried to comfort many a man and woman. I never did comfort them much. They were comforted in spite of what I said. I did not know God, and could not bring comfort to them, but I always came to them, and said, "My friend, be resigned to the will of God." And the mother would set her teeth, and say, "I suppose I have got to be, but oh, God, it is hard: He has taken my child. There is a woman with half a dozen children, and I have only got one; He has taken mine; how can I say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done?' I cannot do it." And yet they do not curse God and die. But I will tell you what does

happen. Their trouble dies out, just like the troubles of the world. I speak this sadly, but I speak it confidently. I speak it after fifteen years' experience as a pastor of the Church, and one that has comforted hundreds and hundreds—tried to do it on the old plan, my friends. I have noticed this: There is not one in five hundred whose wound heals in any other way except by the lapse of time. A Christian tears her hair and beats her breast, and weeps and shrieks just like a worldling. God has made us all so, and time will heal the rawest wound. We have suffered, and we have got over it. A wife may be willing to die and be buried with her husband. Ah, yes, indeed, and wishes that fashion was in vogue now, so that she could die with him; but after a while Time will lay his gentle, soothing touch upon her heart, and number two will come along, and she will love number two just as well; and if number two goes off, after a little while—genuine grief, oh, no, I would not libel human grief—number three will come along, and she will love number three just as well as number one. I am not saying anything against this. The mother shrieks and tears her hair as if no other child had ever died before, and when Time comes and lays his gentle touch upon the human heart, the wound heals over, but always with a scar. Time never healed a wound since the world began without leaving a scar. That is not the way God heals it. God wants to heal, my friends, by "first intention;" Christ wants to lay His hand on us and heal us instantly. That is God's way. But we do not allow God to heal us that way. Why? simply because we have got a false god; and the mother and the father and the wife and the husband all say the Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed, blessed, blessed be the name of the Lord. You get it out through your grinding teeth, and you do not mean it. You do not mean it one bit, and the wound does not heal. If it were a genuine utterance, the wound would heal right then and there. If the heart were touched by the words of the lips, the wound would heal right then and there. But it does not heal. It heals no quicker than the wounds of a publican or sinner. Before God, I call upon your consciences to recognize facts. If you are dishonest enough not to recognize facts, you are not a person for me to talk to. I may talk till doomsday, and you would not believe me a word. I say this: the wounds of a

Christian heal like the wounds of the world ; and if there is not something wrong and rotten in that, then I do not know what Christianity is. If Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, has not got something better than that ; if he leaves my tortured heart to get well just like the tortured heart of a child of the devil, then I say He is no Saviour for me. That is what half the Church believes of Jesus Christ —that He can forgive a man's sins and take him to heaven when he dies, but as for helping us along here between conversion and death, He is not worth a straw. He cannot heal your body when it is sick. You have to go to the doctors for that. He cannot heal the sorrows of your mind : they have got to wear out, just like everybody else's, by the lapse of time ; and that is the practical testimony that is given in the Church of God to-day. If I am libelling the Church, stand up and say so. You do not dare to say so. I have been a pastor, and that is my experience. Now, my friends, I want to show you the reason why this comes to pass. [At this point a gentleman in the congregation said that what Job's wife said was, "Bless God," that that was the proper translation.]

I have not seen any but the popular translation. I dare say they will try to make it out that way ; but nobody ever heard that until the difficulty arose, and they wanted to make a point on it, and that bears suspicion on its face. I do not profess to be a great Hebrew scholar, but if that be true we will let it pass, and that is a pretty fair defence of Job's wife ; but I do not believe it. When Job turned and said, "You talk like a foolish woman," that was the very thing he was willing to do. He said, I want to die ; he did not bless God. Satan set out to make him curse God, and he did. He set about it in a roundabout way, just as these Christians do. Christians would not say "God damn it," but they say, "Dog on it." One is just as bad as the other. You might just as well say "God damn it" as "Dog on it," every bit. It is all the same thing in the Lord's eye. It is covering up with words the feelings of the heart. I know Job when he cursed, cursed God, and the devil had his way. In the third chapter, "Then Job opened his mouth, and he forgot everything, and says he, cursed be the day that a man child was born." He "darned" him. That is a roundabout curse, but the Lord knows

what that means. He knows what "Dog on" means. We may fool our friends and neighbors, but we cannot throw dust in the eyes of the Lord. He did exactly what his wife advised him to do. Human nature could bear no more torture. He so writhed with horror that he cursed Him, and had done with it.

And so, dear friends, I want to show you the reason of all this. I want to show you that it all comes from having a false God. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." An idol is a false god. Do Christians worship idols? Yes, else John would never have said, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." This is eternal life, to know the only true God. There is but one, and I am sorry to see that the popular God of Christendom is not the God of the Bible, as I will prove to you. Ninety-nine Christians out of a hundred get along better just simply because they have a Christian instinct, a Christian love that overrides all their belief. Praise God that there is something deeper than a man's head, and the system in which he was educated, and that is the love of Jesus Christ, and that does its work in spite of all hindrances; and I want to show you the reason of all this. It is because people worship a false God. My dear friends, I cannot love a God or submit to a God that all the while I feel is doing me an injustice and an injury. If I say the Lord gave and the Lord takes away, and the Lord has brought my trouble upon me, you need not ask me to love that Lord. I cannot do it. You may try to do your level best. You will grind your teeth, though you may say it in words, but in your heart you will give the lie to the utterance of your lips. If we do not know that as the experience of our own hearts, we have analyzed very few of our feelings—and why? That kind of a God was never made to be loved. That God is not loved at all; but, "Oh," you say, "He does not send these afflictions Himself; He is still love; but then He permits them to be sent." I deny it flatly. That is the theology on which I was raised; for, oh, my friends, even the theologians feel the necessity of defending God when you drive them to the wall. They say we must make a little allowance there, and therefore we will invent a little fiction by which we will let you down easy. No, Lord, you do not do it yourself, but you permit it. No man has the audacity to say God creates evil, except

the iron-clad Baptists of the oldest school. They dare to assert that God is the author of evil. I have seen some Hardshell Baptists in Kentucky who allege that "God is the author of evil. That God does everything. He has got His time fixed for saving a man, and when the time comes He saves him. Christ takes him by the hair of the head and jerks him into heaven, whether he wants to go or not. There is another man that is predestined to be damned. He can never be saved." That is a logical doctrine; and before God I honor a man that goes right straight through with his theory, though he drives it to hell, and if that is not to hell, I do not know where it is. If that is not on the short road to hell, I do not know where it is. Before God, I would rather take off my hat to a man that keeps his theory right straight through, than accept a dishonest torturer of it. If God permits evil, that does not relieve Him at all. If you are *particeps criminis*, my friends, you have got to suffer for it. That is law, and that is justice, and that is right; and if God permitted it, that does not relieve my mind at all. Does God send my suffering of body, my torment of mind, and my anguish of soul upon me? Why, says theology, "He permits it to be sent. He does not do it. God is love, but He permits it to be sent;" and I stand right upon that, and say, If God permits it, if God could help it and allowed it to be done, I hate Him, and I will die. If He did it Himself, I curse Him, and die. I do not want to go to such a God as that. A heaven with a God of that kind would be hell to me; to live with a God that could have helped my torture and did not do it; to live with a God who created evil or permitted it to be created, I never would do it; and I say, "Oh, Lord," this afternoon, "I do not want to live with you forever; I do not want to go to your heaven at all; I do not want to have anything to do with you down here on earth or in heaven." I repudiate such a God as that, with as perfect a boldness of assertion as ever Col. Ingersoll did, and that is the God he is fighting. That is the God Talmage cannot defend to save his life. That is the God that Judge Black cannot defend to save his life. That is the God no man on the face of the earth can defend, with such a man as Robert Ingersoll to take advantage of the weak points of his opponents, and full of eloquence to assert his point. He can

sweep rough-shod over the Christian world. I have got a better God than that. Col. Ingersoll has never attacked my God. He has never shot a single poisoned dart at Him ; never came within a million miles of my God, because my God is love, and nothing else. My God is one who cannot help evil when it comes. My God is my lover and friend, who has warned me faithfully against wrong, and when I, by my own obstinate will, get into trouble, He stands wringing His hands, and saying, "Oh, my child ! oh my child! if you would only let me lead you ! if you would only follow me ! if you had only done what I wanted you to do ! Oh, my child, I am helpless as long as you stay there ; I cannot help you. But now step back into the light. Here is a charmed spot, where you are perfectly safe. Keep yourself in my love, and that wicked one toucheth thee not." And there He stands, wringing His hands; for God, I assert, can help no man when he wilfully walks out into the darkness. That is the domain of the devil ; and if I deliberately step out into the kingdom of darkness, God Himself cannot help me. But if I come back to Him, He can say to all the powers of hell, "Don't you touch him for a single instant ! Keep yourself in the love of God, and that wicked one toucheth thee not." Since I have discovered that, I find this sweet solace. It is death to the flesh, and therefore will never be popular ; it is death to self. When I get a prick of my finger, when I get a single pain of my body, or have a toothache, I say, "Oh, Lord, that is the devil and I together." I do not say the Lord gave pleasure, and now gives pain. That is the devil and I together, and I say, "Dear Lord, I know you want to cure me ;" and I put my arms around His neck, and say, "Dear Lord, you never sent a single pain but you can heal it. Will you not heal me ? Here is your poor transgressing child, that has reaped the wages of transgression, and you are here now to heal me, oh, Jehovah Rophi !" That brings me near Him, when I hear Him ; and the tenderest word in all the Bible as it sounds to-day, "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Second in power to God himself stands this awful being, Satan by name. I know not whence he came. God gives me no intelligence in the book. He springs full armed and full grown upon the scene, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, after he had ruined God's crea-

tion. He springs into the Garden of Eden, and turns God's fair handiwork upside down, and for six thousand years has ruled the world that has in it now fourteen hundred millions of human beings. God says the devil is the ruler of this world. Does God own Dayton? Does God run Cincinnati? Does God run this machinery here? A mighty poor God, if he does. No, no, my friends, where righteousness and good go to the wall, and evil walks unpunished, that is not God's empire. No, no; the devil is the God of this world. He is the prince of the power of the air. He is the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, and they are a large portion of all this population, and he has all the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them. The kingdoms of this world are not yet the kingdoms of our God and our Christ. I am waiting for that time. They will be, thank God. Jesus shall reign without a rival on earth, but not now. Now the devil reigns, and God has no foothold upon the world that His own hand has made, except where he finds it in that kingdom that is within you. All the rest belongs to the devil. Where God can effect a lodgment in a loving heart, trusting heart, there the kingdom of God can be set up. Without us the kingdoms of this world are going to be the kingdoms of God, but not now. The cry goes out, and this is the battle-cry: "To the help of the Lord against the mighty." Here is the mighty one, the ruler of darkness of this world. Here is the ruler and head of this kingdom. Satan is his name. He is the mighty one. "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." With all my heart and soul, I say, "Lord, here am I; use me, even me. I do come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Ah, yes, I will shout your battle-cry! Oh, Lord, I am on your side! Count me as one, though I be the weakest of your soldiers. Count me on your side; and as for the devil, my former master, and the God of this world, it shall be war to the hilt, the sword bare, and the scabbard thrown away, and the black flag run up, and no quarter asked or given, so help me God." I hate the devil; I hate his ways; I hate his wages; I hate his works. I love God; I love His ways; I love His wages. I will be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. I love God, and hate the devil. I love Him whose name is love, and hate him whose name is hate; and if God

had any of the attributes of the devil about Him, I would hate Him too. As a loyal servant of God, I am bound to hate anything that is hateful; and a God that tears and rends me, a God that tortures my body, I hate. It will not do to throw up our eyes and say, "The mysterious providence of God!" That is another name for laying all the blame on God—talking about mysterious providences. As for God, He is good, and as for the devil, he is bad. The Lord does not take away. The Lord gives, and the devil takes away. You can see it in Job; and if Job had only said in the first chapter what he said in the last, he would not have suffered. He went on blaming God and justifying Job from the beginning to the end. The difficulty with his three theological friends was this: "Job, you have got some devilment on your mind and heart; why don't you make a clean breast of it?" They started on the right road, but they ran it right to sea. They said, "Job, you know you have been doing something wrong, and now have it out, and confess it to God." Well, now, that was a lie, because Job's difficulty was one he did not find out till the last chapter. All the trouble came upon him, the best man in the world, by a sin he knew nothing about; and when these three theologians came and visited him, he knew he was on the right side of them, and kept them until they shut up their worthless tongues. He silenced all three of their batteries. He was right as regarding his three friends, for God, when he comes to put an estimate on Job and his three friends, says, "You have not said the right thing about me, even as my friend Job has. He said some good things about me. You said nothing." Job was a man among thousands, for his whole soul was filled with God. He said, "Just hold your tongues, let me say a word for God." He shot right off on the right track. Job for the first got an inkling of the right and wrong position. He never opened his mouth. He never answered Elihu. He was an old man, and Elihu was a young man, and he never opened his mouth. Job was a good man, and there was not his like upon the earth, but Job was a victim of theology. He was a victim of what his daddy had taught him. That is what he confesses himself: "Now, Lord, I see what is the matter. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear—that is, my daddy has told me, and my grand-

daddy and great-granddaddy have told me—but I did not know you. Now, God, I have seen you by my own eyes"—and what is the first thing?—"I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. I am vile." And if he had said that in the first chapter, God would have driven the devil off of him then and there, for that is all that the Lord wants us to do: just to come and acknowledge that transgression—go to God, whether we know what the transgression is or not. The moment he acknowledged that, and said, "Lord, it is the devil and I that have done this mischief. You are just and right. You are love. You had nothing in the world to do with it. You did not take away, dear Lord. The devil took away; I am vile and the devil is viler"—says the Lord, "Get off of him. Don't you dare to lay your finger on him." He sent the wicked one away, and he never touched him. As soon as God could do it on the right ground, He restored him doubly. Job was afraid God was his enemy, and had taken these things away. No, He restored him doubly. That is the simple story of Job, and the lesson it reads to you and me is, I am vile and the devil is viler, and there is nobody good but God.

Whenever I get a prick in the finger or pain in the head or foot or any part of my body—any suffering whatever—the first thing I say, as quick as that [snaps his finger] is, "O Lord, I am vile. O Lord"—it does not matter whether I know what it is for—I say, "O Lord, I am vile, and the devil is viler, so heal me." Then He always heals me. I have suffered many a time in the last year and a half, friends, but I have never suffered where the Lord did not put His hand on me and heal me; and I always went and put my arms around his neck before, and then said, "I am vile." I went to Him just like a loving child goes to a parent, and put my arms around His neck, and said, "O Lord, I am vile. You are not responsible for this, but you will heal me, won't you?" When I was lying on His bosom, in the sweet fellowship and conscious joy of His love, He says, "Now, do not you see you did so and so?" "O Lord, was it that! I will never do that again." Oh, my friends, you will go and do the same thing forty times over, and the devil will hackle you forty times over, as he used to do me in the old time. But a thing put away in the presence of God, upon His bosom—put away then and there—and the

dear Lord says, "I could not help you there; you walked right straight out there at that loophole, and the devil put a poisoned dart on you right there." I say, "O Lord, I will never go out there again;" and I never do go out the same place again; but there are ten thousand places where the devil can shut you out in the darkness, and he never fails to let fly a poisoned arrow. If ever he catches a child of God there, who has eternal life, and who is just as safe as though he walked the golden streets, the devil has such a gnawing hatred against such a one, that, if ever he catches him touching his nose or little toe, he will just jerk an arrow as soon as he sees him. But keep yourself in your Father's arms, and I will defy that wicked one to touch you. If you ask me whether I expect to die of cancer, or of typhoid pneumonia or small-pox, or any of these devil's diseases, I say, "No, Sir, of course I do not." Remember what I say. It is like a man making his last will and testament when his faculties are all right. Here, with all my faculties right, I exonerate God. The devil may bring me to such a place that I will curse him, and try to make God responsible; but hear what I say now. I can say a truer thing now, when I am cool and unimpassioned. I can say a truer thing now, when I am under no temptation to tell an untruth, and now I say to you, if ever I get into that difficulty it will be because the devil and I hatched it up together; and if I die before my time, I want to say the devil had his hand in this, and not God. I want to exonerate God with my last breath, and I want you not to take the frenzied thoughts and actions of a man under pressure, that may come from my lips. I want you to take the well man, with all his faculties about him. Take what I say to-day for the truth. That is true, and I praise the Lord for it; and I will tell you, my friends, as long as I am true to the Lord, what does my dear Lord say? "If thou wilt walk in my commandments, and keep my statutes"—that was an ordinance that was established at Marah, a place where the waters were bitter, and oh how bitter they are you and I have tasted. They are gall and wormwood, and there is a wood that sweetens it. There is the negative side—"I will heal all thy diseases." Is there nothing better than that? Can I only be permitted to return to *statu quo*. The very next day they came to a place where there were seven-

ty palm-trees, and a well for every tribe and a palm-tree for every elder of the community. Ah, brethren, Elim is where there are cool, refreshing waters. That is better than bitter water turned to sweet. These are the positive and negative sides. That is salvation, going right over. He established an ordinance forever—an ordinance touching you as it did the Israelites that day. God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. There He established an ordinance, and on that ordinance I can stand and say boldly, I shall never die of fever, I shall never die of cholera. I defy all of these devil's diseases, for have I not the word of the Lord on which the world can stand, I have got His word that if I walk in His commandments and keep His statutes He will let none of those devil's diseases come upon me that come upon the Egyptians. The Egyptians are in the devil's keeping. The devil can do as he wants to in his own kingdom. I belong to another kingdom, and, brethren, the devil can never lay any of these things on me unless I venture out on to his territory. This is death to the flesh. It is so much easier to mortify the flesh than to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away"—to lay it all on God.

Is not that the history of humanity at large? Oh, the hospitals and drug-stores, the bitter doses, the pains and racks, the tortures —great God, may this people believe to-day that thou hast nothing to do with this, that that all came in with sin, and the devil manages it all; and wherever we are afflicted God stands by wringing His hands, and saying, "Oh, I am touched with a feeling for your infirmities. Oh, my child, why did you go where the devil had a chance? I am helpless there. Come to me, where I am. Return to me, O backsliding children. Come back to me, and I will keep the devil off of you." That is my God. Do you wonder I love Him day and night? Do you wonder that I say that Ingersoll never touched this God? for his God is that awful God that exterminated the Canaanites. His God is the God that caused disease all over the world. His God is the author of evil as well as good. His God is the one that takes away my darling child, and takes away my life. He is the author of evil directly, or by permissive authority, which means exactly the same thing. I do not wonder that he hates Him. I should hate such

a God if I had Him. It was all I could do to keep from hating Him when I believed in the theology of that God. I have had strength to keep from hating God, and, thank God, I am out of the hands of that God now. I am in the hands of a God whom I love, and whose name is love.

I will ask you to listen to one more thought in connection with this. It is to answer an objection that comes up that the Scripture teaches that God created evil. Brother Brooks in his book brought out a great list of texts proving that Brother Barnes was wrong in saying the devil was the author of sin. I could have given him two hundred more to show him, according to the letter of Scripture, undoubtedly the Lord does it. In connection with this I will only read one little verse in order to give you the clew. I will not give you the Scripture until I tell you the general principle. The general principle is this: that God's word is an open secret. It is open, and yet it is secret. God's word, whether it be the living word or written word, is an open secret. God's word is just like the Saviour's parables, "that seeing, they might not see, and hearing, they might not hear, nor understand it; and yet to you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom, therefore I speak to you in parables. You see there were two sides. If a man would not give credit to God and did not love Him, and would not look upon Him in the right light, then the words of Scripture are so that he will believe the very words, and yet, if I would just state that cardinal principle that God is true, and stand by it as my sheet-anchor through thick and thin, then every dark word becomes a pillar of light to me. This is just like the pillar of light that came to the Israelites and Egyptians—the same pillar, on one side of it dark, and on the other side light, but the same pillar. It appeared to the Egyptians as black as midnight, and to the Israelites as light as heaven. If this disguise does not exist, there is no room for faith; for faith walks not by sight. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Let me illustrate that: Take God's living word. The only reason it is called the Book of Life is, it enshrines the living word. He walked this earth in disguise. He looked like a Galilean peasant. He worked with those peasants, with all the marks of human weakness on him. He was a man like

them, and did most wonderful things, showing His commission was of God. One day He said to His disciples, who were, perhaps, in a puzzle about this thing, "No man is holy but one, and thou sleepest with him, and eatest with him, and talkest with him." There they were; on the one hand they simply saw Jesus Christ in his human form, and yet could not deny the evidence that they had that he was the true Son of God. When one day he meets them in this quandary, he says, "Simon, who do men say that I, the Son of man, am?"—not the Son of God; He asserts nothing for Himself. They are all in a puzzle about it; "and some say you are Jeremias; some say you are one of the prophets; some say John the Baptist risen from the dead." Then he looks around upon all of them: "Whom do you say I am, John, Thomas called Didymus, Andrew," etc. And John shrank back, and Andrew shrank back, and they all shrank back—eleven out of the twelve held their mouths, though many a man believed secretly, like Joseph of Arimathea; but Peter said, and I can see him as he said it: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." "Blessed art thou Simon, son of Jonas. Thou art Peter. On this rock I will build my church." The Protestants are just as far from the truth as the Romans. I do not believe in Peter as the Romans do, but believe less as the Protestants do. The glorious temple of God we will build on the foundation of the everlasting prophets, and among them all is none so grand a foundation-stone as Peter. I am not a Catholic, and God forbid that I should be a Protestant. No, no, my friends, I keep the middle course between the two. I believe that God has given me to see what Jesus meant: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock—this buttress—I will build my church." It was not a play upon words. Jesus Christ never played upon words. Great God, rebuke the thought in our hearts! Christ never made a pun in his life—never. It is unworthy of him. Now, mark you, my friends, there was Jesus in disguise, and it took faith, and simple faith, to acknowledge him just as he was; for, friends, to look upon him, it seemed as if the full acknowledgment would be telling a lie. I just merely use that as an illustration of what I meant. Christ Jesus was an open secret. He was a sacred revelation on the one hand—darkness on the one hand, and on the other hand

light. To the men that did not want to know him he was the son of Joseph. The Pharisees said, as Ingersoll has said, he was a bastard, and his mother was a harlot. Ingersoll does not believe in "the Holy Ghost story;" and if you do not believe the Holy Ghost story you are bound to believe in the other. Do not let us blame Ingersoll. He did not believe the Holy Ghost story, and if that is not true, then his words are true. But I do believe he was the son of the living God. It was very easy for the Pharisees to believe what Ingersoll has said. They say, "Who is your father? We have Abraham for our father. We were not born of fornication"—twitted him on the open streets; and so a man that did not want to acknowledge him, whose theology was crushed by his very presence, as the Pharisees' was, will hold on to his theology and let Christ go. Many millions have done it. They held on to their theology, and hung Jesus Christ upon the cross.

Ah, brother, He was an open secret. To the man who did not want to acknowledge Him, He was just what the Pharisees made Him out to be. To the man that did want to acknowledge Him, He was the Son of the living God.

So with this living word; take it according to the letter, it will ruin you. That is what Jesus means by "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." So God comes, and says, "I, the Lord did it. I, the Lord, bring sickness and bring health;" and then He looks, and says, "John, Martha, Susan, Sarah, Jane, William, George, what do you say about that?" and I do not know what you are going to say, but as for me, I say, "O blessed God, I understand exactly what that is: Thou art love, Thou art goodness; and I take that interpretation of the blessed letter of the word that does not bear hard on you; I take that interpretation that leaves you pure love, pure goodness, pure kindness; who cannot do anything that is wrong, who cannot do anything that is harsh; for I love you as the God of love."

Whether I can explain it or not, I will hold on to that; but I can explain it, and the simple explanation to my mind is this: I can understand it when I am disposed to give an explanation that does not bear hard on Him. I will unfold it.

Suppose the Lord says, "My children, there is the fire; put your finger into the fire, it will burn you." I put my finger in the fire, and it nips my finger, and I say, "What did you do that for?" Everybody is under law. God is the lawgiver, but He is under the law. Because a legislature make the laws, are they above the laws? Not at all. They are the very ones that put themselves under them. They are the very ones that first honor the law. God is under the law just as much as any of His subjects. So, since God has established this law, and it is a right law, if you put your finger in the fire and it is burned, in the one sense you may say to God, "You burned my finger;" and God Himself, when He is trying your faith, may say, "I have burned your finger." And Faith answers back, and says, "Oh, yes, my Lord, I burned my finger." There is just the key to the truth; accept the interpretation that does not bear hard on God. If the law had never been broken, you would not have been under sin and suffering and debt. Simply accept the interpretation.

But, mark you, we are in the devil's world, and the very first thought that comes up into our hearts is the interpretation that bears hard on God. So, Adam set the keynote, and says, "The woman that thou hast given me." He went into hell open-eyed for a woman. He was not deceived. He knew what he was doing. He took that apple and ate it because he loved the woman, and then turned right around to God and said, "What did you give me that woman for?" In the letter of it, it was true. In the spirit it was as false as hell, for God had told him what was true. He went and did the wrong. Tell me, my friends, is it right to turn around and chide God with it? That has released my mind, and I have no trouble at all. The moment the heart is predisposed toward God, the moment the heart lays hold of any explanation that will not bear hard upon God, that releases Him from the charge, that makes Him love and keeps Him love all the time; the whole thing opens like a beautiful landscape. I have no difficulty. There is not a single passage in the Bible that offers the slightest difficulty, for I can explain it in a way that will not bear hard upon the Lord—whether it be the complete annihilation of the Canaanites. The devil came in and just slew them, man, woman, children, cattle, and all, just as Sodom was destroyed; but the devil was the

author of it all. The devil, in consequence of transgression, had a lien upon them—had a mortgage upon them, and foreclosed it—and God could not help it. God is always a helpless looker-on when trouble eomes into His kingdom. That is the doctrine from beginning to end. I thank God that Jesus Christ will one day kill Satan. His death-warrant is written, and the smoke of his torment shall rise forever.

One or two texts to clineh this, and I am done this afternoon. I do ask your pardon for trespassing on your time so long, but the subjeet is so important and so praetieal. I will ask Marie to read the first verse of the 24th chapter of Seeond Samuel.

"And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah."

Now the Lord did that, and He did not. Turn to the 1st Chronicles, 21 : 1.

"And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel."

Satan stood up and provoked. And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah. The translators are so troubled by the diserepaney, that in this place they say that it is Satan did it, and in that plaee it was God. Now, there is the place where we know that Satan did it, and yet it is said that God did it. The devil had a mortgage on that land, and God could not prevent the foreelosure. Israel had transgressed, and David had transgressed, and the devil provoked him to number Israel, and God stood helpless by.

Let me give you another. "In the mouths of two witnesses shall every thing be established." Where Jesus said, "I eame not to bring peaee, but the sword;" and yet you know that the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good pleasure in men," by the eoming of the Saviour; and yet Jesus said, "I eame not to bring peace, but the sword."

How did Jesus bring a sword—the loving, gentle Jesus, that came to bring light and life and the gospel—how did he bring the sword? Simply beeause his love brought salvation, and the devil has made Christ's dear love a bone of contention that brethren have taken in hand and smitten eaeh other sinee the foundation of Christianity.

Take the letter of Scripture, and there is Jesus bringing a sword into the world; and yet it does bring a sword, for it sets mother against daughter-in-law, and father against son, and the son against the father; but is Jesus responsible in any wise whatever?

So, in every passage in Scripture where it is said that God did this thing, God's love is not in any way responsible for it. Its just simply because God's love and His righteousness made the laws that man has transgressed that the devil comes in and says, "He did it." He will be justified in that day, but do not wait for the curtain to lift. We will all see this plainer.

Now, in the darkness, when we are maligning God, when infidels are blaspheming His holy name, and unbelievers inside the Church are just opening the gate to take away the name of God by their weak defence—brother, sister, I call upon you to come up to the defence of the Lord against the mighty. If I stand alone, if I am the only man that proclaims it, I will ask God to let me fill the world with it. I will speak a word wherever I can in defence of my God, whose character is taken away in the world around me.

V.—The Second Advent.

[*The Gospel according to the 25th chapter of Matthew, in connection with the 1st chapter of Acts and 4th chapter of* 1 *Thessalonians.*]

I want to talk to you, dear friends, as the Lord shall give me utterance to-night, about the second coming of the dear Saviour. You can judge from the passages that have been read in your hearing what the subject of the discourse will be. It is the second coming of the Lord; and the key to this whole subject, dear friends, is found in the fact that the second coming of the Saviour, like the first, is one coming, but it consists of many events. Just as the first coming of our Lord covered a period of thirty-three years—beginning with the manger, and ending with the cross—but was all the first coming of the Saviour. How many events lay between the first and the thirty-third year of his coming, and yet it was all one coming! And so the second coming of the Lord consists of many events, the first of which,

if I read Scripture aright, is as Marie read in the fourth verse of Thessalonians, describing the manner of it. This may occur to-night, before this meeting breaks up. There is nothing in the word of God to keep it from happening to-night. There are no events between us and this part of the Lord's coming. I want you to think of that, dear friends, for it is a simple fact. The order of events seems to be this: It is a shout like a captain calling his sleeping hosts—calling his hosts to fall into line. He comes with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. And then we who are alive, and remain unto his coming, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Then, dear friends, after that event there will come an awful period of judgment such as the world has never seen, and never will see again. According to the declaration of the Son of God, there will come such a tribulation, so terrible that unless those days were shortened for the elect's sake—there are plenty of elect down here—unless those days had been shortened for the elect's sake, no flesh should have been saved. Such is the declaration of the Son of God. Then after that awful period of tribulation, shortened by the mercy of God for the elect's sake, comes the glorious setting up of the kingdom, the manifesting of Jesus in the clouds of heaven, so that every eye shall see Him, which is not the case at His first coming. In that case—the second event of His coming—He shall come to earth. Before, He only came to the air. In the second event of His coming He shall come to the earth, and then He shall set up that glorious system known as the millennium. The devil shall be bound, and cast into the bottomless pit. The glorious millennial period shall burst upon the earth. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign over the earth, and we shall reign with Him.

And then, after a thousand years are finished, Satan must be loosed out of his prison a little while, as you read in the 20th of Revelation—comes out again upon the earth, and leads that fearful apostasy, and is taken in the very act of rebellion, with all his hosts, and precipitated into the lake of fire, from which the smoke of his torment shall rise up forever and forever—thank God. And we shall see no more

of him. That is the last of him. I am glad he is going there, for I hate the devil with a perfect hatred. I love every sinner in the world. I love every being that God loves, and I want to hate everything that God hates. He hates the devil, and I hate him too; and when he is cast into the lake of fire—this old serpent, the devil, that deceives the whole world—I shall stand upon the heights of glory, and clap my hands, and cry hallelujah, praise God. My friends, the devil is not going to rule in this world much longer. I thank God for that. He is having his own way now. Yes, indeed, he owns the whole establishment. He runs the whole machine. The kingdoms of this world and the glory of them all belong to him—that is so. If—on "the high mountain"—he had told a lie to Jesus, Jesus would have nailed him to the counter; but he did not tell a lie. He can tell the truth when it serves his purpose. The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them belong to him, but, thank God, his time is short.

Now, my friends, let us get this order of events clearly in our minds. The first event may happen to-night. That is the reason I am talking to you about it. It may happen before to-morrow morning; may happen any moment now. First, Jesus comes unobserved of the world, remember, seen only by His saints. I lay especial emphasis upon what Marie read in the first chapter of Acts: His coming shall be just in like manner as He went up. While He lifted up His hands, above their heads, and blessed them, He was taken up, up up, up, until a cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they were standing there and looking and gazing, and saying, Why, surely He will reappear, and we will see Him, the shining one from heaven came in an instant. Heaven is not far off, my friends. There is only a wall of paper between us. These shining ones came in heavenly glory and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why do you stand gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus whom you have seen taken up shall again come in like manner as you have seen Him go up." Was that Jesus dressed in flame and fire? No, it was the Jesus of their love—the Jesus that walked and talked with them on the way to Bethlehem. And while He was blessing them He was caught up; and so He will come in like manner. I am not looking for a Jesus dressed in fire, that every eye shall see. I am looking for my Jesus, the dear lover of

my soul. I want to see Him the worst kind. I want to see Him. I do not want to see Jesus dressed in flame and fire. That would scare me out of my wits. But I want to see my Jesus, my loving Saviour, the same Saviour who lifted up His hand over the head of the disciples, and was carried from their sight ; I want to see Him ; I want to hear His voice ; want Him to say, "Come up higher," and want to be taken up into the air according to the work of the mighty power by which He is moved, and "This body being changed and fashioned like to His glorious body," I "shall be caught up into the air." The world shall not see me. Did Pilate ever see Him after He was risen from the dead? Never. Did scribe or Pharisee ever see Him after He was risen from the dead? No. Then they are not going to see Him when He comes again, because He is going to come in like manner unseen by the world. Who saw Him after He rose from the dead? Verily, Mary Magdalene, the one out of whom went seven devils, was the first woman that saw Him. Peter, who cursed and swore, and said he didn't know anything about Him, was the first man that saw Him. Paul saw Him as one taken out of due season. Who else? I do not know. Scribe or Pharisee never laid eyes upon Him. None of His enemies ever saw Him. They set afloat that wretched lie that some of His friends stole Him away. Nobody saw Him, and so, beloved, shall He appear to those who look for Him. Do you know your own Scriptures? Are you looking for Him, beloved? Then He will appear to you. He will be bound to appear to me because I am looking for Him day and night, and the first thing I said when I got up this morning was, "Dear Lord Jesus, I am looking for you, I am hoping that you will come. I am going to wait all day." The last thing that I will say when I go to bed to-night will be, "Dear Jesus, I sleep, but I am waking. It would not surprise me to see you before to-morrow morning." I am bound to go up with Him. Then I shall see Him. Do you want to see Him, then you will see Him. If you do not want to see Him, you will not see Him. If you do not want to see Him, you will not look for Him. How does Paul put it in his Epistle to Timothy? He says, "The Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me a crown of righteousness in that day, and not to me only, but unto all of them that love His appearing." Do you love

His appearing? "Once in the end of the world," he writes to the Hebrews, "He has appeared and put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and to them that look for Him shall he appear the second time." Ah, my brethren, my sisters, it is a very important thing that I am speaking to you about. Do you know if you do not look for Him, if you do not love His appearing, you cannot go up to meet Him? Do you know that lots of saints shall be left behind. "One shall be taken, and another left." Why, those ten virgins were all saints, certainly they were. They thought they were ready. What constitutes readiness? Watching for Him. What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch, lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping. Then what? Then you will not go in with Him. He that is faithful servant that waits for his Lord's coming, ready—ready, to open to Him immediately, but if that servant shall say in his heart "My Lord delayeth His coming," that servant, mark you, shall say "in his heart," "My Lord delayeth His coming," and shall begin to eat and drink. What is the result? Why, he will be left behind, as sure as you are born. As sure as God is God, as sure as there is divine appropriateness in everything conneeted with this salvation. So, beloved, it is a very serious thing I am tlaking to you about to-night.

Do you know there is a church of the first-born whose members are going in first? Very well, that means there is a church of the latter-born. You cannot get anything out of language plainer than that. If I say Marie is the only child I have got, that stops all question, but if I say she is my first-born, I have got other children. If I didn't have other children I would not talk about my first-born. She is my first-born I have got other children. When God talks about the church of the first-born, remember there is a church of the latter-born. The thing I am talking about to-night will be settled, and that very soon. I have an ambition to be with the church of the first-born. What do you say? When my Saviour comes, I want Him to find me, and I am bound to go up with "them who love His appearing." And of course He will take them up. That is His word. I have got that. So it is all plain sailing to me. I have got to love that. I do. It does not matter whether you know it about me or not; He knows it. I am just as certain to go up when Jesus comes as that a cork

will swim. It is bound to swim. When I do not want to be left down here, what will He leave me down here for? I have not anything in common down here with these poor people. My conversation is in heaven. My hopes are there. My longings are there. I would rather see Jesus Christ than any ten thousand human beings in the universe. What should I be left down here for? I am going up, certain to go up, because I want to go up, because I am looking to go up, because I am longing to go up, because I "love His appearing," because I am waiting for Him. I stand by day and by night, with finger on the latch, ready to open to Him immediately. I will not join the congregation of those who say, "My Lord delays His coming." Oh, my soul, come not into their counsel, Oh my honor, be not you like unto them. I will not say it. I will never say my Lord delays His coming. Far less will I say, "Where is the promise of His coming?" You may say, "I am disgusted with Barnes's sermon to-night. The idea of talking about Jesus Christ being right here at the door ready to come, and that He may come to-night. Oh, pshaw! Nineteen hundred years have passed, and people have died in their beds, and now he comes with some terribly exciting sensational story that may be we will not die in our beds. Oh, it will not do. All things continue as they were from the foundation of the world. Nineteen hundred years have passed. I will run my risk. I expect to die like a Christian in my bed, and to be buried out here in the old cemetery, and when the time comes I will go up. It is a long time." Ladies and gentlemen, you can join any society you please, but please count me out of that crowd. Before heaven and earth I want to bear my testimony. I would not be in that crowd for ten thousand worlds. I neither will say, my Lord delays His coming, nor will I say where is the promise of His coming, but I will say, Come, Lord Jesus. I am longing for Him. Oh, Lord I will wait for you.

Dear friends, are you ambitious to belong to the church of the first-born? You may if you wish. It is so simple. People get worried about their hearts. "I do not know how to get a crown. I know that I believe in Jesus Christ; I rest upon His finished work. I trust His blood, but what troubles me is whether I am going to get a crown." I can put

you on the short cut to get one ; if you will start in to-night, and look for the coming of Jesus, I will get you a crown, and charge you nothing for it. In the name of the Lord I will guarantee you a crown ; for Paul says, "a crown of righteousness He will give to me, and not to me only, but to all men that love His appearing." All you have got to do is to love His appearing. Just as certainly as God is God, and tells the truth, you can get a crown. There are no details in that. The devil tries to lose you in a multiplicity of details, and make you believe unless you do a multitude of things you will never get a crown. Here is one thing that will be certain to get you a crown. Did you ever pray that prayer? The last thing Jesus ever left to you was this prayer of the waiting church. Have you ever offered it? "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Have you ever practiced it? Have you ever told Jesus you loved His appearing? Have you ever told Him you had been watching for Him, longing for Him? My dear brother, sister, if not, you are in peril of being in the church of the later-born. It is not a question of going to hell. It is a question of being caught up to meet the Lord in the air, or being left behind here to pass through a terrible tribulation such as the world has never seen, and never shall see again. What is that? Do you know the Bible, when it speaks of Jesus' coming, makes the earth to swarm with saints! They are "the elect for whom the days are shortened, else no flesh should have been saved." What does Jesus mean when he turns to you and me and says, "Pray always that you may be accounted worthy to escape the things that are coming upon the earth, and to stand before the Son of man?" How do I pray always? I say, "Dear Lord Jesus, come quickly!" That is all. You pray always that you may be accounted worthy to escape. How will you be accounted worthy? Stand ready for Jesus' coming. When He comes, let Him look you in the eye, and with your hand on heart, and looking right at Him, say, "Dear Jesus, you know that I wanted to see you. You know that I love your appearing." I will stand up just as I am standing now, and look right in His eye. One look of that eye would wither me to ashes if I were not speaking the truth. Beloved, could you to-night, if Jesus were to come, put hand on heart and look Jesus in the face, and say, "Dear Jesus, I have been looking for you ; dear Saviour, you

know I have longed for your appearing; dear Jesus, you know I love your appearing. Now, Lord, you are not going to leave me behind?" "Oh, no, darling, I wouldn't leave you down there for ten thousand worlds. Come to my arms." No deceiving, no dodging. You cannot deceive Him, you cannot get up something for the occasion, on the spur of the moment, when you have not been looking for Him. It will be in vain to say, "Well, Lord Jesus, I was not looking for you, but you know perfectly well, that I love you." That will not do. Suppose I went away from home, that my wife were at home, and I said, "Dear, good-by! I am mighty sorry to have to go away, and I will count the hours till I get back. All I ask of you is, think of me while I am gone; and have everything bright and cheerful when I come back, if in the daytime have a good dinner cooking for me; and if I come back, in the night time, have the fire ready. Everything ought to be ready, as if you expected to see me any hour. I do not know how long I will be gone." Suppose I come home at no certain time. I do not know exactly the day or hour I will come back. Say, one night I come back, and get to my door, my own house, and I give a light tap, and say, "Just a light tap will bring my wife here." I just rap three times. Nobody hears anything; I rap louder—nobody hears. I rap, rap, pound, pound! By and by I hear shuffling footsteps back in the hall. Somebody coming along with slippered feet about that fast [illustrating]. Then I hear the bolt turned by somebody that is evidently half asleep. Turns forward this way, and then that way, and it won't come, and then turns it and lazily opens the door, and there is a sleepy-looking face. "Why, George! is that you? My graeious! I was not looking for you to-night. I am so glad to see you." Would that suit me? Would it suit you? No, I cannot think it. Wouldn't you rather shake your head. It would not suit me. I would feel like going off and getting another wife. I don't like that kind of a wife. She has not got the right kind of love for me. I only asked her to do one thing. She has got all my heart, and got my life, and I only asked her to do one thing, and that was to be ready when I knocked, and open to me immediately. Gentlemen, how would you like to have your wives treat you that way? Very well, Jesus Christ does not want you to treat Him that way. As sure as God is God, if

you are not watching for Him, He will leave you. It will do no good to say, "Oh, dear Jesus, I love you." If you do not answer the bell—one pull of the bell—you are too late. He has never doubted your love, my friends. He has never asked you to do anything but to watch for Him, and you did not do that, and oh, to have my Saviour, in the hour of His coming, stand and look me in the eye—a Saviour that died for me, a Saviour to whom I owe every joy I have ever had, and every hope of heaven—to have that Saviour look at me in his quiet, tender, reproachful way, and say, "You are not watching properly, you were not looking for me, I took you by surprise." I would rather be burned at the stake, I would rather be consumed by a slow fire, than to be blasted and blistered by that tender look of love and the tone of reproach in His voice; and the way I am going to prevent it is to watch and look. I am going to love His appearing. I am going to do exactly what He tells me to do, and day and night I watch. That prayer is on my lips so often. How common it is in the conversation of my family to say to my wife or to Marie, "Don't you wish He would come?" As we kiss good-night, and when we get up in the morning, we say, "Oh, suppose He would come to-day, wouldn't it be glorious?" We are all looking for Him. Yes, indeed, we love His coming. He may come at any day.

Will you think I am a lunatic, will you think I am a worse lunatic than you already think me, some of you if I tell you, that I believe Jesus Christ will be here in less than five years, any how? He may come to-night. I do not ask times and seasons, I do not know the day nor the hour. I do not say that He will be here in 1882, or 1883, or 1884, or 1885; for if I say He will come in 1883, and He happens to come in 1882, He will find me off my guard. You do not catch me putting it off even two or three months, but I am looking for Him to-night; so if He comes to-night, either at evening or midnight or cock-crow, I will be equally ready to welcome Him. Don't you be fixing dates. The devil is the author of all these wretched dates. "Jesus is coming such and such a time." What time? The devil is the author of that. I remember the night of the day on which Father Miller said Jesus would come. Here in the city of Dayton there were five thousand people whose hearts sprang into their mouths.

There was a pork-house burned down that very night—the biggest light you ever saw. There were five thousand people in Dayton that were scared out of their wits. They all laughed hysterically the next morning ; but frightened they were. Strong men dropped on their knees, for this thing had taken possession of them—ay, strong, brave good men. This man fixing his dates had set the country on fire as it had never been before. I think it was in 1843. I remember the night of that tremendous fire when the pork-house burned down. Oh, how many frightened people there were ! for people may pooh-pooh this thing as they like, there is something in it that takes hold of the human heart, for we have got it written in our hearts that Jesus Christ is coming. Every man that has read his Bible knows he is coming some time. Do do you believe me when I say that I think Jesus Christ will be here in less than five years ? Are you ready to go out and meet Him in the air ? Are you ready ? that is the question. Will you be among the number of the church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven ? If you are not looking for Jesus, do not tell me you love Him, or that you belong to the church and sit down at the sacramental table. You may be entitled to a place among the second-born, but not among the first-born. Nothing but watching and waiting for Him will entitle you to that. I would to God that your souls were fixed on that subject. I would to God that you would believe what I tell you solemnly, and which you think are the ravings of fanaticism. I know how the devil has made these counterfeits, these false prophecies, this fixing of dates, and all that. Ah, my God, do I not know it ? I know too well how these operate to deepen the sleep of the theologians. "While the bridegroom tarrieth, they all slumber and sleep," nod, or snore that is the Greek of it. What are you doing to-night—nodding or snoring, slumbering or sleeping ? I am not asleep. I am awake, thank God, and so I will keep. I charge you to wake, and never, never go to sleep. Lift up your heads, for the time of your redemption draweth near, and the master standeth at the very door. Jesus, your Saviour and mine, will be here before ever you are aware. I am not preaching a mere sermon ; I am trying to wake you up so that you will never go to sleep again. Ah, woman, you will think of this sermon before many days. If you

are loath to come up to the church of the living God, you will think of it! I lovingly warn you I want you to be among the church of the first-born.

Ah, brother, sister mine, won't you hear my words? Won't you take my advice, and wake up to-night, and never, never, never go to sleep again? The Lord Himself will descend from heaven with the shout of an archangel, the trump of God. He shall not be seen by the earth, nor the great ones, nor the small ones, but will be up yonder in the air, and we that remain unto His coming shall be caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. That is the reason I say I expect to go to heaven without dying. If Jesus comes within the next five years, the chances are all in favor of my going to heaven without dying. If the Lord still tarries, I expect to live to a green old age, as Wesley did, and preach the gospel. He that loveth and believeth on Him shall not die. I will never die with fever, or small-pox, or consumption, or any other devil's disease. Lord, you are not going to let them touch me? "No," the answer comes back as clearly from heaven as though the Lord spoke to-night; "no, George, I will never let them touch you, only be true to me every hour, every moment of your life, they shall never touch you. You shall bear a charmed life. Keep yourself in my love, and that wicked one shall not touch you." I accept the promise. I will be true. I am not afraid of dying. I am not afraid of the devil's diseases getting hold of me—not a bit of it. If there were no reality in this, don't you know what a fool I would be to stand up here and talk that way? The devil might get me down before to-morrow night, if I did not know what I was talking about. If I had not a foundation for all that, that seems to me like saying there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no guiding ruler of this world, as Robert Ingersoll says. I have a Lord, a Jesus that is consciously present with me to-night, just as certainly and consciously present as my darling yonder is sitting there, and there is a loving Saviour, a Saviour on whose grace I rest, and in whose presence I find my chiefest joy by day and by night. That dear Saviour is coming to receive me to Himself. I will be so glad to see Him at the glorious appearing of the great God and my Saviour Jesus Christ.

And so I want you to wake up, dear friends, for one shall be taken and the other left. The Lord tells you this so plainly, antedating all the discoveries of science, for the Lord knew the world was round at the time when everybody knew it was flat, and that if you would go farther there would be a jumping-off place ; so you find Him antedating all discoveries of science so called. In Matthew, in one place, it says, in this round world it shall be earliest dawn, in another it will be midday, and another exactly the same time, morning. My friends, it it nine o'clock here in the city of Dayton. It is nine o'clock in the morning where I used to live, and it is about midday over in the Sandwich Islands. Certainly it is. And so it will be, Jesus says, in the day of His coming, in the day when one shall be taken and the other left. In one part of this round world two women shall be grinding at one mill together. That is the earliest employment in the Oriental's household. I have seen ten thousand of them going at a time in the city of Lahore. The earliest employment in the Oriental household is for women to get up and grind, and grind. They continue to grind. One grinds till she is tired, and then the other grinds. Two women sit there—they are perhaps two feet apart. One of them is going to be caught up in the air ; one of them "loves His appearing," and the other is to be left behind to meet the devouring demons that are coming on the earth. Jesus besought her to pray always that she might be accounted worthy to be received.

In another part of this world, two men shall be in the field ; they will be separated by the length of a plough and team of horses together. You say they are not far apart. Yes, they are, as far apart as heaven and earth. One of them is going to be caught up in an instant, his vile body fashioned and changed like to Jesus—caught up to meet his Saviour in the air—and the other will be left behind. There is divine fitness in everything. One of them is light enough to fly, and the other is too heavy to fly. Brother, are you light enough to fly to-night ? that is the question I ask you. I refuse to take root in this earthly soil. I will be a man of the tent and the altar. I can fold my tent in an instant. Are you in that fix ? Are you light enough to fly ? If you are not, then, my friend, by a rule that is as inexorable as all rules in God's administration, you will stay until you do get light

enough. In another part of this round world, there shall be the deep silence of midnight. Two men shall be in one bed, elbows touching. There they are, breathing quietly, and sleeping together. You say those men will not be separated. Yes they will. They are as far apart as heaven and earth, for one loves the Lord's appearing. He is asleep, but his heart is not. Jesus catches him up to meet Him in the air; and the other, by a law that God Himself cannot erase, because lead sinks in the water and cork rises to the surface, will be left behind. There is a divine appropriateness in it. If you are light enough to fly, you will fly. If you are too heavy to fly, you will not fly. Brother, sister, how is it, are you light enough to fly if Jesus were to come to-night? For as in the days of Noah, so shall His coming be. You say this cannot be. One day succeeds another. I will be just as certain to get up to-morrow morning as the sun will come up, and everything will go on just as it is to-day. So they said in Noah's time. So they said in Lot's time. Jesus Christ brings those two times to you, and says as it was in the time of Noah. One day the sun went down in the evening, and everything seemed like past days had been. The people stood looking at that old ark, which had stood for a hundred and twenty years two hundred miles from the water, and now they were waiting to see him starved out. They were just prepared to see him come out like a rat that had been starved in his hole, but in an instant, my friends, you know how everything was changed, A flood came and swept them away, every man that had helped to build that ark, Noah's carpenters—type of you, my friend, who have helped to save others. Ah, my brother, what will you answer? "As it was in the days of Lot." One day the sun had risen on the earth, the merchant had taken down his shutters and exposed his wares. The farmer went to his fields with his team, the women came out to gossip, and everything went on just as it had been going on. No one expected what was coming. In a single instant there was a drop of flame, then another, and another, and the whole sky was ablaze. Down came the shower of fire and brimstone, and swept them away. So shall it be in the day when the Son of man shall appear. So shall the coming of the Son of man be. Brother, shall that coming overtake you? I tell you if the good man of the house had known what

time the thief would have come, he would have watched. Do not let him come as the thief, unexpectedly.

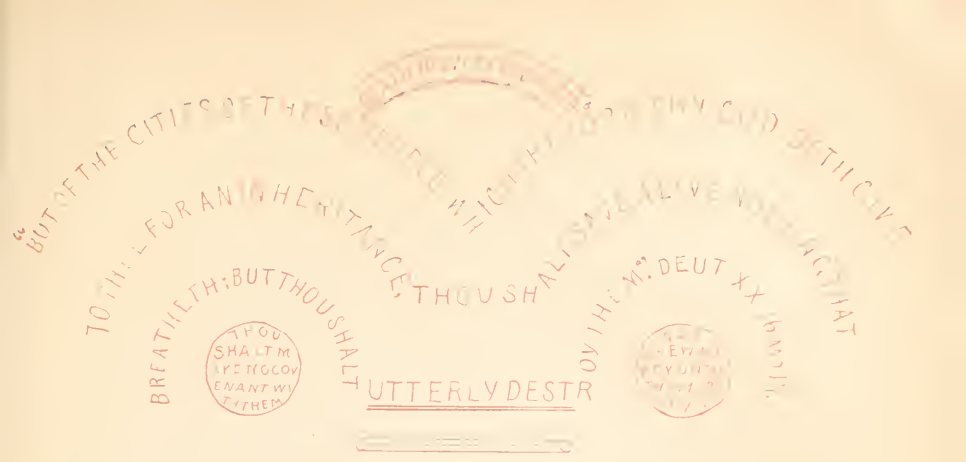
A word in confirmation of what I have said, that I believe Jesus will come in less than five years. I have just got two little facts to present. You have heard of Moody and Sankey. You know the man who was a clerk in a boot-store. You have heard of the man filled with the Holy Ghost that went out and shook England and Scotland and Ireland. Not quite two years after the beginning of his work, not less than a hundred and fifty thousand converts were made. I believe myself, a half million would be nearer the truth. An uneducated, unlettered man turning the world upside down. Do you know what the backbone of his preaching is? It is the coming of the Son of God. Moody says, Friends, Jesus is right here—right here. He is coming. Is the guest-chamber ready? I am looking in the faces of people who shall say, Oh, awake, awake, awake, for Jesus is in the air! This is the backbone of his preaching. You have heard of Whittle and Bliss. You know what noble soldiers of Christ they were. Bliss is gone, but Whittle is here. I knew that man when he was nobody, too. I labored with Moody for five years before he became a great man. He has sat at my feet learning for years, when I knew intellectually what he did not know. One day I caught a glimpse of Moody's coat-tails. He had left me behind. What was the matter? Full of the Holy Ghost. I am hardly worthy to be mentioned the same day as such a man as Moody. I knew Whittle when he was nobody but a clerk in the Elgin watch-factory. One day, full of the Holy Ghost, he dropped everything and went to preach Jesus, and that man has been the means of the conversion of a hundred thousand souls. Wonderful success has crowned his work wherever he went. Do you know the backbone of his preaching is. Jesus is coming in the air! Wake up! Did you ever hear of Varley, a London butcher? he has been preaching now twenty-five years. I suppose he has converted half a million people. Has shaken New Zealand and Australia to the centre. Has saved souls by the thousands in England, Scotland, and Ireland. What was he? Nothing but a butcher. Full of the Holy Ghost? God chooses the weak things of this world, so He will get all the glory. Moody was a clerk in a boot-

store, Whittle a clerk in a watch-store, and Varley a London butcher. Do you know what Varley's preaching is? "Jesus will be here! He is coming, coming very soon." That is the backbone of his preaching. Did you ever hear of Henry Moorehouse, a converted factory lad, that knocked his mother down one night when she came to take him home? He was converted, and preached like an apostle. I have heard him many a time before he was gone to glory. Oh, how many souls he saved! The burden of that man's preaching was, "Jesus is here! He is coming now! Watch for Him!" I make this assertion, there is not a man in the wide world that is being used of God now extensively to gain souls that does not believe in the speedy coming of Jesus. Then there is another thing, I charge you with this simple fact to-night. While Varley is talking for Jesus in Australia and New Zealand, Moody and Sankey in England, and Whittle on the Pacific coast, and I a poor feeble follower in their footsteps, as they follow Christ, the backbone of my preaching, as of theirs, is, Jesus is coming right now, and I expect to see Him in less than five years.

Ah, brother, at midnight there was a cry. After that midnight cry the bridegroom himself comes. He is not far off. Do you suppose all these men are in absolute ignorance of the Lord's purpose—all blunderers, and the poor, sleepy Church is right? Do you think God has revealed the truth to them, and left us all out in the cold? I ask you as men that are able to judge for yourselves, who do you suppose has got the mind of God, Moody and Sankey, Whittle, Bliss, Varley and Moorehouse, and Brooks and fifty of his best servants on the face of this globe, or the sleepy Church, that slumbers while the bridegroom tarries? Do you think Jesus Christ will come without any intimation? That was not the way He came first. We that are waiting for Him will see Him. The wise men in the east, the moment they saw that strange, supernatural star, at once said, "The king is born." That shows they had been looking for Him. And so, when the Lord comes the second time, at midnight there will be a cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh, the Lord be praised." That cry may be all unheeded. You may be in slumber, but you will remember it one day. Brother, sister mine, I am telling you the truth. I am not excitable. I am quiet and cool and calm, except that the

love and longing to see Jesus stirs my heart. I have said nothing but what the Scripture teaches. Brother, there is one little collateral thing that I most notice in the Scripture. Do you know there has been a legend running back, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, to this effect, that this world is to have six thousand years of suffering and sorrow, and the seventh thousand years to be the millennium. All the chronologies say that the six thousand years is expiring just where we stand to-night. Remember what God Himself says, and I ask you to think of the fact that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; and as in the creation there were six days and one day of rest, so in this creation the six thousand years expire and the seven thousandth begins.

My hands are stretched out, my heart is panting. Come, Lord Jesus! Oh come, come!

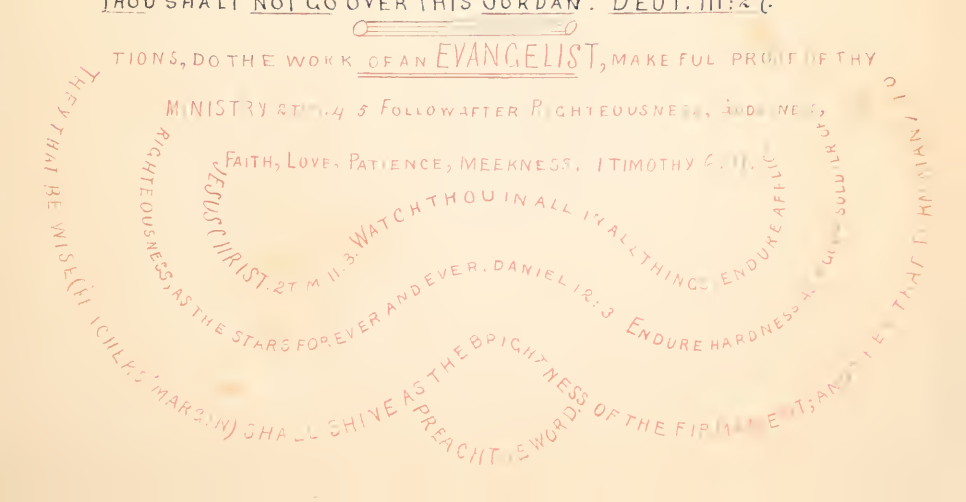


TAKE THE ROD, AND GATHER THOU THE ASSEMBLY TOGETHER, THOU AND AARON THY BROTHER, AND SPEAK YE UNTO THE ROCK BEFORE THEIR EYES: AND IT SHALL GIVE FORTH HIS WATER, AND THOU SHALT BRING FORTH TO THEM WATER OUT OF THE ROCK. SO THOU SHALT GIVE THE CONGREGATION AND THEIR BEASTS DRINK. (NUMBERS. XX. 8)

AND MOSES LIFTED UP HIS HAND, AND WITH HIS ROD HE SMOTE THE ROCK TWICE. (VS. 11.)

BECAUSE YE BELIEVED ME NOT, TO SANCTIFY ME IN THE EYES OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, THEREFORE YE SHALL NOT BRING THIS CONGREGATION INTO THE LAND WHICH I HAVE GIVEN THEM. (VS. 12.)

THOU SHALT NOT GO OVER THIS JORDAN. DEUT. III: 27.



"HAVE I BEEN SO LONG TIME WITH YOU. AND YET HAST THOU NOT KNOWN ME".
"YET DID NOT THE CHIEF BUTLER REMEMBER JOSEPH, BUT FORGAT HIM".
"HE THAT SLEEPETH IN HARVEST IS A SON THAT CAUSETH SHAME" PR. X. 5
"TO GIVE THEM THEIR PORTION OF MEAT IN DUE SEASON". LU. XII: 42

AND GOD IS ABLE TO MAKE ALL GRACE ABOUND TOWARD YOU THAT YE ALWAYS HAVING ALL SUFFICIENCY IN ALL THINGS MAY ABOUND TO

GOOD WORK.

WHEN THEY ENTER IN AT THE GATES OF THE INNER COURT, THEY SHA
BE CLOTHED WITH LINEN GARMENTS; AND NO WOOL SHALL COME UPO
THEM WHILES THEY MINISTER IN THE GATES OF THE INNER COURT, AN
WITHIN. THEY SHALL NOT GIRD THEMSELVES WITH ANY THING CAUSING SWEA

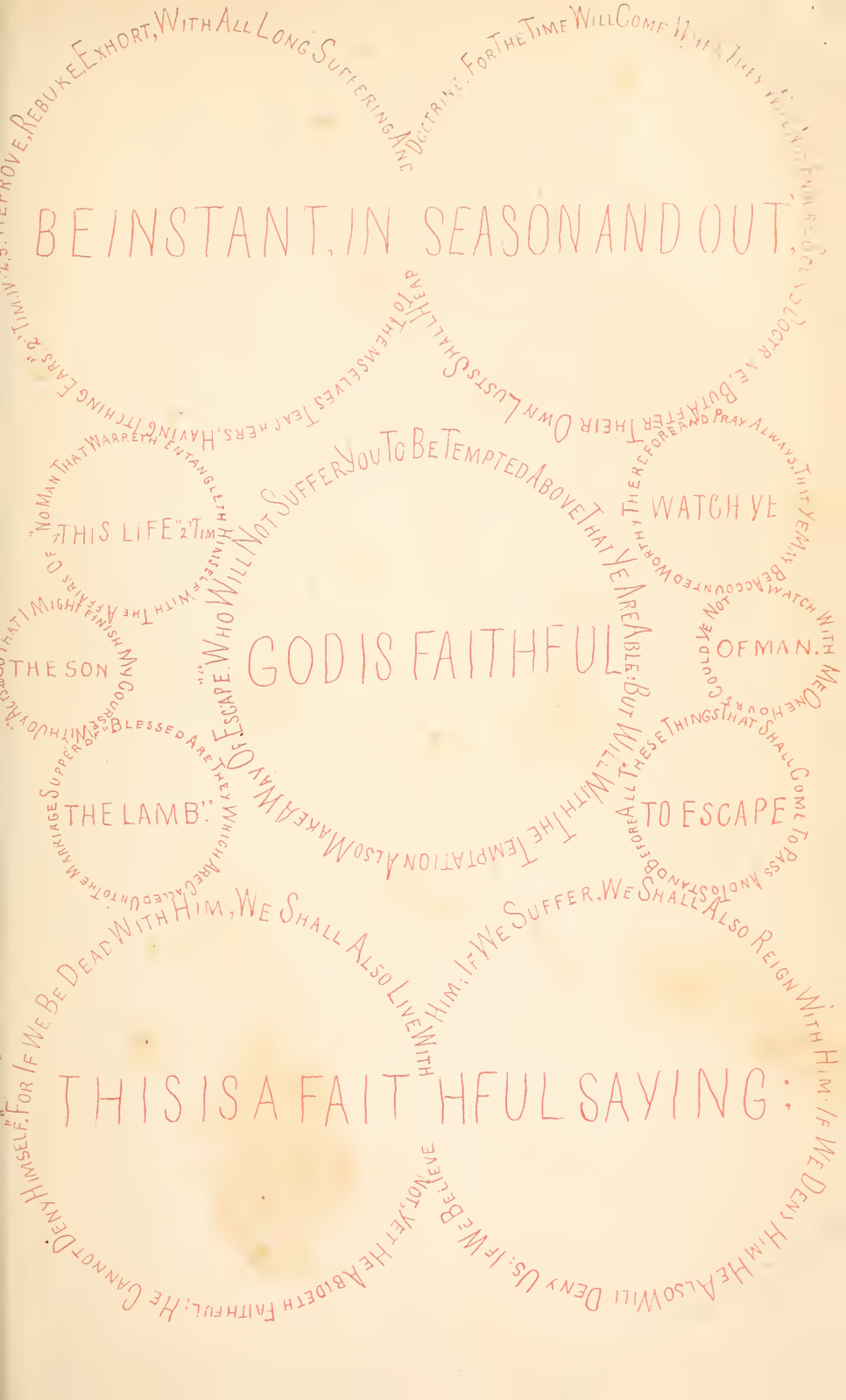
COUNT IT ALL JOY WHEN YE FALL INTO DIVERS TEMPTATIONS. KNOWING THIS THAT THE TRYING OF YOUR FAITH WORKETH PATIENCE" JAMES

"MY BRETHREN:

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY. HE THAT GOETH FORT
AND WEEPETH BEARING PRECIOUS SEED, SHALL DOUBTLESS COME AGAIN
WITH REJOICING, BRINGING HIS SHEAVES WITH HIM". PSALM CXXVI: 5, 6. V.
"IN DUE SEASON WE SHALL REAP IF WE FAINT NOT" GALATIANS VI: 9th VER

"I LOVE THE LORD BECAUSE HE HATH HEARD MY VOICE" PSALM CXVI. "O HOW LOVE I THY LAW: IT IS MY MEDITATION ALL THE DAY" PS. 119. "WHILE I LIVE I WILL PRAISE THE LORD I WILL SING PRAISES TO MY GOD" "I DELIGHT TO DO THY WILL O MY GOD: YEA THY LAW IS WITHIN MY HEART."

"SURELY I HAVE BEHAVED AND QUIETED MYSELF AS A CHILD THAT IS WEANED OF
HIS MOTHER: MY SOUL IS EVEN AS A WEANED CHILD". PSALM CXXXI: 2.


BE INSTANT, IN SEASON AND OUT,
GOD IS FAITHFUL
THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING:
REPROVE, REBUKE, EXHORT, WITH ALL LONG SUFFERING AND DOCTRINE
FOR THE TIME WILL COME WHEN THEY WILL NOT ENDURE SOUND DOCTRINE
BUT AFTER THEIR OWN LUSTS SHALL HEAP TO THEMSELVES TEACHERS, HAVING ITCHING EARS
WHO WILL NOT SUFFER YOU TO BE TEMPTED ABOVE THAT YE ARE ABLE
BUT WILL WITH THE TEMPTATION ALSO MAKE A WAY OF ESCAPE
AND PRAY ALWAYS, THAT YE MAY BE ACCOUNTED WORTHY
THEREFORE
WATCH YE
NO MAN THAT WARFARETH ENTANGLETH HIMSELF WITH THE AFFAIRS OF THIS LIFE
2 TIM
THAT I MIGHT FINISH MY COURSE
BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE CALLED UNTO THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB
OF MAN
ONE HOUR
COULD YE NOT WATCH WITH ME
FOR ALL THESE THINGS SHALL COME TO PASS
TO ESCAPE
IF WE SUFFER, WE SHALL ALSO REIGN WITH HIM
IF WE DENY HIM, HE ALSO WILL DENY US
IF WE BELIEVE NOT, YET HE ABIDETH FAITHFUL
HE CANNOT DENY HIMSELF
FOR IF WE BE DEAD WITH HIM, WE SHALL ALSO LIVE WITH HIM

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